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# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXII. FEBRUARY, 1848. Vol. XXXI.

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CASE OF IRELAND STATED  
BY  
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DUBLIN

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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

VOL. XXXI.

## SEDITIONIOUS LITERATURE IN IRELAND.\*

AN eminent clergyman of this city, who had been engaged to preach a charity-sermon for an institution established for the cure of diseases of the eye, called one day at the dispensary, where he was to receive some particular instructions. While he waited, a man entered, who was an object of relief; and the oculist, examining him, exhibited the most visible delight in his countenance, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful specimen? Did you ever see so perfect a cataract?" his sentiment as an amateur for a moment prevailing over his feeling of humanity for the poor patient, whom the disease had rendered stone-blind. Such, we confess, was somewhat our own feeling when we opened the book before us. A more incurable specimen of mental blindness we had never seen; and the author engaged our thoughts more as a psychological curiosity, than as a political or literary delinquent. In the case of the blind man, our impression is, that some relief was ultimately afforded by the eminent practitioner in whose hands he had placed himself. The poor sufferer was *conscious* of his want of vision; and, therefore, submitted to the necessary operation. But this writer has no consciousness of the darkness in which he is involved; and, even if he had, we do not pretend that by any operation which we could perform, the scales could be made to fall off, which at present obstruct his mental vision. That must be the work of an higher power, and we do not say that, in his own

good time, by that power it will not be accomplished. But, although we can do no good to himself by our critical strictures (and our readers will find that our intentions are most benevolent), some little good may be done to others by making him an example.

"Is this," our readers will ask, "*the* Dr. Madden who wrote '*The Lives of the United Irishmen*,' a notice of which will be found in former numbers?" Ay, indeed, the very same. Not, by any means, the Mr. Madden whose pleasant "*Revelations of Ireland*" we reviewed in our last number. Well, then, may they express surprise and wonder. Time was, when it passed for an axiom, "when that the brain was out, the man would die." But it can be considered so no longer. To writers of a certain class, brain would seem to be an incumbrance, as it might operate against the lower propensities, to which they are determined to give a full sway. "*Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbis*;" and the criticism which might serve for the correction of more candid and enlightened minds, will only drive such as these into wilder errors, or confirm them in more melancholy delusions.

Our readers are already fully aware of our estimate of Dr. Madden's claims to distinction. He is a perverter of the uses of history. He fain would revive the crimes and the follies of a by-gone generation, in order that the evil that was in them might be carefully preserved, while the warnings they breathe to meditative wisdom

\* The History of the Penal Laws enacted against Roman Catholics, the operation and results of that system of legalized plunder, persecution, and proscription; originating in rapacity and fraudulent design, concealed under false pretences and figments of reform, and a simulated zeal for the interests of their religion. By R. Madden, M.R.I.A., &c. &c. London: Thomas Richardson and Son. 1847.

should pass unheeded. Whatever the wretched and guilty actors in the sad tragedy of Ninety-eight could, in their calmer moments, have wished undone, he reproduces, for the edification of the present age—and burns with the hope, that the time is rapidly approaching, when the gibbet will no longer be the only promotion that awaits those lights of their age, and those liberators of their species, who would “bind their kings in chains, and their nobles with bonds of iron,” whilst they cried “havoc,” to the rage of an unbridled democracy, who would riot at will amid the ruins of constitutional order.

Such is the stuff of which his books are composed; and, in thus epitomizing their contents, we by no means deny that this wretched seditious-monger may not have had good intentions. He is, evidently, an enthusiast in his views; and no enthusiast ever yet was without a certain vein of honesty in his nature. But his understanding is so narrow, and his prejudices are so enormous—his political hatred is so fierce, and his judgment so shallow and undiscerning—his presumption so prodigiously overtops his capacity—and his efforts as an historian are so evidently over-mastered by his acrimony as a controversialist, and his headlong rashness as a partisan, that the worst of men, with the worst of intentions, could scarcely produce a more mischievous book than this man—who, we doubt not, is far from deserving such a character—has deemed it a solemn duty to usher into the world.

Under this conviction, when “*The Lives of the United Irishmen*” made their appearance, we felt called upon to notice them with much severity. The publication was, we thought, an outrage upon good feeling, as well as good sense, which should not be suffered to go unpunished; and, accordingly, we were not sparing in the infliction of the chastisement which they so well deserved. But that no feeling of the partisan mingled with our resentment, and that we were wholly moved by the stolid audacity which would convert warnings against treason into incentives to crime, was, we think, abundantly manifested, when we had to speak individually of the sadly-deluded men, whose errors we compassionated, and whose virtues we acknowledged, while a stern justice compelled us to condemn their crimes.

Does Dr. Madden, or any other incendiary, estimate more highly than we have, the genius and the virtues of Robert Emmet, who would have been the pride and the ornament of the country which gave him birth, if he had been trained in the school of loyalty, instead of having been fostered in the hot-bed of treason? Nor have we been wanting in liberal acknowledgments of the merits, such as they were, of other great state delinquents, whose actings were not of “*malice prepense*,” and whose crimes were the consequences of errors but too natural to men of their sanguine temperament, and during a season of such great political excitement. And why do we not shew to Dr. Madden, and writers of his class, a similar forbearance? Because the times do not furnish, for their errors or misdoings, the same excuse; because they are obstinately blind in the midst of light, and would fain put out the sun of knowledge, that by the glare of their revolutionary flambeaux they may the more effectually lead men astray. Such is their perverted instinct, we do not say their deliberate purpose. And as, unfortunately, the classes are but too numerous upon whom the writings of such charlatans must produce a deteriorating effect, we felt called upon to use a more than ordinary measure of severity, in bearing our testimony against them.

The mouldering remains of the unhappy men, who paid for their treason the forfeit of their lives, we could regard with a pious horror, in which sorrow might easily predominate over resentment. But the insects who feed upon them, and rise from the putrifying exhalation, only to carry the infectious influence through the air, are not to be only regarded with the contempt which would naturally be suggested by their apparent insignificance. They may be the instruments of great evil, and contribute to the reproduction of the moral or political pestilences, to which so many in the by-gone generation have fallen victims. It was to stay the ravages of such a plague of lice or locusts, we put forth our strength; and if such a public object were not present to our minds, Dr. Madden might have gone on, to the end of the chapter, playing his “fantastic tricks,” without attracting our notice more than any other moun-

tebank, who capers, or throws somersaults, for the public amusement. But we live in distempered times. There is an appetite for crudities and monstrosities in politics, which is one of the most unequivocal symptoms of a depraved passion for democratic change. And as the most contemptible writers may, unfortunately, be but too effectual, in the present state of things, by acting upon the diseased national susceptibilities, in producing or aggravating public evils, the vigilance of the literary police should be commensurate with the activity of literary delinquents; and the efforts of the conservators of social order should be regulated, not by their estimate of the utility of those with whom they may have to deal, but by their conviction of the calamities which a neglect of them may bring upon the country.

We were, we confess, influenced by another motive also. In '98 and 1803, the service of treason was a service of danger. The bold bad men who figured then as revolutionary bravos, were fellows of pluck and courage, and fearlessly staked their lives upon the issue of the enterprize, which was to bring them either death or glory. They were either enthusiasts, whose imaginations had been fascinated by visions of a golden age of liberty, in which the miseries arising from political causes should be heard of no more; or hardheaded republicans, whose hatred of monarchy would be gratified, at all events, and who were willing to take chance for the shape into which government should resolve itself, when flung into the revolutionary crucible, and subjected to the tentative experiments of political reformers. But there was no miserable self-seeking in their views. They did not masquerade in patriotism with any aim at personal objects. Vanity, and a love of popularity, may, no doubt, be laid to their charge; as few public men, on any side, are without the desire of public distinction. But there was an uncalculating bravery, if not heroism, in the characters of the two Emmets, and Russel, and M'Nevin, and Wolfe Tone, which raised them far above the grovelling wretches who preach and practise sedition as a trade, and feel that not only safety, but wealth and emolument, may be found in the advocacy and dissemination of principles which would formerly have involved their professors in danger,

Such are the patriots, *par excellence*, of the present day. They may flourish, and win personal consideration for themselves, by the very arts which caused others to perish. Can any man doubt that the progress of democratic change has already anticipated the designs of many of the United Irishmen, and that there are few of them who would not be shocked at the manifest symptoms of social disorganization which are already bathing their country in blood? And these—are they not clearly traceable to the open connivance, if not direct encouragement, by the government, of sentiments and opinions, views and projects, which, if not in direct accordance with those of the traitors of the by-gone generation, who suffered for them exile or death, only differ from the latter by the more sweeping changes which they involve, and the more plausible and confident effrontery with which they are given to the world.

What has been Doctor Madden's reward? We had done our best to render his martyrology of treason innocuous in Ireland. He tells us that his bookseller informed him, our notices of his volumes damaged their sale. But what of that? Has he himself been a sufferer by them? No such thing. They have recommended him to the special patronage of our Whig government; and he now rejoices in the station and the emoluments of Chief Secretary to the colony of New South Wales. After this, let any one doubt, if he can, the justice, the liberality, the wisdom, and the discrimination of Earl Grey!

Doctor Madden does not disguise his principles. They are transparent, under the flimsy covering which he attempts to cast over them, and identical with those of the heroes and the martyrs whom it is the object of his volumes to panegyrize. In Ireland, literary justice was done upon him; and it is certain that he could *now* do very little harm. But there is a portion of the British empire into which the transplantation of such a man, with such opinions, might be attended with very disastrous effects. The late penal colony, in all probability, still contains some of the actors in the late rebellion, and, doubtless, a numerous progeny of the descendants of those whose lives had been compromised by their principles, and who were permitted to adopt the mild alternative of leaving



their country "for their country's good." And with what delight must they acclaim the advent of a man in the station of chief secretary, whose services have been a justification of the practices of their fathers, and an inculcation of the tyrannical government by whom they were so cruelly driven from their native land!

Yes; we deliberately pronounce this one of the most monstrous abuses of patronage ever perpetrated. We wish Doctor Madden no ill; severely as we reprehend his opinions, it would be a positive pain to us to do him any personal harm. But of that he need entertain little fear; our censure is his recommendation to office. His views and his principles meet the approbation of the cabinet of Lord John Russell; and he has been sent where they may find a congenial soil, and where the dragon's-teeth may produce the armed men, who will, sooner or later, cast off the yoke of colonial servitude, and vindicate for their country, in the far east, a national independence.

Before we come to the volume before us, there is one point touching which we wish to make the *amende honorable* to Dr. Madden, for what we now believe to have been an erroneous impression under which we laboured, when animadverting upon his life of General Corbet. He has published, in a separate volume, the life of Robert Emmet, in a preface to which he takes us to task for representing the aforesaid general as one who received money from the government for important disclosures. We were, undoubtedly, under the impression that the "William Corbet" whose name appears in the list of the persons who received money for secret services, at or about the time of his capture and escape, was the veritable individual who figures as a patriot in Dr. Madden's pages. But he has now completely satisfied us that such was not the case—the Corbet alluded to being a literary gentleman, well known, and highly esteemed in this city, and whose services to government, although secret, were of an honourable character, and not such as compromised, by any act of treachery, any of "the friends of the union."

But do we abandon our belief that Corbet was a paid agent, and that to the discoveries which he made, he was indebted for his life? By no

means. We cannot go over in our minds all the circumstances of his capture, his captivity, and his escape, without feeling a moral conviction that the conclusion at which we arrived was the true one. Why was he not shot, when taken with arms in his hands, while aiding and abetting the French in a hostile invasion? Why was he not at once brought to trial? Why was the period of his captivity so prolonged? Why was his freedom of action so little interfered with, and his safe custody so loosely cared for? We can imagine but one answer to these questions—because his life was found more useful than would have been his death.

It was publicly declared in the House of Lords, that Napper Tandy, who was taken with him, made very important disclosures, which—and not any truckling to the boastful threats of Bonaparte—constituted the ground upon which the government consented to his enlargement. It is our belief that Corbet, who was embarked in the same boat, acted with similar prudence, and purchased impunity from a merciful government, who were much less bent upon punishing the past than preventing the future.

We know, also, that government had its agents in the very heart of Paris, and thus became cognizant of the most secret movements of those who were plotting mischief against the state. And, nothing would have conduced more to the success of this system of espionage, than that these agents should be ostensibly officers in the French service.

That Corbet could have had any participation in such practices, Dr. Madden indignantly scouts, because he was a man of such pure and unblemished honour! Was he not a traitor to his lawful king? Was he not an invader of his native land? Would he not have consigned to French Jacobinical rule its whole population? Did he not renounce his allegiance to the mild constitutional monarchy under which he was born, and plight his political troth to a despot, who would have crushed liberty wherever his power extended? Did he not aid that despot in desolating the continent? Did he not accompany his legions in their unprincipled invasion of Spain? Was he not aiding and abetting in the merciless exactions, proscriptions, and massa-



cres, by which the French armies endeavoured to tire out, or intimidate, or exterminate its brave and patriotic population? And is this the man, whose word of honour, forsooth, is so inviolable, that we must swallow, upon his *ipse dixit* alone, a tissue of the most monstrous absurdities, which, if alleged by the most unexceptionable witnesses, would require a weight of evidence fully equal to that which should prove a miracle, before it could be believed.

In the separate volume, containing the life of Robert Emmet, Dr. Madden gives some interesting additional particulars respecting Sarah Curran, and her gallant and devoted husband, Colonel Sturgeon. But, even here, his old propensity overmasters him, and he cannot avoid having a fling at the Duke of Wellington, by insinuating, according to information derived from a sagacious Cork correspondent, that Sturgeon was slighted by the Duke, and that it was a sense of unrequited services which impelled him to expose himself, in an affair of posts, at Vic de Bigorre, in France, where he lost his life. If this be true, it speaks but little either for the rectitude of his principles, or the soundness of his understanding. We need not say that we utterly disbelieve the tale. It has, however, served Dr. Madden's purpose, as a peg to hang a note upon, by which the character of the illustrious Duke, for justice, and for generosity, is still more grievously compromised. We give it at length, because we happen to possess the most authentic means of proving its envenomed falsehood. It is as follows:—

“Poor Colonel Sturgeon was not the only meritorious officer whose claims on the Duke's justice appeared very clear to other military men, but very doubtful and deniable to ‘the greatest captain of the age.’ ‘The holding back’ of the services of distinguished, or deserving persons, in public dispatches, we find productive of the same calamitous results as unmerited reproof, slights that cannot be accounted for, nor formally complained of—not privately, nor without premeditation, inflicted. Early in the peninsular war, one of the bravest officers in the British army, the colonel of the 4th Foot, ‘The King's Own,’ fell a victim to the latter species of punishment. The difficulty of building up a high military reputation, may account for the pain which is caused by the pulling down of

its pride—and the offence that is often found in a prominent position in the army, leads to the full exercise of all the prerogatives of authority, and these are not always compatible with very strict notions of justice and magnanimity. The colonel of ‘The King's Own’ put an end to his existence, rendered insupportable by a sense of injury inflicted, as he felt, and as his brother-officers believed, without just cause.—R. R. M.”

Such is Dr. Madden's version of a transaction, the true account of which could have been easily learned, had he suffered his prejudices to wait upon his honesty, and sought for correct information, by referring to the duke's dispatches, or consulting any distinguished officer of the British army, who had served, at that period, under that illustrious commander. Here, a most deserving officer is represented as being driven, by an act of cruelty and injustice, to the crime of suicide! If such be the fact, great is the merit of the man who unmasks the monster, be he whom he may, upon whom such an atrocity is justly chargeable. Towards the duke, we confess that we have always felt a sentiment of veneration and gratitude, not easily to be described. His exploits are identified with the brightest pages of England's military glory. And his personal character, in its simple dignity, in its self-renouncing abnegation of all the glare and the eclat of martial renown, has always appeared to us to throw immeasurably into the shade the brightest of Grecian and Roman heroes. To us it appears a very little thing, to call him the victor in an hundred fights. But, it is much to say, that he never sought a victory for fame—and that he never, when the exigencies of the service required it, declined a position of responsibility and danger. But, if Dr. Madden's accusation of him be just, away with his claims to historical consideration. The man who drives a brave and meritorious soldier to suicide, is no better than a murderer—and, no exploits can gild his crime—nor should any services which he may have performed shield him from general execration. In this, we are sure, we but give expression to the sentiment which the note we have extracted from Dr. Madden's volume is intended to convey. And now, reader, what is the plain and simple truth; and what

was the current tradition of the army, which Dr. Madden might have easily learned, had he desired, upon this subject, correct information; and had his intention, indeed, been, not to vilify the living, but to vindicate the dead?

On the night of the 10th of May, 1811, the French garrison of Almeida, which was strongly besieged by Lord Wellington, effected their escape, having blown up a large portion of the works, and spiked the guns. As soon as the fact was known, orders were issued with a view to their pursuit and interception, which, had they been promptly executed, must have caused every man of them to be taken. Colonel Bevan, of the Fourth, was directed to advance upon Barba de Puerco; and, had he received his orders in time (why he did not has never been explained), or followed them correctly when he did receive them, he would have reached that place before the enemy, who must, in such an event, have laid down their arms. But not only did he march late (which might have been owing to not having received his orders in time), but he missed the correct road, although he had but two miles and a half to go, and only arrived at Barba de Puerco time enough to witness the departure of the French, who were now able to make good their retreat, and could no longer be intercepted. All this was sufficiently mortifying; but more remains to be told.

Colonel Bevan's orders were, to *occupy Barba de Puerco—not to go beyond it*. These orders he did not obey. Spurred on by his personal gallantry, he thought of nothing but pursuit, and dashingy followed the French across the bridge, and along a zig-zag road, overhung by lofty hills,

which were occupied by the enemy in great force, who inflicted a very severe loss upon their rash pursuers. This it was that stung the duke; and he reprehended Bevan, for his disobedience of orders, and is said to have told him that the death of every man who fell after he crossed the bridge, must be laid to his charge. We ask, could he have said less? He did not say more. But poor Bevan was so moved by it, that he retired to his quarters and blew his brains out!

And this Dr. Madden calls “unmerited reproof,” and would have his readers to infer that the illustrious soldier by whom it was conveyed, and upon whom lay all the responsibility of these important transactions, was virtually guilty of murder! Is it possible to imagine a more false or a more envenomed insinuation? Wellington's tenderness for the lives of his soldiers (which was proverbial in the army), he would convert into an unjust accusation of the officer by whom they were so rashly exposed; and his sternness in reprehending a departure from instructions on the part of his subordinate, which was at that time but too common, and which frequently caused great loss and injury to the service, he would represent as a cruel wound, wantonly inflicted upon a meritorious individual, an indignant sense of which drove him to put a period to his existence. Can anything more clearly show the jaundiced medium through which this miserable scribbler views every man whose deeds of glory are calculated to uphold the honour and dignity of the British crown, and every circumstance which may in any way tend to increase the extent, or to add to the stability, of the British empire?\*

And now, having seen the animus by

---

\* The following extracts from the Duke's despatches, will best show what his feelings were upon this occasion:—

“TO MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

“Villa Fermon, 15th May, 1811.

“SIR—Adverting to your report of the transactions of the morning of the 11th inst., in the pursuit of the garrison of Almeida, I have to state that nothing has given me more concern than the conduct of Lieut.-Colonel —, of the — regiment. When the enemy had passed the bridge of Barba de Puerco, the farther pursuit of their troops was useless; and every step taken beyond the point to which the Lieut.-Colonel was ordered to proceed, was one of risk to the officers and soldiers under his command, from which the retreat was next to impossible. The Lieut.-Colonel did not know possibly that the whole of the second *corps d'armée* were at San Felices, but a short distance on the other side of Barba de Puerco, and upon hearing the firing, formed upon the Agueda, to protect the retreat of these troops; he knew, however, that the garrison of Almeida, although, perhaps, in disorder, were a body far superior in numbers to those he had under

which he is actuated, the reader is the better prepared to estimate, at its true value, his "History of the Penal Laws enacted against the Catholics," the very title-page of which is sufficient to show the root of bitterness from which it has proceeded.

He gravely tells us that his intention is not to stir up the evil passions, which should be suffered to sleep with the generations which have passed away, but to awaken all parties to a sense of the danger of legislating upon religious distinctions, and to impress upon all the duty of mutual forbearance and brotherly love; *and for this purpose*, there is not a calumny upon record that he does not rake up, in order to vilify the authors and the promoters of the English Reformation as wretches steeped in crime and covered with infamy, and who were, as it must be inferred, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil in the hellish contrivances to which they had recourse for the overthrow of the "Catholic" religion.

The laws enacted, and the measures taken by Elizabeth, to secure her person and to preserve her crown against the machinations of her popish enemies, he would fain represent as the unprovoked malignity of a fiendish nature, seeking, without any just provocation, for an occasion to persecute the priests of God.

That Elizabeth should have been excommunicated by the pope, he makes no account of. That she should have been declared illegitimate, and a sentence of deprivation passed against her, was only according to the orthodox maxim, that an heretic and an usurper should cease to reign. The good of the Church required her removal; and when opportunity presented itself, no good "Catholic" should refuse to be aiding and assisting in such a cause. But that this menaced princess should take any precautions against the spirit of treason thus evoked; and that she should consent to, or authorize, the enforcement of any stringent enactments, by which Jesuits, or other seditious persons, the emissaries of the pope, should be prevented from carrying into execution the plots which were formed against her life, and from which nothing but her own vigorous mind, and her own valorous determination, could have preserved her,—this was an unpardonable sin, in the eyes of the Romanist panegyrist of his persecuting Church, not to be forgiven either in this world or the world to come, and well calculated to bring down the vengeance of God upon a wicked queen, and a guilty nation!

Dr. Madden's "History of the Penal Laws" is written in the spirit of his "Lives of the United Irishmen."

his command, and he did not know what troops were in San Felices to support them. This advance, however, and his passage of the bridge, was an imprudence to which all the losses of the day must be attributed. The frequent instances which have occurred lately of severe loss, and, in some instances, of important failure, by officers leading the troops beyond the point to which they were ordered, and beyond all bounds—such as the loss of the prisoners taken in front of the village of Fuentes on the 3d and 5th instant; the loss incurred by the 13th Light Dragoons, near and at Badajoz, on the 25th of March; the severe loss incurred by the troops in the siege of Badajoz, on the right of the Guadiana, on the 10th instant; and the loss incurred by Lieut.-Colonel —, on the 11th instant, have induced me to determine to bring before a general court-martial, for disobedience of orders, any officer who shall in future be guilty of this conduct. I entertain no doubt of the readiness of the officers and soldiers of the army to advance upon the enemy; but it is my duty, and that of every general and other officer in command, to regulate this spirit, and not to expose the soldier to contend with unequal numbers in situations disadvantageous to them; and, above all, not to allow them to follow up trifling advantages to situations in which they cannot be supported, from which their retreat is not secure, and in which they incur the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten. The desire to be forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British army; but that quality which I wish to see the officers possess, who are at the head of the troops, is a cool, discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go with propriety; and to convey their orders, and act with such vigour and decision, that the soldiers will look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity."

The following we extract from a letter of the Duke to Marshal Beresford:—

"I think the escape of the garrison of Almeida (although we have taken and destroyed a good lot of them), is the most disgraceful military event that has occurred to us."



In the one he is the unscrupulous partisan of popery; in the other, the blind idolater of treason. According to him, the Romanists were all lambs—the Protestants all wolves: the latter were rabid fanatics, actuated by a fiendish hatred of true religion—the former, pious sufferers for the faith, willing to endure every extremity of persecution, while they forgave and prayed for their oppressors and murderers! It is true, there were, occasionally, such ugly transactions as the Sicilian vespers, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew! It is true, a medal was struck at Rome to commemorate the latter tragedy, which was regarded by the pious of the Romish persuasion as an holocaust most acceptable to heaven! What of that?—the sufferers were heretics, hated of God and man, who were thus doomed to this sweeping destruction; and if guilty Sodom was consumed by fire, and the idolatrous Canaanites visited with extermination, who could call in question the vice-gerent of God, when he fulminated his anathema against a faction of religious incendiaries, who were marring the unity of the Church, and disturbing the peace of a Catholic kingdom?

We would not have it understood that Dr. Madden uses these words; or that any sentiments to this effect are directly, and in set form, presented to his readers. But we unhesitatingly aver, that no one can read his work without feeling that such is the spirit with which he is imbued; and that when facts, which could not be controverted, compel him to admit the injustice and the cruelty of the persecuting Mary towards the martyred Protestants, whose only offence was the profession of the reformed faith, his depreciation of them is so marked, and his apologetic zeal for their oppressors so conspicuous, that it is quite clear that if he were of the party in power in the days of Bonner, they would have had little to expect from his "tender mercies." While the precautions taken by Elizabeth for the preservation of her crown and dignity, when she was menaced by the hostility of the whole Catholic world, with the pope at its head, he represents as an outrage against liberty of conscience! As if any sovereign was bound to respect the scruples of those who were leagued against her life; and as if the treason which in England had mani-

fested itself by plots and conspiracies, and in Ireland had broken out into civil war, was consecrated by assuming the garb of religion, and aiming at the restoration of the Church of Rome!

We do not deny the sincerity of many of the sufferers, in their devotion to what they believed a just cause, any more than we should deny the sincerity of the Emmets and the Shears's in their attachment to the principles to which some of them were victims. But we utterly deny the justice of the conclusion, that any such sincerity should be regarded as opposing a bar to the execution of penal laws against such delinquents; or that any profession of treason, *as a religious opinion*, should be allowed to operate in defeasance of the only protection which the sovereign could have for the security of her crown, or the people of this realm for the tranquillity of the kingdom.

Dr. Madden has taken much pains to show that the various conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, were plots contrived by Walsingham for the destruction of *the innocent papists*. The attempt is worthy of the man who has not hesitated to impute to emissaries from the Irish government, the burning at Scullabogue, and the massacre upon Wexford-bridge, in which the popish leaven, working in the hearts of the Irish rebels in Ninety-eight, was so horribly manifested. But he cannot deny that Elizabeth was placed under interdict and excommunication by the head of his church; and he will scarcely affirm that there were not many of the professing members of his creed who would regard *that alone* as a sufficient warrant for her dethronement or assassination. Against such, he must well know that it behoved her to be upon her guard, and that her security must, indeed, be very small, if treason should be suffered to mask itself under the guise of religion.

We should deem it quite unpardonable to load our pages with the authorities which would abundantly prove the reality of the dangers by which the throne and the person of Elizabeth were beset. They must be sufficiently familiar to every well-informed reader. But Dr. Madden himself quotes a statement of the Jesuit, Campion, made just before his execution, and published after his death, which in-



volved, we think, unequivocally, the admission, that in case of excommunication by the pope, he would have held himself absolved from his allegiance. His words are these—"Then, as for excommunicating the queen, it was exacted of me, admitting that excommunication were of effect, and that the pope had sufficient authority so to do, whether then I thought myself discharged from my allegiance or no. *I said this was a dangerous question, and they that demanded this demanded my blood.*" How, by so demanding of him, could his inquisitors be said to demand his blood, if a true answer to the question asked did not involve a confession of the guilt of treason?

Now, if any similar charge could be brought against Ridley or Latimer, in the days of Mary, it would, we think, at once degrade them from the rank of martyrs, and we should hold that queen absolved from all the odium which she brought upon herself by their cruel deaths, which Dr. Madden is compelled to call judicial murders. But they maintained no opinion incompatible with a true allegiance. The grounds of *their* condemnation were questions of religious faith. They were burned at the stake because they differed with their persecutors respecting the pope's supremacy, and transubstantiation. This was clearly a case of persecution for conscience sake; and to confound with this the cases of Campion, and Parsons, and Allen, and their associates, who became obnoxious to the civil power, not because of theological errors, but because of complicity in treasonable practices, would be to overlook the most obvious distinctions, and to maintain that, because the wolf had chosen to wear sheep's clothing, he should be regarded as a peaceable and unoffending neighbour.

It is well known that while Rome encouraged Spain to prepare the Armada by which England was to be invaded, she also disciplined and instructed the missionaries by whom the people were to be prepared to aid the invaders; and that she depended as much upon the spiritual influence of the one, as upon the military prowess of the other, to make good her cause in these islands. Was the British government to await in calm security the event of these machinations, and suffer priests and Jesuits to weave in

secret their treasonable plots, while the foreign enemy was preparing his fleet, and marshalling his squadrons for their subjugation? We have deep reason to be thankful to Providence that no such infatuation overruled their counsels, and that vigour, determination, and sagacity were exhibited in penetrating the designs, and frustrating the machinations of their enemies. We are not to be surprised that all this should be but little palatable to Dr. Madden, whose church might have been re-established, had no such precautions been taken, and no such wisdom been displayed. But to call the punishment visited upon the partisans of popery for such practices, *religious persecutions*, betrays an effrontery, or an ignorance, of which we would scarcely have believed the most reckless fanatic could, at the present day, be guilty.

But such is the teaching, and such are the teachers, by which Ireland is now to be instructed! Such are the men who command promotion, as the just reward of their services, in covering the religion and the government of England with obloquy and vituperation! We would be mistaken, however, if we conveyed to any, the idea, that Dr. Madden is an hireling slanderer. He but follows the natural bent of his inclination, when he defames and vilifies a country which he detests, and a form of Christian worship which he regards as an abomination; and he would do so, we are persuaded, with the same blinded and headlong zeal, if patronage did not await upon his performance. His patrons have sought him, because, as it would seem, they fain would intimate the sort of merit which would secure their favour, rather than *he them*, by any servile accommodation to their views. Thus it is that they would at present conciliate the mobocracy in Ireland; thus it is that they would win the confidence of the *parti preter*, through whom they hope to govern the country, and tranquilize, for a season, its unruly population. Is it any wonder that to such rulers Ireland should be "a difficulty," when they resemble the blind man who sat on the horse with his face to the tail, and all whose efforts, by whip and spur, to make the animal go in one direction, only drove him on in another. They will find, perhaps, when too late, that every step

they advance in such a policy, only perils the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland.

Let us suppose the machinery of their policy complete—that a British ambassador resides at Rome, and that the Pope is induced to exert his authority over the Romish prelates, in order to induce them to withdraw from, and to discountenance, repeal agitation. To what extent would such influence reach? Just to this, to ascertain for his holiness that he had no power whatever to control such agitation; just to discover that, in Irish Romanists, faction predominated over superstition, and that Popery was merely the husk, of which politics were the kernal. The system would be based upon a most erroneous notion, that religion in Ireland governs faction, instead of faction governing religion. As long as the Pope lends his spiritual sanction to views and projects by which party objects may be attained, he will be regarded with all reverence. The instant he seeks to counteract them, he will be considered to have exceeded his province, and his authority will be disclaimed. “*Sit Divus, dum non sit vivus,*” was the scornful answer of Caraculla to the Roman senate, when they proposed to confer divine honours upon his brother, who had shared with him the imperial power, and whom he caused to be murdered. “Make a god of him, if you like, but I will have no brother near the throne.” Just so would it be here. As long as the Pope aids and abets the faction, or, as long as he is only a King Log, he may be permitted to exercise a nominal sway; but, as soon as ever he attempts to dissolve the strong band of nationality, by which millions are bound together in the cause of Repeal, or to influence the politics of a priesthood, who but too faithfully represent those millions, he will find his influence set at nought; and a reaction may set in, by which, what is now acknowledged as his legitimate spiritual authority, may be rejected.

But, whatever may be thought of the spiritual enlightenment of the see of Rome, no one can deny that there has ever resided there much of worldly wisdom; and the Pope, we may be very sure, will make his own terms for any exercise of his power in Ireland, by which British interests may

be maintained. These will embrace the endowment of the Church of Rome, and the exaltation of her prelacy in the British empire—not only in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but throughout the colonies. And the concession of these terms must precede, as a matter of course, the services for which they are to be granted. Let this be done, and no power on earth can prevent the accomplishment of a Repeal of the Union. Let the Church of Rome be aggrandized—let the Popish priesthood be exalted, and the Protestant clergy in a corresponding degree depressed, and the representation must become so predominantly popish, that they may demand their own terms in the imperial parliament. And is it, when they are thus within reach of their object—when they actually see the goal to which all their thoughts had been directed—when nationality and independence are full in view,—that they can be diverted from the prosecution of them by the mere *sic volo* of a foreign ecclesiastic, who will be considered to have exceeded his authority, and to be acting as the hiring instrument of their enemies?

And, are there no political combinations which would influence the policy of the Vatican, in the case of England becoming engaged in foreign war, while she was embarrassed by Irish agitation? What, if a formidable confederacy were leagued against her, and if an opportunity presented itself of overthrowing her power, and thus removing the most formidable obstacle to the spread of Romanism over the world? Would the *then* Pope, because of any engagements entered into *now* with the heretical English, resist the temptation of striking a blow at her greatness, by which heresy might receive a fatal wound, and Romish Catholicism be exalted? They are very silly drivellers by whom such a notion can be entertained. The Pope would, in such a case, lead on the league against the British empire. Irish agitation would be stimulated to the very top of its bent; the priesthood would be again marshalled against the constituted authorities. The chapels would be converted into Jacobinical clubs, and the national schools into seminaries of sedition. And when the menaces of foreign aggression became sufficiently formidable, and domestic embarrassments increased, the dismemberment of the empire would

be openly avowed—the independence of Ireland would be proclaimed—and, as Greece has been wrested from Turkey, and Egypt become virtually an independent state, under the guarantee of protecting European powers, England would find the principle upon which she has acted towards other nations, turned against herself, and be compelled to submit to terms of dictation, which would erect an angry and insulted neighbouring country into a rival state, and reduce her, from her present lofty pre-eminence, to the condition of a fourth or fifth-rate power amongst the governments of Europe.

To such contingencies *we* may, at present, be very blind. Prosperity may have dazzled our eyes, so that we cannot see, or understand, these things. But others see them, and are looking with a malignant eagerness for the time when they may come to pass. France sees them—Austria sees them—Russia sees them—they are thoroughly understood by the more subtle spirits at Rome; and greatly are our rulers self-deceived, if they suppose that they are not ardently desired, and earnestly looked forward to, by multitudes, in Ireland.

To those who know this country well, nothing seems more astonishing than the ignorance of its actual condition evinced by our rulers. They seem utterly unconscious of the materials of sedition that are accumulating around us, or of the efforts of the sanguinary enthusiasts of Repeal to stir up bad blood, and to keep alive national discord. We some time since called our readers' attention to a series of publications, entitled "*The National Library for Ireland*," and great was the astonishment and indignation excited by the evidences these afforded of a systematic design to organize the people for a general insurrection. We have had occasion to wade through much of the seditious writing which preceded the outbreak of Ninety-eight, and we deliberately aver, that it was loyalty itself, in comparison with the effusions which now pass unpunished, and which are circulating through the length and the breadth of the land.

In these, as our readers may have seen, every sentiment which should animate a good subject is outraged—every principle which should guide and actuate an honest man, and a

Christian, is set at nought. The oath of allegiance is scoffed at in open and wicked mockery and scorn; an universal rising against the English government, when the people feel equal to it, is enjoined as a solemn duty; the traitors of Ninety-eight, who perished on the scaffold, or in the field, are deplored as patriots, and exalted as martyrs; the introduction of a French force, to aid in overthrowing the English authority, is advocated and eulogised; assassination is openly recommended—there is no mincing the matter. Michael Reynolds is loudly praised, because he offered to assassinate Thomas Reynolds, the celebrated informer; and Samuel Neilson is severely censured, because, when an opportunity presented itself, he did not stab him through the heart!

All this, in publications levelled to the capacity of the lowest vulgar, and circulating, not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands, and the influence of which is not confined to the actual purchasers, immensely numerous as they are, but extends to all those who flock together to hear them read, as they are, by thoroughly drilled and disciplined incendiaries, in every county-town, and village in Ireland!

Thus it is that treason is fashioned into primers, and sedition converted into spoon-meat for the *élèves* in the new schools of normal agitation. The writers of them are no common men. They evince powers beyond those of most ordinary traders in sedition; and evidently could write so as not to offend the taste of a higher class of readers, if their object was not to make an impression on the lowest classes, upon whom the rough and the bloody work must chiefly devolve, in the coming revolutionary contest. This it is which gives a peculiar significance to these political "*tracts for the times*," by means of which the most rancorous disloyalty has found a tongue, and the foulest forms of treason have become "*household words*" in Ireland.

The producers of these deleterious stimulants are under no terrors whatever that they will be disturbed in their vocation by any process of law. As things are ordered at present, the risk bears no proportion to the profits. It would be regarded as a most wanton invasion of liberty, if these panders to the passions and prejudices of a misguided multitude were prevented, by



any disagreeable process of law, from ministering to the furious anti-national hatred, which threatens the country with civil war. It is at once a pleasing and a profitable pursuit. On a former occasion, the emissaries of sedition, Dr. Madden's heroes, pursued their vocation at the risk of their lives; but now, instead of danger, there is not merely safety, but popularity—instead of loss, there is gain. The rebels of '98 "counted the cost" when they threw themselves and their all into the revolutionary contest. Poor fellows! they lived before their time. Did they exist in our day, they would know how to turn their patriotism into a gainful trade, and to derive wealth and consideration for the liberation of Ireland.

Of the former, as compared with the present crisis, it may be said, that *then* the supply of seditious literature created the demand; *now* the demand creates the supply. For years preceding Ninety-eight, able, but misguided men laboured strenuously for the dissemination of doctrines by which the realm became disordered. At present a disordered realm and an insane craving for political excitement, operate as a bounty upon the production of these seditious publications, which outrage every principle of loyalty and virtue!

But we will be told that "the schoolmaster is abroad," and that the remedy for all this is to be found, not in any enforcement of penal laws, but in the ameliorating effects of education. "See," say our opponents, "what 'the National Board' is doing, and wait awhile until the effects of their present measures begin to appear." Upon the "*vexata questio*" of national education, we shall not now permit ourselves to enter, having already expressed ourselves fully upon that subject. But we should have much more confidence in the nostrum proposed, if the educated themselves were not amongst the ringleaders of the movement by which all the evils we so earnestly deprecate may be brought to pass. Was the late Mr. O'Connell uneducated? Are the Romish prelates uneducated? Is the accomplished editor of *The Nation* newspaper uneducated? Are the "Young Ireland" party—Smith O'Brien, Barry, Meagher, Mitchell—uneducated? And if they be, when will the masses

arrive at the intellectual eminence which they have attained, and which has only increased their nationality, and given a superadded intensity and determination to their resolves for the Repeal of the Legislative Union?—a measure which Mr. Holmes, the father of the Ulster Bar, assures them is nothing but an act of legislative spoliation and wickedness, without the slightest moral obligation whatever, and not endurable longer than by force of arms it can be maintained!

Talk of education, indeed, in such a ferment, and at such a crisis! Were the individuals who declaimed against the Legislative Union, at the period when that saving measure became the law of the land, uneducated? Was Plunket, or Saurin, or Curran, or Ball, below their most gifted cotemporaries in intellectual attainment? No; they stood at the top of their class; and we blame them not because a proud nationality rendered them oblivious for a season of the advantage of that act of imperial incorporation upon which the safety of the empire depended. No doubt, afterwards, many of them were led to entertain more enlightened views; and we doubt not that the period will come, when all who survive of the present advocates of Repeal will have altered minds upon that subject. But it is the veriest idiocy to talk of education producing any sudden change upon excited individuals, with firebrands in their hands, and combustible bodies scattered profusely around them. Before it can begin to take any effect, the incendiary may be the victim of his own conflagration; and the light which would show him the delusion under which he laboured, may flash from the very fires which he had kindled, and the ravages of which he would be wholly unable to control. Thus it was with the *educated* revolutionists of France. The guillotine, which they had employed against those whom they deemed traitors and oppressors, soon dripped with their own blood; and the retributive justice of an avenging God appeared almost as conspicuously in their punishment, as human wickedness in their crimes. But it is not merely folly—it is miserable mockery—to look at such results as any compensation for the evils, both present and prospective, which the in-



cendiary publications to which we have referred, are bringing, and must continue to bring, upon Ireland.

The prospect before us is, undoubtedly, one of deepening gloom; and did we not trust in a graciously overruling Providence, despondency would settle upon us. The factious no longer fear any discountenance from those who are placed at the head of affairs. They rather claim connexion with, and expect favours from them. Dr. Madden, the material of whose writings constitutes a great part of "The National Library," has already obtained high official station in that dependency of the British crown where his principles can do most mischief; and this must operate as an encouragement to others, to whom it would seem to say, in very intelligible English, "Go, and do thou likewise."

What an edifying spectacle is now being exhibited, in the rupture of parties, hitherto confederate, and whose sentiments found, in *The Nation* newspaper, a common exponent? Both are ardent and gifted Irishmen—both are pledged and devoted to the prosecution of Repeal. Of both it may be said, that a Repeal policy has taken possession of their minds, more as an impassioned sentiment, than a moral conviction; and England, as a domineering foe, who has basely plundered the nation of its rights, is regarded with as rancorous a hatred as could be prompted by the most indignant scorn.—Wherein, then, it may be asked, do these champions of popular rights differ? In this: Mr. Mitchell would unfurl the oriflamb, and make preparation for immediate war. Mr. Duffy would rather "wait a while," and see whether something more favourable than can at present be discovered in "the signs of the times," may not present itself, before actual hostilities are resolved on. Mr. Mitchell utterly loathes the aristocracy, as renegades or traitors; and regards the middle classes as little better than corrupt or blundering jackasses, without a particle of patriotic fire. Mr. Duffy, although he deplores the degeneracy of both, is desirous of trying them *a little* longer; and a keen presentiment of the inconveniences that might arise from a process of law, called an action for sedition, has rendered him curiously guarded in criticising the effusions of his patriotic

friend, and causes his admiration to wait upon his prudence, while he excises from them what his tact teaches him may be regarded, by the legal authorities, as an extra quantum of sedition or treason. But if any one supposes that Mr. Duffy is one whit more regardful of the authority of British law, or one atom more reconciled to the authority of British rule, than Mr. Mitchell, he would do that talented gentleman great injustice. The difference between them is merely a difference of time. It is not a question of principle, but one of expediency. Both are prepared for a bloody struggle, if it should be necessary, for the recovery of the nation's rights. But the one considers it *premature* to hazard such a struggle *just now*; while the other is prepared, at all hazards, to make war to the knife upon the landlords, and would, forthwith, set about accumulating the *matériel* for an army, training the peasantry to the use of arms, and instructing them in the tactics by which they may be rendered invincible in their mountain-fastnesses, when they are contending against the hated Saxon, for the freedom of their native land.

Now, what is to be said of all this? That the individuals whom we have named are both sincere in the profession of their respective views, we fully believe; and we are prepared to accord to them the respect which no political differences have ever caused us to withhold from the honest and the single-minded. But what is to be said of the government which can tolerate such seditious ravings?—which can leave a credulous and excitable people exposed to such moral and political contagion? And then, when the laws have been practically violated, a systematic contempt for which is thus freely and extensively circulated, which can make victims of the wretched dupes, who are consigned to expatriation or the gallows, while the instigators of the crimes for which they suffer are unmolested in their pernicious calling, and suffered to derive consideration and opulence from the deleterious products upon which their ingenuity is employed? We deliberately say, that they are beneath the scorn of the fabricators of a sedition with which they do not dare to grapple; and that while the source of crime is thus regarded as sacred, no-

thing effectual can be done to remedy the evils by which our poor country is disordered.

That the act recently passed, and at present in operation in some of the disturbed counties, can operate no radical cure of such disorders, we frankly declared in our last number. We designated it as an act less calculated to afford protection to the innocent, than to convey a warning to the guilty. It was a deplorable thing to see a British government reduced to the miserable alternative of asking leave of the leaders of the faction in Ireland, to introduce just so much of extra-constitutional rigour into the administration of the law, as, while the ribbon conspirators laughed at their proceedings as a mockery, might take away from themselves the reproach of conniving at wickedness, the continued impunity of which was exciting the indignation of the empire. That this law would be very promptly called into action by the Irish authorities, we very well knew, because Lord Clarendon is an honest as well as a very able public functionary, whose eyes, we believe, are fully opened to the awfully disorganized state of Ireland. That the juries, both grand and petit, would do their duty, we firmly believed, because the gentlemen of Ireland have never, on any great occasion, shrunk from any peril, but have boldly confronted public odium and personal danger, when the good of the country required it at their hands; and our expectations have not been disappointed. Whatever could be done by means of such an enactment, has been done. But has the plague been stayed? Has the Ribbon confederacy been broken up? Are the gentry one whit more safe than they were from the arms of the assassin? No such thing. Some convictions have taken place, but they do not constitute ten per cent. upon the amount of the murders. It was very carefully provided for in the act, that no nocturnal disturbance should be given to the miscreants, who may assemble in their lodges by night to decide upon the fate of the obnoxious individuals by whose activity some of their fraternity may have been brought to justice. That would be an infringement of the rights of the subject. Their den is to be regarded as their castle; and while

they are thus left free to plot against the lives of others, a hair of their heads may not be touched with impunity; and the functionary who should dare to invade the sacred privacy of their committee-room, would soon find himself in a difficult case, a hundred pens and a hundred tongues denouncing him as an enemy to public liberty.

"Can these things be,  
And overcome us, like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder."

We have already repeatedly stated that the day of Repeal, "*dies illa*," may come, without any of the agencies by which it is at present ostensibly sought for. It may be, not wrung from England, but forced upon Ireland. As to the "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" of the faction by whom it is at present aimed at, we hold them of little account. Before a steady course of wise and vigorous policy, they would dissolve into thin air, "*vox et preterea nihil*." The humbug of Old Ireland, and the fierce, impracticable extravagance of Young Ireland, might be equally disregarded by the statesman who took his stand upon constitutional principles; and while he remedied every real grievance, resolutely determined to maintain the articles of the Union. But the minister who, for party objects, makes an alliance with the faction of the country against the landed interest, and the superstition of the country against the Established Church, is the most dangerous enemy to the integrity of the empire. He it is who gives importance to the Repeal movement. He it is who, by unwise concession, diminishes the *centripetal*, and increases the *centrifugal* force—by the due equilibrium of which an harmonious connexion between the two countries can alone be maintained. And should the hour of separation come—as come, assuredly, it will, if our course of policy be not altered—such a calamitous result will not be ascribable to O'Connell, or the priests, or Young Ireland, or Old Ireland, but to the degree in which faction shall have triumphed over principle; and the very system of government become itself the machinery of agitation which can only find its perfect consummation in the dismemberment of the empire.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

DECEMBER 23, DUBLIN.—Postman's knock. Letter from uncle in Tipperary:—

“Thrasher's Hill, December 22.

“DEAR PHIL—Christmas holidays. Remember your promise. Aunt Martha in the dumps—wants to be roused. Lively fellow, Phil. Don't be afraid; *the boys* know whom to molest—don't shoot strangers. No excuse taken.

“Yours truly,  
“WALTER YELLINGTON.”

Unpleasant remembrance. Wish Uncle Wat would forget my promises, and remember his own. Said last time, he would die in a year and leave me Thrasher's Hill. Must go, however—death before dishonour.

Preparations for merry-making:—*Imprimis*, make my will, and leave my death provisionally on Uncle Wat.

Secondly, get two pistol-pockets inserted into the breast of my new pale-tot.

Thirdly, dry half a pound of Davy's powder between a couple of warm plates.

And fourthly, pay the washer-woman's bill.

Serious thoughts of becoming a reformed character, if I come back alive, and joining the “Go-to-Church-three-times-of-a-Sunday Society.”

24th.—Early train to Ballybrophy. Second class—hard seats, but choice company, viz.—A police head-constable, a Holycross farmer, vigorous on the tenant-right question, and a Methodistical miller—all with their nostrums to save the country. Policeman says matters will never be right till parliament establishes a power of *sarch*, and fixes a more liberal scale of constabulary allowances. Farmer declares landlords to be the root of all evil; and miller traces everything to the worship of “the golden calf,” while he insists that Christian men and women ought to be fed on bread and oatmeal-gruel three times a-day. That is the way to bring down the golden calf, not to talk of setting up the golden hopper.

Ballybrophy.—Eleven miles from

Roscrea; but called, in time and fare-tables, “*The Roscrea Station*.” Is that quite *fair* of the said tables? Arrived there in safety, which we thought surprising, considering that we ran twenty miles an hour part of the time. Landed in a slough, called a road; for making a hundred yards of which, without hiring three hundred men to do it, a servant of the company had his brains dashed out with spades and pickaxes, a month ago. “A striking proof (observes tenant-right man) of the eagerness of the poor people in this country to get employment;” yea, forsooth, and likewise of the consequences of their not finding it—

“For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.”

Obliging navvie offers to conduct me to the scene of the murder for sixpence. Dare say he knows it, but decline his offer.

Omnibus to Roscrea, with civil coachman and saucy cad; latter official dubbed “agent” in these parts. Drop him (not sorry for it) at Borris-in-Ossory, a lugubrious town on the borders of Queen's County, and just where Tipperary opens its jaws. No unapt *Porta d' Averno*. Proprietor, Duke of Buckingham—an hereditary absentee, who can boast of more dung-heaps than flower-gardens, and more beggars than both. Inhabitants, in general, seem badly off for soap, and not disposed to patronise the Irish Glass Company. Many of them bare-headed, probably because their hats are doing duty in the windows. Brown paper also, and wisps of straw, in general requisition.

No small joy in the neighbourhood, at a report that the Duke must sell his Irish estates, to pay his English debts; in which case, speculation has it that Peter Kinshela, a baker in the street, will be Duke of Borris-in-Ossory.

Mem.—Peter's bread is baked—so.

Roscrea Hotel.—What is an hotel, or hostel? “An inn,” saith Samuel Johnston, *simpliciter*. An inn (saith Irish practice) where neither host nor



hostess ever make themselves visible to the guests, but leave *les petits soins* to be administered at the discretion of a tribe of unwashed and ragged boys and girls, who call themselves waiters, porters, boots, and chamber-maids. Even these delegates are not too facile when you most need their attentions, but make amends for neglect, by extreme and gregarious officiousness, at the moment of your departure.

Travellers, with all their luggage, introduced into coffee-room, so called because half-a-dozen rural dandies are there, lounging by the fireside, and conversing about "d—d fine girls," with cabbage-leaf cigars in their mouths, and small bottles of Guinness's Double X at their elbows.

Order a car for Thrasher's Hill—twenty miles farther up the country. Benevolent-looking gentleman, whose way lies in the same direction, offers to join and go halves in the fare; but looks too like a landlord—the most dangerous company on these roads—must, therefore, decline the partnership. Driver afterwards commends my prudence, Mr. — having been wanted on the side of Knockshgowny, on Wednesday last, by two gentlemen, who desired to see him a few minutes in private; and only escaped the interview by making a *detour* round the hill. There's luck in leisure.

Driver very agreeable road-companion; points out several interesting situations, such as the spot where Corker Wright kilt three robbers; the heap of stones by the wayside, where Maher was waylaid and murdered by the Ryans—"a nate spot for a surprise of the soart;" the large "furry" field, where Brennan was run into by the *Peelers*; and the farm that "nobody darr take," since the last occupier was burned to death in the house, with all his family.

Gentleman passes in a gig with a very frightened servant beside him. Driver moralises thereupon. Laments the fate of that meritorious class, in and out of livery, who were formerly able to make terms for themselves in the worst of times, but must now take comfort, when a volley comes, in the knowledge that it was not aimed at them in particular. Thinks it should be hanging matter to put slugs in a charge, intended for only one individual, whereby the *innocent* may suffer with the guilty; and enlarges with

much feeling on the enormity of firing swan-drops at any man, however bad he may be, in a crowd. Concludes, by declaring that people, and especially gentlemen, cannot be too cautious in these awful times, about the company they keep. Mem.—Consider myself safe in that sense at any rate.

Fall in with a drove of cattle from the neighbourhood of Thrasher's Hill, and question drover about the state of the country thereabouts. Reports it "remarkable ppaceable; not an outrage of any account these eight days."

Note—"any account" means aggravated manslaughter and worse; for of attempts to shoot, and breaking into houses by night, to warn men of their last hour, there is no lack up to the latest date.

A dialogue in Irish between driver and drover, of some duration, enough to make one nervous, *in statu quo*. They must be talking of me too, they look so hard this way. And so they were; as I learn afterwards from my Automedon, who thus interprets the conversation:—

"Will this man be safe, going in it after nightfall?"

"Daylight or dark makes no difference about Thrasher's Hill."

"I believe you. Will he be safe, though?"

"What is he? A tenant?"

"No."

"A landlord?"

"No."

"An agent?"

"No."

"A policeman?"

"No: he is only a gossoon from Dublin, going down for the Christmas."

"Go on, then; I'll insure him, except the *boys* mistake him for some of those."

Agreeable contingency. Virgil's "Errorum hostibus illum," no good divinity in such a case. Move on rather anxiously, praying that I may pass for what I am.

Nightfall—Thrasher's Hill.—Numerous isolated discharges of small arms in the fields serve to keep the horse lively and ourselves awake. Driver is of opinion it must be watching the turnips thim guns are; because if their masters did not supply it for such a purpose, "where would they get the powder?" At all events, he insists, it is a good sign, when public notices like these are going on, that

nobody in particular is expected to come the road ; for in such cases not as much as a dog that barks is suffered to be abroad. Sharp had this, and seems to be very well informed about the state of the country.

Uncle Wat's hall-door triple-barred and chained. Long parley before admission. Uncle receives me with pistol in one hand and hot poker in the other ; the latter being always kept in the fire, to be ready for sudden invasions. Aunt Martha prepares raisins for plum-pudding, and two cousins from Waterford play at Commerce with Jack Lewis, an old friend of the family. Dinner over long ago ; but a broiled bone at the fire, and plenty of potatoes, dry and mealy, as ever they were before the breed of them knew a day's sickness.

Conversation about the state of the country. Uncle Wat considers himself quite safe as yet, unless some new devilment springs up ; as he has taken the precaution not to ask a farthing of rent since harvest. Nevertheless, judges it no more than prudent to lock the maids up in the garret, with a good padlock on the outside of the door, and to bar out all the boys, as soon as

"The clock strikes their hour for retiring"

to their dormitory over the stable. Family don't separate till long after midnight ; and then every one takes up a large handbell, of which a number are ranged on the hall-table with the candlesticks, for the purpose of alarming the household, should any disturbance take place before daylight. Uncle Wat makes his final round of all the passages and halls, with his trusty friend the poker ; then wishes

"To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light."

25th.—A merry Christmas, and many happy returns of it, to us all in this halcyon district !

Preparations for going to church. First of all, draw lots to determine who shall remain behind, and keep garrison, while the rest are abroad ? Jack Lewis wins, and entrenches himself among newspapers, with the keys of the house, and four or five stand of arms laid, ready for use, on the table before him. Flock of geese, under the command of a most ancient

and vigilant gander, driven into stable-yard, to raise an alarm, in case of intrusion from the rere. Long-horned bull turned out of his paddock upon the lawn, to act as sentinel in front. Jack looks out of the window, from his fortress, like the governor of Gibraltar, and bids us pray for him.

Family coach sets out, with a cordon of involuntary protectors. Coachman in front, ploughman and gardener behind, stuck up to share in the honour and glory of anything that may be intended for the inside passengers. Coachey ordered to whip like winking through all planted places, and by walls, or thickset hedges ; which he does as if his own life depended upon it. Return from church in the same order, after a delay, occasioned by the absconding of our rear-guard, who are discovered, however, behind the church, and compelled to resume their elevation. Arrive at road-entrance, and spy our sentinel, the bull, performing all sorts of four-footed evolutions in front of the hall-door. Despatch ploughman to invite him to retire into his cantonments, which he obstreperously declines—such mutiny detaining us for some time, with an exposed flank, on the way-side. Regain our quarters at length, the only incident worthy of record being, that Jack Lewis is taken fast asleep over the fire ; uncle Wat, after much ineffectual knocking and hallooing, having to climb into the window, at the risk of being shot, and secure the arms, before Jack is restored to consciousness.

Court-martial on the faithless garrison, who alleges, in defence, that he had begun to read Joseph Hume's speech on the monetary crisis. Unanimous verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances ; cousin Lucy deputed to pass sentence, which is, that the criminal be taken to the place from whence he came, to wit, the parlour-fireside, and there compelled to finish the reading of the whole debate, without one nod, wink, yawn, or stretch, from the first motion, to the last division ; and, may dulness have pity on his aching sight !

Merry-making in earnest. House secured at four o'clock against ingress and egress, and a general determination formed to "drive dull care away," by barring out Molly Maguire along with him, and setting Captain Rock,

with all his company of Blackfeet, Whitefeet, Caravats, Carders, Thrashers, and Peep-o'-day Boys, at defiance, for one night, at all events. The more effectually to exclude them, every door, up-stairs and down-stairs, is locked and bolted before sunset, and a couple of trusty policemen, borrowed for the occasion, are invited to take their places as guests among the convivial feasters in the servants' hall.

Mem.—*Grana Uile's* rule of hospitality, to throw open all the gates, and beat *The Roast Beef* before the door, won't do in Lower Ormonde.

December 26.—Sunday. Family decide upon performing their devotions at home, with the exception of Jack Lewis, who is bundled out, neck and crop, and ordered to go to church, as a further penance for his hesternal breach of the articles of war. Strict injunctions laid upon him not to fall asleep at the sermon; and, for better assurance thereof, to be sure to come back with the text at his fingers' ends. Comes back wide awake, but declares the text was Greek. Ascertain, by a reference to parish clerk, who drops in for his usual Christmas guerdon, that it was not “Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin,” which is “the only Greek” Jack was ever heard to say he knew from high Dutch. Threatened with another court-martial for prevarication.

Dublin newspapers in the Thrasher interest exult that Tipperary has been bloodless for three posts in succession; on reading which Uncle Wat commands all the doors to be double-locked three times over, and heats his poker to a white heat; such announcements being (as he reports) uniformly re-echoed from the seat of war by some egregious and astounding atrocity.

Great frying of cold plum-pudding, followed by a sermon of Jeremy Taylor, which sends Jack off at the first Division, and much “enlivens” Aunt Martha.

December 27th.—Hunting morning, and how the field is taken. Each gentleman carries cartridges in his belt, and holsters before him. *Couteaux de chasse* are also in contemplation; and all agree to ride close up together, allowing the dogs to go ahead, if unavoidable, rather than break too loosely over the country. Nobody to turn over, unless in pres-

sence and within hail of a mounted member, or more, who shall see that the frieze-coat that catches the horse shall not mount it himself and ride away with the holsters. If a member casts a shoe, and must go to a forge to refit, another member (or two, according to the character of the locality) to accompany him. Should the hunt be invited anywhere to luncheon, members must carry their pistols into the house along with them, and carefully examine their girths on coming out. To combine as much as possible amusement with security, any one who is not well mounted is requested not to mar the sport of those who are, but to stay at home. Ladies, also, who patronize a fashion long prevalent in the western province, of assembling at the covert on jaunting-cars, to see the dogs turned in, are respectfully assured that it would detract much from the enjoyment of their male friends, should two or three of them be carried off some fine morning up the Glen of Aherlow, as hostages, or brides elect, by the “*Right Boys*.” By a close attention to the above rules and cautions, a good share of exciting recreation is still attainable by such of the gentry as are not afraid to risk a chance shot in pursuit of it.

Dine out with a neighbour, who, being an agent, offers no apology for entertaining his guests on the second floor; a Roscommon gentleman of the same profession, who sees his friends below stairs, having been lately disconcerted by a discharge of heavy duckshot through the window, just as the company had been summoned to the festive board.

Return to Thrasher's Hill at night, guarded by a patrol of police, who had promised to call for us on their rounds. That force the great link of re-union here. Without them all social enjoyment must necessarily be self-contained, like an Edinburgh laird's mansion.

On the way home, hear several explosions

“Through the empty vaulted night;”

proving, according to the theory of the Roscrea driver, that no turnips can be better watched than the turnips of Lower Ormonde.

December 28th.—A shooting party, regulated with equally nice caution as the hunting of the day before. Concen-



tration the grand principle of safety, and the practice nearly the same as street-firing. Not more than half the barrels in the company can be discharged at any one time. If it be true that all field sports are more or less a mimicry of war, those of Tipperary are a good deal more so than less. A season's cockshooting here should make very pretty *voltigeurs* of our young gentlemen.

Fall in with a few "boys" in the woods, who are great amateurs of the sport, but never carry guns themselves; no, nor nothing but *kippeens*,\* with which they would be proud to beat the bushes for our honours. "*Baiting is chaip*" in Tipperary; but being already supplied, and

"Having no need,  
Thank them as much as if we did."

Hear them in a few minutes afterwards squibbing away for their own diversion, with something else than *kippeens*.

Blindman's buff in the evening, to enliven aunt Martha; and to bed at midnight, serenaded by cow-horns, with the usual gunpowder accompaniment from the hills.

December 29th.—Accompany the Sub-Inspector, with a strong party of soldiers and policemen, in chase of a noted villain, charged with murder, and known to be concealed hereabouts. Country people uncommonly civil, and ready to afford us every information. "Every" information, too, it is. One saw a man answering the description running down by the river; another met him about the same time, half-way up the hill; a third believes he is over the Shannon "this way;"† a fourth knows, of his own knowledge, he is four miles off in an opposite direction, getting his brogues mended by a cousin of his own, one Kilfoyle. All men and all women say, "God speed you!" and wish us "joy of our prize man," when we catch him. Never people were more unanimous, as far as good words go, or more officious, in furthering the course of justice.

Get a view of him at last, stealing away inside a hedge, at a considerable distance down the side of a long and gentle declivity. A general pursuit,

still aided by the peasantry, who make themselves busy in opening gates, breaking down gaps, and facilitating the descent of the party by every means. Fugitive redoubles his speed, and takes the open field. Loud shouting of the pursuers. Every eminence crowded with spectators, in the utmost state of agitation; some screaming, others jumping up in the air incessantly, as if possessed, others waving handkerchiefs in the wind; little boys running up and down like mad.

Ardour of pursuers increased. Many young hands, that they may run the lighter, fling off their shoes, which are never found again. Transcendental sport—beats fox-hunting.

Fugitive approaches a stream, and makes two attempts to jump across it, but bodes twice. Pursuers raise a great shout, and increase their speed. He turns about towards them, stamps upon the ground, tosses his hand aloft, runs at the stream once more, and clears it; plunges into a thick plantation at the other side.

Three policemen close at his heels: two of them jump the stream, the last touches the opposite bank, fails to make his ground good, and disappears, carbine and all, under the water. Shout from the heights, sounding like derision. Rather strange that.

More of the party get over the water, and scour the plantation. Runaway appears beyond the trees, clambering up a steep, with first policeman close on his haunches. Distance lessens every stride. The government reward appears already in the grasp of *First Peeler*. Runaway trips over the root of a tree—policeman tumbles heels over head on top of him.

Inextinguishable roars of laughter from all the peasantry, far and near, with cries of "Success, Lar!—Good boy, Lar!—Hurrah for Lar!"

"What can it mean?" Ask a civil, honest-looking man, the only one within hail of me—"what is it?"

"Is it fwat it is, your honour? Faith, and d'ye see, whispher now—but just show us that gun first, if you please —"

Whips it out of my hand, before I have time to say nay.

"She's a purty picce. Thank you,

\* Switches.

† At the present moment.

sir. I can't stop now to tell you fwhat it is, but ax Lar; he'll let you know all about it."

Rascal grins, and trots off out of sight in an instant, while the laughter is renewed all round at my expense. Pretty girl in particular, who bade me God speed ten minutes ago, with a remarkably sweet and winning voice, thrown almost into fits. Ah, *colleen dhas!*

"Miseri, quibus  
Intentata rides."

Hateful practical jokes, relics of barbarous ages, how my soul loathes you!

Lar brought up in custody, dancing a sort of Tipperary Polka, and singing—

"Nobody shall go to gaol  
From *Garryowen agloria*."

*Nota Bene.*—Said Lar, alias Larry Longlegs, turns out *a drag*; being no more nor less than the parish fool, tricked out in a blue jacket and oil-skin cap, to resemble the desired criminal, and lead her majesty's forces, civil and military, far away from the real object of pursuit, *on a fool's errand*.

The remainder of the daylight wasted by two or three policemen in a fruitless search for their shoes, which

had, no doubt, walked away half an hour before, in company with my lamented double-barrelled detonator, and "the real *Simon Pure*" personated by Lar.

Last evening at Thrasher's Hill. Waterford girls (giggling poppets) thought it quite funny, "how Cousin Phil's gun went off." Aunt Martha herself more lively than became her years and gravity; and Jack Lewis attempted one of those abortive impertinences called a pun, turning upon the *Lar-es*, stolen out of Horace, something about "*Lare certo*," which he ridiculously Englished into "a certain Larry." But it would be making too much of the creature to repeat it. Uncle Wat also forgets the urbanity of an host, so far as to proffer me the loan of his poker.

Wretched, demoralised country, whose gentry can make a jest of such things!

Dec. 30th.—Back to Roscrea, charioted by a villain who laughed at me yesterday, and now swears, with a crying face, that he is "sorry for my trouble." Catch three o'clock train; peremptorily decline to take a return-ticket; and arrive at the Barrack Bridge

"Relictâ non bene parmulâ."

PHIL. FOWLER.

## THE APOTHECARY'S WIFE.—A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY COUNT BALLAGUB.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE reader will recollect that we left the baron and Charlotte standing in the apothecary's shop. We resume the thread of their discourse where it was broken off.

"It's a long time since we last met, Herr Baron," said the apothecary's wife.

"A long time, I am sorry to say," replied the Petersburg dandy; "and I never expected that this journey of mine, which I undertook so unwillingly, would have afforded me so agreeable a surprise."

"What surprise, Herr Baron?"

"Good fortune, I meant to say—the indescribable good fortune of meeting you again—of once more renewing one of the pleasantest acquaintances of my youth."

Here the Baron cast a doubtful and scrutinizing glance on the apothecary; but the latter only made a civil bow, as not seeming to understand the allusion. He, however, immediately afterwards invited the Baron to follow his wife into the sitting-room. Fuhrenheim entered the apartment with a sort of mysterious awe: varied reminiscences of the past rushed on his memory—the professor's humbled dwelling—those familiar evenings formerly spent in her society, and a certain indistinct visionary form that had once flitted round his bed of sickness—all these pictures reproduced themselves in rapid succession on the ground of his re-awakened heart. But it was no longer a slender, half-formed girl, with bashful manners and downcast look, that stood before him; it was now a beautiful young woman, in the full bloom of her charms. Perhaps she might have lost somewhat of that expression of untroubled calmness and serenity that had heretofore surrounded her head like an "aureole;" but in its place an ineffable charm was spread over her features—an expression of

intense passion and deep suffering, that conferred on her a new and most dangerous attraction.

The furniture of her room was indeed more than plain, it was scanty. A few chairs, an old divan, a couple of half-worn-out tables, and a small piano-forte near the window, in which a few flower-pots were symmetrically arranged. A glass-case in the corner exhibited a dozen china cups and saucers, arranged with German precision and neatness. This modest and thoroughly German decoration made a painful impression on the baron, and his thoughts wandered involuntarily to the gay boudoirs of the Petersburg ladies; this feeling was, however, only momentary—the longer he lived, the more indifferent had he become to the outward decorations of life.

"I should never have dreamed of finding you here," said he, in a low tone.

The apothecary's wife suppressed a sigh.

"And, least of all, married," continued he.

A look of mute reproach was the only reply.

"Your father is quite ——"

"He is dead," replied Charlotte.

The Baron was embarrassed; he did not know what to say. Suddenly the habits of thinking of the fashionable world regained their ascendancy over him; a seductive idea presented itself to his mind, and recalled it from reminiscences of the past to the present. "The old father is dead (thought he to himself); her husband is a booby that can be easily cheated; and she loves me, and here in this solitude I am quite safe from rivalry; at all events it will help to dissipate *ennui*."

"You must be tired of this place," said he, in a tone of tender sympathy.



"Sometimes I am," said Charlotte, a tear gathering in her eye; "my father died, and left me alone in the world. Poor man, how often he used speak of you! Since his death my whole destiny has been, as it were, shipwrecked. I see everything in a different light. I don't know how I should have been able to survive that time, if the remembrance of happier hours had not remained to me."

"Just as I thought (reasoned the baron to himself); that is an evident hint; she is *ennuyée*, therefore I may do as I please with her. I should be a very schoolboy to let such an opportunity slip."

"But how came you to marry?" said he.

"It was my father's wish that I should do so. He thought I would be happy with a man that loved me, and who, he knew, was incapable of deceiving me."

"That is meant as a cut at me (remarked the Baron to himself). I was quite right—she loves me; and how beautiful she is! Our fashionable ladies are not fit to stand in the same room with her; and how much time, trouble, and money have I not thrown away for this foolish chatter."

"It is not every one that can command their own destiny," continued he, aloud, with a sigh. "Your husband is a fortunate man; nothing stood in the way of his good luck; neither relations nor circumstances—not even you yourself, for—you loved him."

The apothecary's wife smiled sadly, and replied—"My husband is an excellent, good creature; he is truly attached to me in his way, and I should be very ungrateful not to appreciate his good qualities."

"The usual tactics (continued the Baron, speaking to himself); difficulties must be invented—pangs of conscience, and all that sort of thing; so that when the sacrifice has been made, there may be a greater claim for gratitude, and a better ground for reproaches."

A prey to such base feelings, he turned towards her again, and said, with an appearance of emotion—"Your husband is the happiest man in the world—always near you, always with you; he can pay you every tender attention; he may clasp you to

his heart, and forget the whole world, whilst he suns himself in the rays of your beauty."

Charlotte became visibly affected. At this instant her husband entered the room.

"What an infernal place this is!" said he, angrily; "there is no standing it. One customer bargains and cheapens, another takes on credit; just imagine, they are not ashamed to offer me fifty per cent., and then I must even wait for that till the new year—your most obedient—as if one could live on air in the meanwhile. What a place it is, to be sure!"

"But why do you remain here?" demanded the Baron; "I should think it would be much better if you went into some large town—to St. Petersburg, for instance."

"Yes, that would not be bad; but it is too expensive there for a married man. To be sure, if I had a place."

"Oh, perhaps that can be managed."

"Pray do not trouble yourself about it; your time must be too precious. You live altogether in the higher circles of society, and amongst such people you could not think of an humble apothecary."

"You do me injustice in thinking so—I am always most happy to be able to serve a friend."

"You do me a great honour, Herr Baron."

"I hope to show you that I deserve the name of friend."

"But you must find this place very stupid, Herr Baron?"

"Oh, not at all—quite the contrary."

"You men of the world have always something to say; but it is quite impossible that you could find this place agreeable. We have no amusement to offer you; there is no theatre; we know nothing of balls. A hearty welcome, and a glass of wine, is all we can offer."

"And I shall certainly avail myself of your kind offer."

"Well, then, Herr Baron, come and dine with us on Wednesday. It will be the first time in your life that you have dined at an apothecary's."

"I accept your kind invitation with pleasure."

The apothecary claimed indulgence



for the humble fare he could offer, but appealed to his wife to join him in assurances of a hearty welcome, to which she silently nodded assent.

"Take care, Lottchen," added he, "that you entertain our guest well, and then, perhaps, he may be induced to come to us often."

Charlotte blushed, and left the room. The two men exchanged a few words more, and then the Baron took his leave.

From that moment he could think of nothing else than this beautiful young woman. He recapitulated in his memory every immoral novel that he had previously read, and he determined in his own mind to assume the character, and practise all the heartless stratagems of a professional seducer. The Wednesday came, and the Baron could scarcely await the arrival of the hour of dinner. He selected his most becoming coat and vest, forced himself into his Parisian surtout, and made his way to the apothecary's dwelling. Franz Iwanowitsch met him at the door to welcome him, shook hands with him cordially, and led him into the same room as before. In the centre of this room stood a table with four corners. Everything bespoke poverty, it is true, but, at the same time, everything was neat and clean. The *cidevant* landed proprietor in the frogged coat, sat in a corner whetting his appetite with a pipe.

"And your wife, where is she?" demanded the Baron.

"My wife is still busy in the kitchen about the dinner; we cannot afford to keep a cook, and she is obliged to look after everything herself."

The Baron was much displeased that the person whom he intended to honour with his love should be busied amongst the saucepans, or employed in roasting a fowl wherewithal to regale the object of her early passion.

"Your most obedient," said the provincial dandy, emerging from his corner; "how do you manage to live here amongst us?"

"Oh, very well."

"You are always dressed in the pink of the fashion. Was that waistcoat made at St. Petersburg?"

"No—in Paris."

"In Paris! Oh, allow me to look at it; it must have been very expensive?"

"I don't recollect."

"Yes, indeed—a Petersburg elegant—what whims he must have. At all events it must be confessed that you know how to dress."

At this moment the apothecary's wife entered the room. She wore a plain white dress; two long ringlets hung down to her shoulders; and a black silk riband, fastened with a gold head, was bound round her temples.

This somewhat too simple toilette threw the Baron once more off his centre. He made her a somewhat cold salutation, and began to talk of the weather. Meanwhile the dinner was served, and the guests took their seats. The cover was taken off the soup-tureen, and brought to light an old acquaintance—groats swimming in milk. The Baron gave Charlotte a look; she smiled and blushed. Some women can impart to the most trivial incidents in life some of the poetry of their own dispositions, especially when their hearts are concerned in the matter. Fuhrenheim understood at once the secret meaning of this homely dish; and overlooked, perhaps for the first time in his life, all the subsequent details of the dinner. The conversation was not very brilliant; towards the end, however, the apothecary got up from the table with an air of importance, went into the next room, and returned with a flask of champagne, the first that had entered the house since he had been proprietor. Wishing to receive his guest with all possible splendour, he had ventured on this extreme piece of luxury. The exterior of the bottle and the foam of the wine resembled champagne, but the liquor itself was warm, and of a dubious flavour.

"Our guest's health, and long life to him," said the apothecary.

"And the rank of a general," added the befrogged dandy.

"And every happiness," whispered the apothecary's wife.

"Another glass!" said the host, becoming excited with his own hospitality.

The bottle was soon empty, and the company rose from the table. It was already four o'clock, and the men smoked their pipes for a while; but at length the conversation came to a stand still. The apothecary seemed to be meditating on something important—perhaps the sale of his establishment,

or its transference to another town. The Baron looked at his watch impatiently. Charlotte was flushed and restless. The *cidevant* proprietor alone seemed at his ease; he lay stretched on the divan, yawning with the greatest nonchalance, and appeared to be busily engaged in counting the flies on the ceiling. All at once he recollected that he must pay a visit to the postmaster; he, therefore, started up and took his leave, and the apothecary followed him to the door, and then remained in the shop to look after his business. Charlotte and Fuhrenheim were left alone together, and, it being late in autumn, it was already growing dark out of doors.

Both remained silent, and in mute embarrassment. An unexpected timidity took possession of the heart of the reckless Lothario, and frustrated all his carefully-devised plans. He mused and mused, and at length came to the conclusion that he was cutting a most ridiculous figure. At length he mustered up courage, and broke through the silence.

"Will you not play something?" said he.

"A *Quatre Mains*?"

"Just as you please."

"I play but seldom now."

"Indeed! Do you remember how much we used to play together in former times?"

"Oh, yes; I remember it well."

"Shall we begin? I am quite at your service."

They sat down together at the piano, which the reader will recollect was placed at the window. A short discussion took place as to what they should play, and who should take the bass. Charlotte requested the Baron to do so, as in old times he had done. They here began to play, but both of them struck dreadfully false chords. Sometimes he played too fast—sometimes she played too slow. This led to mutual apologies, and to begging each other's pardon. Meanwhile the room was getting quite dark.

"Confess the truth," whispered the Baron,—“you are angry with me.”

"Why should I be angry with you? God forgives us all. I think I played the wrong note."

"No," said the Baron, "pour out all your wrath on me; perhaps I may yet be able to justify my conduct to you."

"Oh, I beg pardon; I believe I have got a bar a-head."

"It gives me great pain, your being angry with me."

"What can you care for it? Turn over, if you please."

"Your sympathy is so valuable to me—I need it so much—I am so unhappy."

"You unhappy!" said Charlotte, with emotion.

She stopped playing.

"Yes, Charlotte—permit me still to address you by that dear name—I am truly unhappy. The world in which I live kills the heart—an icy blast pervades it, and my heart can find no peace. In the midst of the crowd, I feel alone—I cannot attach myself to any one, and I cannot believe that any one has sympathy with me."

"But," said he, with more animation, "do you know what consoles me? Can you guess what those feelings are, that alone animate my breast in the icy atmosphere of the world? Can you tell this, Charlotte?"

The apothecary's wife was silent, but her bosom heaved.

"Yes, Charlotte," continued the Baron, "it is the recollection of the times when we lived together—it is the remembrance of you that constitutes my only happiness. How often, when tired of the heartless frivolity of the saloons, do I look back to that familiar, quiet corner, in which I lived, with you and for you. I then see before me your window, and the well-remembered shadow on the white curtain. Fancy usurps the place of reality, and, happy in my waking visions, my heart once more beats with love and bliss."

"Ah," said the apothecary's wife, in a voice faint with emotion, "and what is my lot? Here everything is strange to me, and joyless. I have not a single female friend. My father, too, is dead. Alas! too, I only live in the remembrance of the past, for the reality of the present weighs on me like a mountain of lead."

"Poor Charlotte! my heart told me that you, too, must be unhappy. No one here can appreciate you, no one can understand you; but I know that you were born for sympathy, and created to participate in all the joys and sorrows of love."

"Oh, spare me."

"Do I not tell the truth?"

"Unhappy truth! Oh, how long did I hope for happiness. I caught a glimpse of it from afar, but, meteor-like, it vanished, and loneliness became my lot."

"No," interrupted the baron; "in vain does destiny combat against love. Had we been united, we should have been happy—your eyes tell me so. Who shall prevent our being happy now?"

"I do not hate you."

"Can we not rise above the vulgar prejudices of every-day life? Can we not love one another, and find a compensation for our miseries in the sweet delusion?"

"And what would the world say?"

"What need we to care about the world? Is not love a world in itself? How miserable is everything earthly, when compared with it? How does it exalt the soul—what inspiration does not follow the passion of love!"

At these words the Baron seized her hand—it trembled violently.

"And sacred duties," gasped she, with trembling voice.

"These duties are but the fantasies of human calculation. Duty is an earthly conventionality, and heaven is open to us. You see it plainly enough, it was no blind chance—it was no blind chance that brought us together again; we were created for each other. Do you not feel this? But the force of my love enables me to anticipate that you must love me also."

"And you do not deceive yourself," said the poor young woman, covering her pallid face and throbbing brow with her hand.

An indescribable feeling of triumph filled Fuhrenheim's inmost soul. The room had now become quite dark.

"Oh!" said he, "now I am ready to meet death for your sake—now happiness is within our reach. Repeat once more those precious words. Since

when, and how did you come to love me?"

"Oh, I will confess all—I have not power to keep silence any longer," said she, speaking with great rapidity. "I always bore your image in my heart; I have never ceased to —"

At this moment the door was thrown wide open, and a fat, barefooted peasant girl tramped into the room, bearing two brass candlesticks, in each of which was stuck a dimly-burning tallow candle. The apothecary's wife withdrew her hand hastily from that of the Baron. The tallows, and the vulgar apparition of the peasant-girl, produced an unpleasant sensation in the "man of the world;" but the dim glare of those candles shone like a ray from heaven, sent to illuminate the dark precipice that yawned at the feet of this unhappy young woman, who had suffered herself to be led away by her feelings, until her inconsiderate passions had led her to its very brink.

"No! no!" said she, with a voice full of passion, but to which self-command began to be restored, "a wife must be pure and unspotted—the tumult of passion is deceptive, but so much the more inevitably certain is the remorse that follows. I adjure you, by all that is sacred to you, never again to renew this subject."

The apothecary entered the room.

"Now I am free," said he, with a friendly nod. "I am afraid you must be ennuyée. Let us make a bowl of punch, and play Boston."

But the Baron was visibly discomposed, and would not listen to any proposal. Disappointed in his expectations, he rushed home to his own house, to toss about his couch the whole night long.

Next morning the crafty *roué* from the capital was up to his ears in love with the simple provincial apothecary's wife, and that, too, madly and hopelessly.

#### CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the townspeople began to whisper about all sorts of gossip.

"Did you hear the news?" said the provincial dandy to Baruscheff, the shopkeeper, one day that he was paying him a visit. "Charlotte Karlowna—hem, hem —"

"It is not possible?" said the other.

"Yes, it seems odd enough, even to me. But tell me, for heaven's sake, what does the Baron sit at the apothecary's the whole day for? He is an Aulic councillor and a man of fortune, and he has got things that would as-



tonish you to see. I saw a ruby ring with him the other day—a beautiful thing—must have cost five hundred rubles at the lowest figure. And I asked him if he knew all the ministers, and he said that he knows most of them. It is well enough for such as I am to loiter about at the apothecary's, to kill time; but it seems quite out of place for such as he is—a curious business."

"True enough—you are quite right," replied Baruscheff, stroking his beard.

"Have you heard the news about Franz Iwanowitsch?" said the justice of peace to the burgomaster, with a wicked leer.

"Oh, yes—in an underhand way," replied the other.

"How in an underhand way? Why it's the talk of the town. They live openly together. 'Tis a shame and a scandal. In your place I should have interfered. The authorities ought, like a careful mother, to insinuate themselves into the private affairs of the citizens, and point out to them what they should avoid—it is their duty."

"Hem—do you think so?"

"Not a doubt of it; you are the protector of our civic morality."

"Indeed!"

"Besides this, the Baron is a regular freethinker. Did he visit you yet?"

"No."

"Is it possible?"

"True enough."

"And he did not visit me either. Well, to be sure, as to me that does not signify much; but—the head person of the town—and did you visit him?"

"Of course I did my duty."

"And you went in uniform?"

"Yes—to be sure."

"And he didn't pay you back your visit?"

"How pay me back?"

"I mean he didn't return it again in person."

"No, not as yet."

"What an impudent fellow he must be—he should be taught manners."

"I can't make out how he can admire the apothecary's wife. She is just a German Frau, and nothing more. A Polish lady is quite a different sort of thing. When we were quartered in Little Russia, I was quite

delighted with them. You can't say a word against them. How well educated they are, and how well they dance the mazurka; but what do you think I should say to the apothecary?"

"That is your affair; do what you think best."

"That is a nice 'coup,'" whispered the chief of police to the assessor, as the old secretary of the local tribunal was reading aloud a long and tedious report of some cause before it.

"A grand 'coup,' I say. Civilization has made great progress of late years; and has even reached our town. The apothecary has sold his wife for 5,000 rubles."

"He was in too great a hurry with the bargain," observed the assessor, gravely; "he would have got double the money, if he had held out a little; but, even as it is, that is a good round sum. What luck some people have, to be sure!"

"What resolution is to be pronounced in this case?" interrupted the secretary.

"What do you think?" replied the assessor.

"The matter must be referred to the superior court, and to the will of God."

"I am satisfied," said the assessor.

"And so am I," said the chef de police.

And they all three signed the resolution, and went home to dinner.

Some days after the above conversations had taken place, the burgomaster's droschke stopped at the apothecary's shop. Franz Iwanowitsch was not much pleased at this visit, and his brow was clouded a little. However, he went out to receive the great man with the usual formalities.

"I want to speak to you on a subject of importance," said he to the apothecary, with a grave countenance.

"What can I do for you?" said the latter; "I don't keep virgin honey now, and my stock of chamomile is exhausted."

"My official duty," continued the burgomaster, "is not confined to mere police inspections. The authorities should, like a careful mother, insinuate themselves into the private affairs of the citizens, and point out to them what they have to avoid."

"With all deference," edged in the apothecary.

"I am glad to find that you are of my opinion. We are both of us steady men, and we can talk on this subject quietly. Is it not so?"

"Just as you say."

"In former times it was quite different. Between you and I, when my regiment was quartered in Little Russia, you know, near Dunabourg. I was then a young man, and always in love. I got into scrapes enough, I must confess. But what women there are there. Nothing can be neater than a Polish lady—Panna Dombickowska, Panna Dschembulitza—our Russian women are not fit to tie their shoe-strings."

"But what do you mean by all this?" demanded the apothecary.

"I beg your pardon; I was beginning to wander away from my subject. What I wanted to say was, that I hope you will take what I am going to say in good part."

"About Panna Dschembulitza?" demanded the apothecary.

"No, about your wife."

"About my wife?" said Franz Iwanowitsch, in a tone that made the burgomaster recoil three paces.

"Don't be alarmed; but there are all sorts of stories going round the town, and I only wanted to let you know for your own good."

"What stories?"

"Just nothing, but that the people here wonder at the Baron's coming so often to your house, and they have got up all sorts of gossip about it—you understand me. I don't believe it all; but sometimes things have an awkward appearance—people must be careful."

The apothecary trembled all over with rage.

"Do you see that window there?" said he, in a half-choked voice. "Just tell any one that thinks of coming to me with such warnings and advice, that I will pitch them out there like a cracked gallipot. My wife is as pure as snow; she stands far above all the gossip and scandal on which your wretched town seems to exist. Herr Burgomaster, if any one dares to hint a word against her honour—there, look at these hands—I will tear him in pieces like a dog, as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins. Insult my wife!" shouted the exasperated little man—"my wife—that is as much

as to tear my heart in pieces with red-hot pincers. Do you know what? compared with my wife, your whole town is not worth my last year's stock of spoiled pills. I will tear in pieces and stamp on whoever dares to open his mouth to say —"

The little apothecary seemed to increase in stature in proportion as his words waxed big, and the burgomaster slunk out of the door, shrugging his shoulders.

"Charlotte had heard the whole conversation from the next room, but when she opened the door, her husband was sitting quietly at his desk as usual, noting down his herbs, and scratching his red head every now and then.

"What were you disputing with the burgomaster about?" demanded Charlotte, timidly.

"Why is the fellow always teasing me to repair the trottoirs at my expense? and where am I to get money to do it?"

The apothecary's wife was cut to the quick by her husband's disinterested attachment, and her conscience smote her.

"Oh," thought she to herself, "why is he not a little cross or even cruel to me; I could bear it better. Mine is a strange destiny—alas! for my poor heart. I cannot love a man that devotes his entire life to me, and I am ready to sacrifice myself for him who has shaded my youth with sorrow. But at least I will not forget my duty—I will obey the law strictly."

And thus three weeks passed in a sort of painful intoxication. The apothecary's wife, deluded by specious self-deception, gave way to her culpable feeling. Every morning found her standing at the window, watching for Fuhrenheim; and when she caught a distant glimpse of him, her eye brightened up, and when she heard his footstep near, her heart beat wildly, and her cheek glowed; she was happy, and the wretched little town, with its miserable apothecary's shop, appeared to her an earthly paradise.

And the Baron—he wanted to be a Faublas, and he became almost a Werter. He was really in love—in love like a student—he who had intended to treat love after the manner of a lion of the modern school. At times, 'tis true, he was ashamed of the sincerity of his feeling, and he would then take

all possible pains to screw himself up to the proper pitch of obduracy becoming a fashionable monster. But love, that pure drop of heavenly dew, effaced his evil intentions in despite of himself; and the seduced seducer, constantly thwarted in his innumeral plans, was compelled to cast down his eyes modestly, play duets on the piano-forte, and listen to oft-repeated stories and anecdotes of her former female companions, her playful school girl tricks, and the modest pleasures of her maiden life, and that, too, at a time when his heart was convulsed with the fiery stream of passion.

In vain he endeavoured to repeat the scene that had followed the ever-memorable dinner. The apothecary's wife exhausted all her female strata-gems to avoid confessions of love or declarations of any kind; and when he got angry with himself, and execrated his own want of fashionable heartlessness, she would smile on him so winningly, and gaze on him with so much expression, that the cloud passed from his brow, and hope once more stole into

his heart. Often, too, the Baron witnessed the most painfully prosaic details of household life, and Charlotte would come out to meet him with an expression of fatigue and tucked-up sleeves, which always denoted that washing was going on. Frequently, too, her dress outraged the fashion more than was necessary; and more than once she interrupted his allusions to his eternal passion, by giving charges to the bare-legged servant to look after the roast mutton. At such times the Baron would get out of temper with himself and his passion, and order his servant to pack the carriage. But as he thought it uncivil to go away without taking leave, he would go once more to the apothecary's shop, and then he found Charlotte musing at the window, and she would smile on him, and her gentle melodious voice vibrated once more in his heart, and he forgot his ill temper and his plans of seduction, and then he sat down after the old fashion, and seemed never tired of looking and listening.

#### CHAPTER VI.

ONE morning, the dandy in the braided frock paid a visit to the Baron, just as the latter had got out of bed, and was in the act of opening a letter that moment come from the post.

"I beg pardon—I hope I don't intrude," said the provincial.

"Oh, no, by no means."

"Well, as you are so good, perhaps I might ask for a pipe?"

The Baron called his servant, who filled a pipe for the dandy, giving him at the same time a most savage look, and slamming the door after him as he went out of the room.

The Baron went on reading his letter, and smiled once or twice at passages in it.

This the dandy perceived, and it attracted his curiosity.

"Did you receive that letter from St. Petersburg, may I ask?"

"Yes."

"From one of your family?"

"No; from a lady of my acquaintance."

"Indeed! Then it is written in French?"

"No; in Russian."

"Ah, that is very interesting. I should like to know how the Petersburg ladies write. Does it contain secrets?"

"Oh, no, by no means."

"Oh, might I request the great favour of being allowed just to peep into it."

"You may read it, if you like."

The provincial clutched eagerly at the letter, and turned it round and round—"How sweet it smells!" said he; "quite delightful; it is easy to see that it comes from the capital—and what is this in the corner?"

"The countess's coat of arms."

"Oh, what funny people! just to think of what they invent—letter-paper with the arms stamped into it. So that is a count's coronet."

"Yes."

"I never saw anything like it before, 'tis so nice." Here he began to read aloud.

"I promised to write to you long ago, but as a letter is a dangerous document, you must not be surprised at my writing in Russian, as a letter in that language is not likely to com-



promise any one, and I am quite sure no one ever made a bad use of a document of the kind; and thus I save appearances, and abandon myself to the pleasure of writing to you. We miss you very much, and are quite disconsolate at not hearing you chat and jest as usual. What are you about in your province, oh, most redoubtable lion? We all grieve for you, for all our fun has departed with you. Yesterday we danced at the waters;\* what figures, to be sure, there were there! What has become of all the beauty now-a-days! *Cavaliers comme il faut* are becoming more scarce every day. It has now gone so far that our *lionnes* are surrounded by mere children. The island looks quite deserted;† there are only two or three ladies here; the weather is tolerable. What more news can I tell you? My husband is gone down to his estate, to economise; he proposed to me to accompany him, but I detest the provinces, and pictured to myself this pleasure in such dreadful colours, that I could not make up my mind to go. I can just imagine what sort of caps and bonnets they wear there; the sight of them must be enough to kill one; and then the provincial dandies killing one with attention, and the *petites maîtresses et dames de qualité* full of pretension and *ennui*. It must be very laughable. Come back as soon as possible, and tell us all your adventures—I am sure they must be very amusing. And then we might take a trip somewhere, perhaps to Paris. I shall await you most impatiently for that purpose; we should amuse ourselves admirably. I have no more news. Your friends are all well, sighing *chacun aux pieds de sa belle*, and I am quite abandoned—perhaps only because I am waiting for you. As to you, take care not to fall in love with the wife of one of those *monstres* described in the Revisor.‡ We made up a party the other day to go to the Russian theatre. Only fancy! it was the first time in my life. After all they play very well; they

represented the Revisor by some man called Gogol; it was amusing enough, but *mauvais genre*, as you may suppose. Adieu! Don't forget *que vous etez attendu avec impatience*. I expect a letter from you with the promised details, and a description in full of the caricatures amongst whom you spend your time.'"

"Admirable style!" exclaimed the dandy, full of enthusiasm; "that is what I call charming. With people of the world, everything is so striking and apt. *Bon ton* is everything; and," added he, with a sly laugh, "no doubt she is a beauty to boot." "That is to say, so-so; however —"

"Oh, you are too discreet and too modest; it is easy to see that she is a beauty—it can't be otherwise! I congratulate you, Herr Baron."

"There is nothing particular in the whole affair."

"Of course *you* would not say so; that is clear. Pray, allow me to smoke another pipe!"

The proprietor of the frogged coat smoked two pipes more, and when he perceived that he could not fish out any more news, he took his leave of the Baron with a significant smile, and went straight over to the apothecary's.

There he found everything quiet, and apparently as usual. Charlotte was sitting in the window, watching the street; the apothecary was conning over a German newspaper, a year old at least.

"I have just come from the Baron's. What an admirable young man he is!"

Charlotte turned round suddenly. The apothecary nodded assent, and said, "Indeed he appears to be a good young man!"

"A regular paragon of perfection; and then—so much gaiety, so much frankness; we have just sworn brotherhood together."

"Indeed!"

"Do you know what?—but it must be between ourselves—he has just

\* The establishment for artificial mineral springs near St. Petersburg, at which balls are given occasionally.

† Pleasure-grounds near St. Petersburg.

‡ The Revisor is an excellent comedy by Gogol, that satirises with great truth the absurdities of Russian provincialism.

confided to me that he has a *liaison* at St. Petersburg."

"That is an untruth!" said the apothecary's wife, interrupting him, and turning as pale as death.

"An untruth! well, that is civil; but have I not just read a letter of his? and such a letter, too—quite a gem."

"From a lady?" demanded Charlotte.

"From whom else could it be? What a nice person, too! He confessed to me that she is a regular beauty; you comprehend, a beauty in the capital is something more than one of our provincials."

"And what did she write to him?" demanded the apothecary.

Charlotte listened with the greatest attention, and endeavoured to catch every word as it fell from the provincial's mouth.

"That is the best of it, what she writes. But you must be sure not to mention a word about it, as he confided it to me under a promise of strict secrecy."

"Well, what is it?"

"There were some words I did not understand; but, at all events, the Baron seems to know how to manage the ladies admirably. Ha! ha! what funny things they write to him."

"But the letter?" demanded Charlotte, eagerly.

"I must think for a moment. Yes, this was it—'I don't know how to save appearances, but I abandon myself to the pleasure of writing to you. Why did you go away? I am always weeping for you; you are a lion.'"

"He must have treated her very roughly."

"Where are the good old times?"

There are only three ladies on the island; the lionesses walk about there with their children. Let us leave the country, and then we shall be happy."

"That looks like an elopement."

"Yes, and then—— 'In the province where you are, there must be dreadful caricatures.'"

"That is meant for us; it is not very polite, but no matter."

"Come back as soon as possible, that we may have something to laugh at. The women there, and their caps, must be very absurd. Other ladies have men to sigh to them, but I am waiting for you. Don't fall in love with the wife of some *monstre*."

"What is *monstre*?"

"A monster, of course," replied the apothecary.

"Oh, then, I do not know who that is meant for—'We are all expecting you impatiently'—(How is it that he lingers on here, while they are lamenting his absence in the capital?—and that he spends time paying visits to you, and swearing brotherhood with me)."

Perhaps the dandy expatiated on the Baron's triumph with a certain degree of malicious triumph, because Charlotte's evident bias towards Fuhrenheim displeased him. However that may be, the affair ended strangely enough, for the apothecary called our friend, the provincial, aside, and requested of him never to enter his doors again; and Charlotte sat in the window, pale, and apparently unconscious of everything round her. She no longer looked out into the street, and neither moved nor spoke, but seemed totally absorbed in her own bitter thoughts.

## CHAPTER VII.

Poor Charlotte never closed her eyes that night. How could she, poor simple, unadorned woman, who was constrained to wash and to cook—she, the apothecary's wife—the provincial—how could she think of entering the lists against the fine ladies in plumed bonnets, in laces, and silk robes, with whom the Baron was so intimate? She afforded him only the pastime of a moment, nay, she was but a toy where-withal to drive away his ennui. She

should be grateful, if he condescended to whisper a few civil words to her, even in jest. How could he love an apothecary's wife? He loves a lady of high rank—she corresponds with him, and awaits his return with impatience. And when he does return, they will turn to jest, and cover with ridicule, the apothecary's shop and its inmates, and bandy witty sayings about the tender loves of Chamomile and Cinchona.

Jealousy, deeply burning jealousy,

seized on the poor young woman, and made her its prey. Yes, suggested her inflamed imagination, he loves another—she is not so handsome and youthful as thou art—she has not thy blooming cheeks, nor thy luxuriant tresses—but men never remark such things. Everything around her shows luxury and affluence—and thou art surrounded by penury and poverty. She has flowers in her hair, and flowers in her saloons—she lives among flowers, in autumn as in winter—and thou art surrounded by the wretched attributes of thy lowly condition, copper money, tallow-candles, the smell of the apothecary's shop, provincialism, rags, and solitude. How darest thou to love this stately man, to whom thy wretched mode of life must be disgusting, although he endeavours to conceal it? Hast thou forgotten, or hast thou never remarked, how the sight of thy poverty clouds his forehead, and brings a contemptuous smile to his lip? And thou, his humble slave, art content to catch a look of pity, instead of love. Thou hast forgotten thy pride, and the dignity of thy sex, in order to become an object of ridicule to a fine lady, and a subject for compassion to a man of the world, who always despised thy poverty, and would be ashamed to be happy with thee.

The next day the apothecary's wife was deadly pale, and immersed in thought; her husband watched her with anxious looks, gave her several powders to take, and seemed much discomposed himself.

The Baron appeared, as usual, about noon. Charlotte received him coldly, and scarcely replied to his questions, and then left the room, under the pretence of household business. The Baron went home out of sorts. The apothecary was silent. The next day it was the same thing again, and the third. Charlotte was pale and careworn—she neither smiled nor sighed; there was something cold, collapsed, and brooding in her look. The apothecary never said a word.

A week passed thus. It was evening—the Baron was sitting in his room, buried in thought, and leaning his head in his hands. Charlotte's coldness strengthened his passion much more even than the most refined coquetry would have done. His frivolous plans all vanished. He was in love, really,

earnestly—full of ardent, boy-like passion—restless and sleepless—without a ray of hope—plunged in despair.

This sudden change in her deportment was inexplicable to him. A moment's explanation must put all to rights again—but just now, as if to prevent it—her husband never left her side for a moment. Suddenly he raised his head, the door creaked, and the apothecary walked into the room.

What can this mean?

Even the apothecary's good-humoured face looked pale and careworn.

"I come to you," said he "on an important affair. You have been staying here on business?"

"Yes," replied the Baron, coldly.

"But your mission is at an end—is it not?"

"No doubt it is—but what of that?"

"Why do you linger on here, when your business is at an end?"

The Baron looked confused. The apothecary folded his arms, and continued—

"A disgusting piece of gossip has come to my ears—I disposed of it as it deserved. I have so much confidence in my wife, that I would not wound her by showing her the slightest suspicion of her. But still, in a little town like this, such reports may have very unpleasant results, and it is my duty to prevent this."

"Do you wish for satisfaction?" said the Baron, thoughtfully.

"Satisfaction!" replied the apothecary, with dignity. "And are you not ashamed to make such a proposal to me; I am neither a student, nor a man of the world. Do you suppose that I would risk all my wife's prospects in life on account of a foolish business like this, that has only wounded my own self-love; or that I could suffer you to act the magnanimous towards me. No, Herr Baron, we are neither of us children—I came to you for a different purpose."

"What, then, do you wish for?"

"That you should go back to St. Petersburg immediately."

"Yes, I will do so in a few days."

"No, this very night."

"That is impossible; I really cannot do so—it is quite impossible."

"Well, then, in that case, we can sit down for a little, and I will tell you a short story."



"In a certain town there lived a good old man, a professor. He had an only child, a daughter. An unprincipled young man made his way into his house ——"

"Stop," said the Baron.

"Do not interrupt my story. Yes, this youth was unprincipled; for as he well knew that he would never marry the girl, he should never have inveigled her innocent affections, nor deceived the old man's confidence; nor should he have employed the gifts with which nature had favoured him, for the purpose of sacrificing the peace of a family to his own amusement."

The baron sunk his head slowly on his breast, without saying a word.

"In the same town," continued the apothecary, "there lived another young man, who had neither property, a brilliant exterior, or personal advantages of any kind, and having no career to look forward to, he worked incessantly in order to put himself in a position to earn his bread honourably. But he, too, possessed a youthful heart capable of warm and generous sentiments, and open to love. But this is not the question. Do you comprehend me? But let us speak openly. When you left that town, every one knew that Charlotte loved you. Many of us thought, in our innocence, that you, having had free access to the house like a promised bridegroom, would return and claim your bride. I was the only one who penetrated you and your character; and I sought the professor's acquaintance. The old man told me how he had loved you; how he had foolishly hoped, and how he had been miserably disappointed. I proposed to him to go to St. Petersburg to seek you out, and ascertain whether there were any hopes of your return. I went and found that you were paying your addresses to the Countess Krasnoselski."

"How do you know that?" demanded the Baron.

"I only know that she jilted you; but there was no hope for Charlotte, and then I offered her my hand. God knows I never teased her with protestations of a passion in which I knew she could not participate. I only promised to myself to be her protector and second parent, for her own father died just then. I brought her here, fearing that it would be too pain-

ful to her to stay in a place with which so many sad reminiscences were connected. But she continued sad, and happiness was a stranger to her. This cast me down completely. You do not know what it is to be obliged to appear gay and free from care, whilst one's heart rankles with a galling wound. All of a sudden you arrived here. I thought to myself, that if my wife still loved you, nothing else remained for me than—to go alone into the wide world. For I was ready and willing to sacrifice all my happiness to hers. Perhaps, too, I may have hoped that she would find out to what an extent you belonged to the great world, and that she might thus regain her peace of mind. And thus have I lived since your arrival. I do not demand, but expect a determination from you. This very morning Charlotte opened her whole heart to me; she begged my pardon, as if this angel could resist it—as if I had not known everything long ago. But she charged me at the same time to tell you, that she has but one request to make of you—that you would go away; for between the fashionable Roué of the 'grand monde' and the poor apothecary's wife there can be nothing in common. Pardon me, if I have caused you pain; I am only doing my duty. Will not you also perform yours?"

"Jacob!" shouted the Baron to his servant, "order post-horses immediately."

The two rivals stood facing each other for a few minutes.

"Thank you," continued the apothecary, after a while; "you have still some good in you—the great world has not altogether corrupted you."

"And you thank me?" interrupted the Baron, with genuine feeling. "You, before whom I ought to bow my head in reverence!"

This strange dialogue soon took another turn. They began to talk of their "university years," of their former fellow-students, and of their common love. They sat together like two men who had now met for the first time, and felt themselves irresistibly attracted towards each other. They both discovered, for the first time, that, setting apart the difference of their habits and position, there was something congenial and fraternal in

their dispositions—both had nearly the same antipathies, the same wishes, and it seemed determined by fate that they should both live the same intellectual life, and both love the same woman. Jacob, delighted to be off, was meanwhile carrying out the luggage, and strapping it on the carriage.

The horses were put to, everything was ready, and the Baron and the apothecary shook hands cordially.

"Remember me to *her*," said the Baron, in a scarcely articulate voice.

"Do not forget *us*," said the apothecary, with a heavy heart.

They embraced one another in silence, the postillion flourished his whip, and the carriage drove off at full gallop.

When the apothecary returned home, he found his wife standing on the steps of the door waiting his return, her face convulsed, her hair dishevelled, and holding a light in her hand.

"Well!—what?" gasped she, and her voice seemed to fail her.

"Gone!" said the apothecary, rubbing his hands; "you will now have peace."

"Gone?" repeated Charlotte, mechanically and slowly—"gone!"

The light glided from her hand, she staggered, and sunk into her husband's arms.

—

A year passed over. In a Russian provincial town, nothing ever changes—at least, not for the better. The market-house became only more dilapidated; here and there the roof of a house had sunk down altogether on the ground, and the trottoirs had become perfectly impracticable for foot passengers.

One morning, the reader's old acquaintance, the man of the frogged coat, had been sitting in Baruscheff's shop, tasting the new plums and the old almonds. At length he got up, and went over to the post-office, to ascertain whether any stranger had passed through during the night. As he was making his way between the ruts in the streets, he observed some one walking straight up to him. At the first glance, the well-practised provincialist saw that this person was not one of the townfolk. At the second, he fancied he must have seen him before. He went straight up to the stranger, and stopped short in amazement.

"Bah! Baron, is that you?"

"Good morning."

"So you have come back to us again?"

"No, I am only travelling through."

"And your carriage?"

"Is at the post-office. They are putting the horses to, and meanwhile I just got out to stretch my legs."

"So!—what a pretty handkerchief you have—a genuine foulard."

"Yes."

"Just permit me to look at it—how pretty it is!"

The Baron turned deadly pale, as they came to the corner of the street.

"Pray tell me," said he, with a tremulous voice, "why has the sign been removed from the apothecary's house?"

"What!—did not hear about it?"

"No."

"We have got no apothecary's shop now in town."

"And the apothecary—what has become of him?"

"He is gone to the chief town of this government."

"Indeed! For what purpose?"

"Oh! after his misfortune he would not stay here any longer."

"What misfortune?"

"How! is it possible that you never heard of it?"

"No."

"His wife, our Charlotte Karlow-na —"

"Well?"

"Has taken leave of us."

"Dead!" cried the Baron, forgetting all his *hauteur*.

"Just four months ago. I thought you knew it already. Yes, the poor thing is dead. You recollect her? She was not bad looking. She would have been thought pretty, even in the capital, I am quite sure."

"Was she long sick?" demanded the Baron, with a strong effort.

"Eight months! Her poor husband never left her bed for a moment. But what was the use?—there is no cure for consumption. You will stay a day with us? Our burgomaster has married a Polish wife—we can dine with him. And just fancy, since his marriage he has given up praising the Polish women. Let us go to him."

"No, no! I must hurry on to St. Petersburg."

"Adieu!"

And the travelling-carriage swept round the corner.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XLVIII.

DOCTOR LITTON.

THOUGH we had originally appropriated our Portrait Gallery to eminent natives of Ireland, we have thought it right and proper, occasionally, to relax that exclusive rule. When extraordinary merit, long residence, and important services, give a claim to our notice, we are happy to adopt, as our countrymen, those who so well deserve the honour of being enrolled as free denizens of the whole civilized world. We remember to have heard of a French lady, who, criticising the language of an amiable English correspondent, said of her letter, in the neat style of French compliment—“*Ce n'est pas précisément François, ma chère, mais assurément il mérite bien de l'être*”—so we say of the truly amiable and excellent subject of our present memoir. He was not precisely Irish, but assuredly he well deserves to be inscribed among our illustrious dead.

Dr. Samuel Litton was a native of Lancashire. His father, Edward Litton, was a man distinguished, like his son, as an ardent lover of literature, and fully competent, as his letters show, to guide the mind of that son in the intricate paths of science, and his morals by the unerring light of religious truth. Some few of these letters, addressed to him, while a student in our university, were, with due reverence for such a father, religiously preserved; attesting, as they do, the *friendly* intercourse of congenial souls, and the deep interest each took in the other. His mother was Rhoda Makom, niece to James Makom, an eminent and wealthy barrister, and related to the Clive family, by whom he obtained such ample means as unfortunately tempted him to embark in mercantile pursuits at Liverpool, where, through inexperience, facility of temper, and devotion to literature, he ultimately sustained great losses.

He was the author of a work of some celebrity, in defence of the divinity of our Saviour. Socinian principles being, at one time, current in Liverpool, where a gentleman, in some repute, had published a book of a dangerous tendency, inculcating those principles, Mr. Litton, who entertained a strong sense of the importance of the doctrine it involved, and of the necessity imposed on him, as well as on divines, whose duty it was to support it, published a reply to the Socinian. The pamphlet having been perused by the then Bishop of Chester, he addressed Mr. Litton, in a highly complimentary letter, expressing his strong approval of the work, regretting that the writer of it should not be an ordained minister of the church, and proposing to supply what was wanting, by himself conferring on him ordination. This flattering proposal, however, was declined. Another work of his is extant, of an equally serious and useful character. It is a book intended to instruct youth in the principles and use of the English grammar. This for a time very popular work is called “*Litton's Grammatical Instructor.*”

The subject of our memoir sustained the early misfortune of being deprived of his mother, while yet but three years old—a loss, in some respects, not to be supplied by the most devoted father. At the school selected for him he displayed industry and talents of no ordinary character, more, indeed, than is usually found even in those considered to evince precocious abilities. It is probable he would have completed his education in the land of his birth, and adorned it with his acquirements, had not accident directed them to another country. The learned Dr. Magee, then a junior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and subsequently archbishop, met his father on one of his occasional visits to Liverpool, where some of his family then resided. The learning and scientific attainments of Mr. Litton surprised and attracted, in no small degree, the attention of his gifted acquaintance. His deep piety strongly interested the author of “*The Atonement,*” and his unbending high-church principles delighted the future archbishop. They were mutually pleased with each other's society, and Dr. Magee took a great interest in Mr. Litton's family. He was particularly pleased with the manners and promising abilities of his son, and was desirous of securing for him some means of improvement, more extensive than those afforded by the school he was sent to. The reputation of Trinity





*Your faithful  
servant*



College, Dublin, for strictness of discipline, and advancement in science, stood higher than either Oxford or Cambridge, however the latter might claim a superiority in classical literature. This circumstance had its weight with the notions of the provident father and grave citizen, and he was easily persuaded by his learned friend to send his son, not to an English, but to the Irish university. So, in due time, he accompanied Dr. Magee to Dublin, and, at the age of fourteen, in the year 1795, entered Trinity College, as his pupil; returning to his family after each examination, on which occasions he uniformly distinguished himself by his attainments, carrying off every honour from his competitors.

After one of these visits to his family, he experienced an event which made a deep impression on his mind. The details we give in the words of a near relative, who states that "he had been detained by contrary winds until within two days of examination. In the evening a message came that a packet had arrived, and would sail in the morning. That there might be no delay then, his trunks were sent to the office that night, to be put on board. My father and he set off in the morning, and arrived at the pier-head as the vessel was sailing down the river—there had been a mistake made as to the hour of sailing. This was a sad disappointment to my father, who had much at heart his not losing any college honour, which induced him to offer a guinea to any boatman to row after the vessel, as, then, a few minutes would have done it. They all refused; appearing more amused at his disappointment, than eager to grasp at the promised reward. But this was of the Lord, who was working his will in them; for that vessel, the *Viceroy*, was never after heard of. I well remember my father's vexation, vented in strong language, against the obstinacy of the boatmen—a thing so new, as to make a strong impression on my mind; and it was more strongly impressed on my memory, by the circumstance of a reproof being given to him, at the time, by a lady present—one with little veneration for a Christian character, such as my father—and who said, with a sneer, 'Mr. Litton, I thought you were too good and wise a man, to take on so at any disappointment.' The effect was almost instantaneous. 'You are right,' he replied; 'all will, I trust, be well.' And so it was; for, at the moment, we heard a packet was sailing up, and would return the next tide; which it did, bearing my brother in it."

He arrived next morning at George's-quay, just as the Custom-house clock was striking eight. The College clock was then, as everybody knows it is now, though nobody can tell why, a quarter of an hour later than all other clocks, so he still hoped to be in time. He jumped on shore, ran for his life all the way to College, which luckily was not in a distant part of the city, and entered the courts just as the bell had stopped, and the clock was beginning to strike eight. He was still in his boots, and the statute *de vestitu*, at that time strictly enforced, inhibited any student from wearing boots with a college gown. He ran to his tutor's rooms, kicked off the offending boots, thrust his feet into the doctor's slippers, and pushed his way into the Hall, just as the porter had begun to close the door. He thereby not merely obtained the premium, but (what was the source of his father's anxiety) secured the high distinction of the gold medal.

When he had leisure and inclination to attend to other matters, he proceeded to inquire after his trunks, which had been consigned to the *Viceroy*. She had not arrived, but was hourly expected. Days and weeks passed, and she did not appear; nor from the hour in which she was seen in the mouth of the Mersey, and the student making every effort to get on board, was she ever heard of! It was supposed she had foundered at sea, with the crew and passengers, and no human being was left to tell her fate. The only remnant ever found, was an oar, taken up at sea, with her name branded on the handle. On a mind so susceptible of religious feelings as his, this event could not fail to make a deep impression. He ever after felt and spoke of it as a singular providence of God in his favour, and it contributed to excite and exalt those pious sentiments which had such powerful influence on his destination in after-life.

His progress in college was eminently successful. He obtained premium, certificate, scholarship, gold medal, and all the distinctions of the undergraduate course; and then proceeded to read for fellowship, with a full conviction on the mind of his tutor, and all his cotemporaries, that there "was no doubt of his suc-



cess." He also distinguished himself as a concise and elegant speaker, at the Liverpool Literary Society, and also at the College Historical Society. Mr. Magee even urged him to sit for fellowship at the next examination. His father, however, dissuaded him from the attempt, saying, that "to hurry forward with his reading in so indigested a manner (and at the age of twenty), would be doing worse than nothing, and '*festina lenté*' is always a good maxim." But in a few months afterwards, death deprived him of so excellent a father, at the moment when he most stood in need of his guiding counsel. On hearing of his father's illness, he hastened home, but was sadly grieved at arriving too late to receive his parting benediction and his death-bed advice. So deep was the impression made on the son's mind by this bitter disappointment, that he never afterwards could complacently bear any reference to his name, but would uniformly leave the room, under feelings of great distress, aggravated, no doubt, by the conviction in his own mind that he had, by the religious opinions he had then adopted—though, after mature investigation, subsequently relinquished—disappointed that father's anxious wishes and natural ambition to see his son a Fellow of Trinity College.

Circumstances, however, occurred about this time, which not only arrested his progress in the pursuit of this his "fixed purpose"—a fellowship—but altered his intention of taking orders in the Established Church.

A considerable excitement had begun to prevail on the subject of religion, not between the members of the Church of Rome and those of the Established Church, but between Protestants themselves, on minute points of doctrine and discipline. Religious societies were formed in the University, and many students' rooms became churches, in which different congregations assembled every evening for lectures and prayers. Among externs, new places of worship started up, which still exist, and form the various sects into which the religious community of Dublin is still divided. One of them was founded by an amiable and highly-respectable young clergyman, the only son of Judge Kelly, who seceded from the Established Church immediately after he was ordained, and built two churches at his own expense. For their service he composed hymns, both words and music, adapted to the peculiar opinions of his congregation. But the secession which was most important and influential in the University was that of John Walker, one of its fellows, conspicuous in his station, for talent, and the logical precision of his reasoning powers. Under a deep conviction that its religious opinions and practices were not scriptural, he resigned his valuable fellowship, laid aside the garb of a clergyman, separated himself from his former companions, and, collecting a few of the students, like-minded with himself, he founded an entirely new and exclusive congregation. Beside the various novel opinions on points of doctrine, he held one in point of discipline which may be considered an extraordinary revival at the present day. He affirmed that a Christian congregation ought to observe all the exterior forms of meetings for worship used by the early Christians. One of the most indispensable of those (in his mind) was that expressly inculcated by the Apostle Paul to the Romans—"Salute each other with a holy kiss." Mr. Walker considered it as a practice of positive observance, and not to be omitted in their public assemblies. Others held it to be one of a suitable but indifferent nature, which might be neglected or observed by those who hold it so. This divided the original congregation into two sects, popularly called at that time, from their practice, osculist and antiosculist. Mixed as were these strange and fanciful notions with other truly momentous subjects of thought, it is not surprising that many young men of serious mind but tender conscience, should be infected with the general disturbance of old, and an inclination to adopt new views and opinions. This appears to have been its effect on young Litton. He attached himself warmly to the late venerable and universally-esteemed Mr. Mathias; and having besides adopted some special views on the subject of baptism, he abandoned his intention of taking orders in the Established Church, which had been his own wish as well as his father's, and he also gave up the prospect of a fellowship, which one learned fellow had already relinquished from scruples of conscience, and which the young candidate, under the same feeling, now thought it could not be lawful for him to attempt to obtain. For some time his father strenuously tried to remove his scruples, and his tutor wrote him the most earnest letters not to abandon the pursuit in which he was so certain of success; but

his father's death at this time left him to follow his own conviction, and his tutor, at length, after repeated efforts, gave up what now appeared a hopeless attempt.\*

After serious deliberation, and under the advice of his warm friend, the late Dr. Robert Percival, he fixed on physic as his profession, because its practice was not liable to any conscientious objection. For this purpose he resorted to the University of Edinburgh, then in the zenith of its medical reputation, and, after passing the usual forms, obtained his degree of M.D. in the year 1806.

Having been thus initiated into the Esculapian mysteries, it was out of the question that a mind like his should rest content with a superficial knowledge of its auxiliary sciences. Botany and chemistry both absorbed a large share of his attention, of the fruits of which he was ere long destined to give proof, though his early taste for the former had, in days long passed, yet long to be remembered, involved him in a dilemma of some momentary danger. We give the anecdote well known among his college friends, as illustrative of those days, when long or short hair might have proved the shibboleth for life or death. In the year 1803, ere the ferment of rebellion or insurrection had entirely subsided, he was induced to make a botanical excursion into the county of Wicklow, in company with a young English friend, whose animation and devil-may-care

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\* One of his tutor's letters, highly creditable to both, was found among his (Dr. Litton's) papers. It is dated "Trinity College, January 1, 1801," and after sympathising with him on his father's death, proceeds to say—"One of its consequences I have now to lament, and on that you will excuse me if I speak to you with the frankness and plainness which the nature of the case requires, and my relation to you as your tutor and friend will, I hope, sufficiently warrant. Your absence alarms me. For some time it might have been necessary for the arrangement of family concerns; but it has far exceeded the period which such an arrangement could require. Your friend, therefore, must inquire why it is prolonged. A fellowship in this College, which would not only secure to yourself an independent station in society, but to your family (should they ever require it) a substantial succour, it was the favourite wish of your father's heart that you should obtain. That you would have gratified his expectations in this respect, had he lived, there can be no reasonable doubt; your talents, your application, and the stock of reading and knowledge with which you set out in the pursuit, rendered it little short of certainty that you would obtain the prize. It cannot, then, surely be that you have relinquished this object, and yet you act as if you had. Now, if it be the case that you have wavered in your intentions, you must bear with me if I tell you plainly that you have *no right* to relinquish this plan, and that if you do, you violate a plain duty. In the first place, you will act in direct opposition to the known wishes, and to what would have been the dying request of your father; and in the next place, you fling up the means of enabling you to render the situation of your family more comfortable and respectable; and all this when there is little doubt of your success in a very short period of time, and without subjecting you to the expense which must attend your outset in any other profession. Give me leave also to say, that by placing yourself in the situation of a fellow, you enlarge your sphere of usefulness; for in no condition in life has a serious and religious man more opportunities of doing good, besides the opportunity of giving to the youthful mind that bent and direction which may secure to society a valuable and beneficial character. Believe me, my dear Litton, there is no view in which you can consider the question that both good sense and duty will not recommend it to your cool, unbiassed judgment." All, however, was in vain; for though no man living was more alive to the motives thus propounded to him, yet such was his sensitive conscientiousness that nothing could lead him to swerve from its existing convictions. His earnest friend and tutor was not content with writing, but, having induced him to return to College, gave further proof of his anxious desire to see him a fellow. We have the anecdote from a near relative of the archbishop, who states that Dr. Magee, on the first fellowship examination after his father's death, stayed in his rooms until the close of the gates the night preceding the examination, reasoning with him, and urging him to stand, and left him, saying he would call on him in the morning, when he hoped to bring him into the hall; but in the morning, when he called, he found him with the door locked inside, and though he stayed until the last moment, on his knees entreating him, through the keyhole, to open the door, he could not prevail: his only answer was—"I cannot, I cannot; for I know if I do you will prevail on me, and I feel that if I went I should drop dead in the hall." Dr. Magee would say—"Oblige me, only oblige me, and stand for it, and obtain it, and I will never breathe a wish for you to enter the church." But he still answered—"Do not urge—do not urge me."



manners singularly contrasted with Dr. Litton's general gravity of demeanour. As this mountainous county still afforded an asylum for the disaffected, its loyal magistracy and yeomen were on the alert, and vigilantly watchful of the movements of all strangers; and as botany was a science then little understood in Ireland, and its pursuit in the open fields or solitary glens but little practised, their conduct in searching after the *habitats* of the rarer plants attracted observation and excited suspicion. The botanists were taken up, and brought before a magistrate. They were separately and minutely examined, and the questions and answers taken down, and the account they gave of themselves not being deemed satisfactory, more especially as they chanced to differ as to the precise hour at which they had set out that morning, this discrepancy confirmed the suspicions excited by their dress and accent, both of which were deemed damning evidence against them. They both spoke in a strong Cumbrian accent, which the learned Thebans who arrested them surmised must be of French origin, though they claimed to be Englishmen born. All things considered were taken as conclusive evidence that they must be foreigners, and enemies spying out the nakedness of the land. They were deemed prisoners of too much importance to be let loose on the country, or to be detained until an answer could be obtained from the university to which they referred; so they were forthwith despatched on foot to Dublin, under a strong military escort, accompanied by a volume of depositions and examinations, for the minuteness and research of which the worthy magistrate expected all due commendation. They were objects of great compassion to all they met on the road, particularly the women, who openly lamented the young patriots, "cut down like a flower" in their youth. On their arrival in Dublin, they were committed to the Tower, where they had the pleasure of spending a night. The next morning they encountered the "formidable Major," and were at once liberated by his interference. Dr. Litton happened to know him personally, and they ever after maintained a great intimacy, not diminished by the strange circumstance under which they had thus met.\*

The death of Dr. Scott, in 1809, having made a vacancy in the Professorship of Botany in Trinity College, Dr. Litton was one of three candidates to fill the office, all of them alumni of the university, but with very varied pretensions: they each had two votes; the provost gave his casting voice for the late Dr. Allman, who, though perhaps at the moment the best botanist of the three, was unfortunate, both in matter and manner, as a lecturer, and in every respect, as afterwards appeared, fell far short of him whom Dr. Magee, then a Senior Fellow and one of the electors, strongly recommended to the board, "from a full conviction (as he stated) that in doing so he contributed to secure to the university an able and highly-informed professor." As it formed part, however, of the professor's duties to give clinical lectures in the School of Physic, the Provost, when giving his casting-voice for Dr. Allman, the senior candidate, declared that in so doing he was influenced solely by the consideration that Dr. Litton had so recently obtained his medical degree. On

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\* Dr. Litton used to mention that, on his arrival in Dublin, he wore his hair cut very close, and a suit of clothes of pepper-and-salt colour, being then ignorant that, in the nostrils of the *loyal*, such externals savoured strongly of rebellion; nor was he enlightened on this point till after two or three narrow escapes from parties of Beresford's Corps, who, to his great astonishment, uniformly gave him chase. His activity, however, enabled him to escape an introduction to the "riding school," whither those gentry would, doubtless, have conducted him, to undergo a punishment adequate to his offence, satisfied, from his externals, that

"With all the symptoms of a knave complete,  
If he be honest, he's a devilish cheat."

On one occasion, however, he was not so fortunate. Having been caught near Blackhall-street (where he lodged) after forbidden hours, he and another culprit were brought before the officer in command of the party stationed in front of the King's Hospital, when, neither being able to give what was deemed a satisfactory account of himself, Dr. Litton had the pleasure of seeing his fellow-culprit receive two dozen well laid on, and of anticipating his own fate; but he was saved by compassion for his youth, and the close proximity of his residence, to which he was despatched, after a solemn warning on the enormity of his guilt, and a prophetic annunciation that the gallows would be his end, of which, indeed, as we have seen, he subsequently ran some risk.



occasion of this election, a characteristic anecdote has been recorded, and on the best authority, of the celebrated Dr. Barrett, then a Senior Fellow and an elector, who said to Dr. Litton himself, when he waited on him before the day of election, "I know nothing of botany, but I have made up my mind to vote for Sir H., for, *do you see me*, Sir Litton, he has written an excellent pamphlet on *tythes*;" and, as he afterwards said to Dr. Magee, who remonstrated with him respecting his proposed vote, "Do you see me, Magee, when a man writes a book about *tythes*, he must know a good deal about botany."

The Dublin Library Society had, at this time, assumed quite a political character; and as the news of the day was discussed in the reading-room, without restraint or decorum, the conversation too often assumed the form of debate, and the privacy and silence of a literary society were constantly disturbed by loud and angry altercation. Some members, who thought this incompatible with the intent and utility of the establishment, having, in vain, remonstrated against it, determined to secede, and organise another society, on an improved plan—and thus the Dublin Institution was formed. Three hundred transferable debentures were issued, at fifty pounds each, and the sum of £15,000 was speedily raised, and a large house in Sackville-street was taken, and fitted up for the objects of the institution. A novel and interesting feature distinguished it: a large theatre, capable of holding four hundred persons, was built at the rear, as a lecture-room; philosophic apparatus were procured, and different lecturers were appointed, and so the noisy altercations of politics were superseded by the quiet and decorous details of science and literature. Dr. Litton was elected its first professor of natural philosophy and chemistry, and delivered most interesting courses on those subjects to a crowded audience. It was here he commenced that career of fame which afterwards so much distinguished him, and so fully justified the promises of his friends; amongst the warmest of whom were that eminent physician and scholar, the late Dr. Robert Percival, and the late Archbishop of Dublin.

His literary reputation always ranking high, he became a member of the different societies in Dublin, and attained in them the highest places. In the Royal Irish Academy he was elected a member of council; in the College of Physicians he was a fellow, and, for his strict conscientiousness, frequently named one of the three electors for vacant professorships in the School of Physic. He subsequently became Professor of Natural History to the School of Apothecaries' Hall, and was also appointed one of the physicians to the House of Industry, on the recommendation of Chief Baron Joy.

The institution, however, with which he was specially, and for the longest period of his life, intimately connected was the Royal Dublin Society, first as its Librarian, and then as its Professor of Botany. In 1814, a vacancy having occurred in the former office, Dr. Litton, from his warm attachment to literature, and his love for books on every subject, which he could read in almost every language, was easily induced by his friends in the Society, to seek, and triumphantly obtain, the situation, which he held until appointed Professor of Botany, in 1826. When seeking the former office, Dr. Magee, then Dean of Cork, though annoyed and distressed that his friend, who, in his judgment, ought, long since, to have been a fellow of college, should desire such an appointment,\* yet being anxious to aid him in every contingency, addressed a letter to one of the vice-presidents of the society, which, being circulated among the members, at once secured his success. The letter is so faithfully characteristic of the subject of our memoir, that we gladly give it insertion here, as detailing his many excellent qualities of head and heart, and *that* upon the authority of one so competent to judge, and who knew him so long and so intimately. The letter is as follows:

"Deanery, Cork, December 28, 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Through you I request permission to lay before the Dublin Society the following statement of my knowledge and estimate of Doctor Litton's qualifications for the office of librarian to that society.

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\* The dean's familiar language to friends in the Society fully evinced this feeling of annoyance. "To put such a man," he used to say, "with whom I do not think there is a competitor in this kingdom for learning and science—to put such a man to deal out books to others!! His acceptance of the office is doing the Society too much honour, and it is a disgrace to our university to allow it."

"I have had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Litton intimately for upwards of twenty years—from the time of his entrance into the University of Dublin, to the present day. In his course through college he was eminently distinguished for his diligence, his talents, and his learning; and I do not hesitate to pronounce him (in my judgment) one of the most accomplished scholars that, within the period of my acquaintance with Trinity College, have been brought up within its walls. Even whilst a college student, his knowledge was not confined to academic learning. To an intimate acquaintance with the collegiate sciences, and an extensive range of classical information, he added a familiarity with general literature, and a knowledge of books on various subjects, very rare indeed at so early a period of life. He was also a good oriental scholar; and obtained several collegiate honours for his superior knowledge of the Hebrew. Dr. Litton's progress in learning, since that period, has more than kept pace with his progress in life. Uncommon talents, with uninterrupted application, and unabating ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, have led him to an eminence in literary and scientific acquirements, that but few men living at this day are entitled to dispute with him.

"It will easily be collected from what I have said, that I consider Dr. Litton qualified for much higher situations than that of the superintendence of a library. At the same time, for that situation he is peculiarly well fitted; not only from his extensive knowledge of books, but also from his familiarity with the modern continental languages, as well as with the languages of antiquity. It should seem, that, to a society whose object is the promotion of the arts, a thorough knowledge of the arts and sciences, and an acquaintance with the various languages in which the improvements of these are conveyed to the public, must be particularly desirable in a librarian, on whom so much must necessarily depend, in the way of selection and classification.

"To what I have said concerning Dr. Litton, I think it but justice to add, that the modesty of his demeanour, the purity of his principles, and the unblemished propriety of his life, render him not less estimable as a man, than his great talents and learning have made him eminent as a scholar.

"I am well aware that the statement I have made carries with it the air of partiality; but it is impossible to know Dr. Litton, and not speak of him in terms of partiality: a man of the strictest probity and the purest honour, possessing, at the same time, talents, learning, taste, and modesty—all in an eminent degree—cannot, and ought not, to be spoken of in cold and impartial narration.

"I remain, very dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"W. MAGEE.

"Robert Shaw, Esq., Dublin."

The post of librarian he held for twelve years, and so much to the satisfaction of the Society, that, in testimony of their regard, and their high estimate of his attainments, they elected him, during his tenure of that office, an honorary member—a distinction seldom conferred on any *resident* man of science. Such, too, was the Society's estimate of his character and acquirements, as its Professor of Botany, that, when death had deprived them of his services, they unanimously adopted the following resolution, viz. :—

"That the Society cannot proceed to the consideration of the measures necessarily consequent on the present vacancy in the chair of botany, without first expressing its deep regret at the necessity thus imposed on them, by the loss of so amiable, estimable, and learned a professor; whose attainments, far from being limited to the science he taught, extended over the ample fields of literature and the arts, as was well exemplified in the diversified and tasteful illustrations of his instructive lectures, during a long course of years."

The Dublin Society, from a laudable wish to cherish and foster native talent, when they formed the different schools attached to their institution, appointed Irish professors to lecture in them, with the exception of only one instance. Their choice was not happy. Their first professors of chemistry and botany, though worthy men, and well versed in their departments, were not distinguished as public speakers: neither their voice, accent, manner, or language were very attractive. Their lectures were not popular, nor their audience numerous. But on the election of Dr. Litton to the chair of botany, an immediate change took place. He seemed to have created a new taste and feeling for the pursuit. We extract from a contemporary print the following notice of the Botanic Garden, at that time :—

"The attractions of this place are heightened by the urbanity and information of the excellent professor, Dr. Litton, whose object seems to be, to increase the



zeal for his own favourite study, by clothing it in every thing that can render it interesting, and inviting every one, gratuitously, to profit by it. His lectures, therefore, are not confined to the useful and the scientific, but embrace all that is curious in the economy of vegetation. He, every day, presents some new and surprising fact in the sympathies and sensibilities of plants, their habits, propensities, and vital endowments, as if the partition that divided the two regions was at length removed; what were called the animal and vegetable kingdoms were united, and the demesne of motionless trees and shrubs endowed with all the living principles of a zoological garden. We do not wonder, therefore, at the numerous auditory drawn to this attractive place. The walks heretofore pressed by the footsteps and hallowed by the names of Addison and Tickel, are now crowded with botanical students, particularly ladies; and the interest excited by the charms of nature is still further increased by the moving picture of youth and beauty, in search of knowledge."

This is no exaggeration; we all remember the crowds met on the Glasnevin road, every second morning, hastening to the lecture, and the exceeding interest the garden presented on entering; its romantic walks, covered with botanical students, particularly young ladies, waiting, with impatience, till the bell announced the arrival of the gifted professor, and the commencement of his lecture. For twenty years did this feeling continue, with unabated interest. The good professor seemed to have infused his own zeal into his pupils; and in no place is the knowledge of botany, as a delightful and elegant accomplishment, more cultivated, than in Dublin.

We have now to contemplate Dr. Litton in another character—that of a witness before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which, in 1836, was appointed to sit in judgment on the Dublin Society, immediately after their rejection of Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. The agitation produced by that event, and by the subsequent and direct interference of the Irish government with the proceedings of the Society, cannot easily be forgotten. The sturdy resistance given by the Society to that interference, led to the appointment of the Select Committee, which, from its original constitution, and the circumstances under which it was called into existence, was looked upon as the destined instrument, either for coercing the Society to surrender its charter, or extinguishing it by the withdrawal of its grant. The evidence taken on the occasion has been printed, and was subsequently epitomised, with notes and illustrations. It would be a laborious and an invidious task to enter on an analysis of the various questions involved in the investigation; suffice it to say, that the Society had a most difficult card to play, surrounded as it was by enemies from without, stimulated by the intrigues of enemies from within, who hoped to share in the plunder of the fore-doomed victim. The Society, "conscious of the purity of their motives and acts as a corporation, and of the strict integrity with which they had discharged the public trust confided to them," quietly prepared for the combat; and having confided the management of their impeachment to a special committee, left the whole matter in their hands, and that committee fulfilled its trust by the judicious selection of two witnesses for examination before the Select Committee. These witnesses were—Dr. Harty, as a member of the Society, and Dr. Litton, as one of its professors, both of many years' standing in the Society. Both were examined as witnesses on behalf of the Society, but speaking their own sentiments; each efficiently discharged the trust reposed in them, but yet after a very different fashion—Dr. Harty giving his evidence as "a zealous partisan," fearless whom he wounded, while defending the Society against internal foes, secretly combined with external enemies in an attempt to undermine the Society's constitutional strongholds, and level them with the ground, unless it unconditionally surrendered. Dr. Litton, on the other hand, came as a calm and unbiassed observer, to bear testimony to the Society's freedom from all political and sectarian bias, as well as its entire purity from the Irish taint of jobbing. The whole of his evidence, indeed, is highly interesting and valuable, and will amply repay the trouble of perusal; while his high character as a man, and his peculiar competence and clearness as a witness, gave to that evidence a degree of weight and influence far beyond that of any other witness examined before the Committee, and essentially contributed to the triumphant passage of the Society through the fiery ordeal to which it was unsparingly subjected. The Society, independently of the manner



in which he upheld its character, as one of its professors, stands deeply indebted to him for its present popularity, and its stronghold on public opinion.

The character of Dr. Litton has not been, during his life-time, perhaps fully appreciated. He laboured under a slight deafness, originating in a severe fever, and his disposition was very retiring; and from a feeling and consciousness of this, he never attempted to attract notice, or obtrude himself in general society. It was when he found himself among a few intimate friends that he appeared to be free from restraint, and to enjoy himself; he then put forth his powers, and was most entertaining and instructive. It was remarked of him, on such occasions, that you could not be in his company without learning something worth remembering. His knowledge of books and their contents was extraordinary, and his taste for, and facility in acquiring languages, very remarkable. Besides an intimate knowledge of the ancient classics, he thoroughly understood French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Danish. But Spanish, and everything connected with Spain, had peculiar charms for his imagination, which was lively, and not without a tincture of the romantic. His mode of expressing himself was always good, and sometimes even poetical, while his ideas were original and striking.

His perception of the ludicrous was keen, and though his genuine benevolence prevented him from indulging it, so as to wound the feelings of others, a good story lost none of its zest from his mode of telling it. Indeed his conversation was generally playful, and as he never talked for display, always natural. In one family, where he for years dined every second Sunday, "Dr. Litton's Day," as it was called, was always looked forward to with the utmost pleasure, and all questions, whether scientific or literary, which occurred in the intervening days, were reserved for his final judgment, from which there was no appeal. Notwithstanding his diffidence, and reluctance to exhibit himself in large companies as an actor, he delighted in mixing with the crowd as an observer merely; and when he could leave home, the study of men and manners, in great cities, had more charms for him, than even that of nature in the country. In his dealings with the world, he could scarcely be called a man of business; but, consult him on any affair, and no man could give more judicious advice—but where he was himself personally concerned, his fear of wronging his neighbour, in thought, word, or deed, generally interfered both with his own interests, and the promptness of his decision. The combination of deep learning, and a powerful intellect, with real benevolence, great simplicity, genuine guilelessness of character, and retiring diffidence, was in him most remarkable; while, at the same time, the deepest humility, piety, and Christian charity, evinced his true estimate of religious truth.

The disturbance of his religious opinions, which had such influence on his pursuits in early life, had long since, after deep theological research, finally settled into strict adherence to the Established Church. When he ceased to be distracted in the choice of a profession, he also ceased to "halt between two opinions." He held firmly to the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church, and though his duties of professor were discharged with so much honour and credit to himself, and benefit to society, still his friends cannot entirely cease to regret that any scruples, at a critical moment of his life, should have opposed his entrance into the ministry, in which his extensive learning, scriptural knowledge, deep piety, and pure and blameless life, would have made him a bright and shining light.

During the greater portion of his days he was a warm supporter of various charitable and religious societies, and a liberal contributor to their funds. Few, however, were aware of the extent of his private charities, many of which his death has contributed to reveal. Among those, for its singularity, one may be mentioned. A lady, one morning, requested to see him: she addressed him, in moving terms, and under great appearance of much mental distress. She said, she was induced by the known benevolence of his character, to make what must appear an extraordinary request—that of lending her ten pounds, for three months; though she neither would nor could give him her name or address, or reference to any individual, to vouch for her respectability. The ground of her appeal was, that it would relieve a deserving family from extreme misery and suffering. The appeal was successful: the money was given with so little expectation of return, that it was forgotten,

until the same lady, with the same mystery, returned, on the day she had named, to restore the sum borrowed, with usury of grateful thanks.

Such was the benevolent subject of our memoir. It now only remains for us to detail some of the melancholy circumstances attendant on his last moments; remarkable, as those circumstances were in indicating the disease of which he was the victim. Though nearly seventy years of age, though devoted, all his life, to intense study, which often absorbed the greater portion of the night, he yet enjoyed excellent health, to the last day of his life, with the exception of an attack of bad fever, in 1826, and an occasional visitation of sciatica, which made him limp in his walk, as the former had made him somewhat "hard of hearing."

On the morning of his death (June 4), he breakfasted without appetite; and, on rising from table, was observed several times to raise his shoulders and draw back his arms, with the obvious desire of enlarging the capacity of his chest, but without complaining of any pain. Soon after he received a visit from a friend, bringing him the distressing intelligence that the Treasury had refused him any superannuation, upon resigning his office of physician to the hospitals of the old House of Industry. He afterwards walked into town, and, at three o'clock, delivered an animated and interesting lecture, at the Dublin Society's theatre, and with more than his usual energy, though frequently interrupted by a teasing and, to him, unusual cough. When the lecture had terminated, and while he was, as usual, surrounded by many of his admiring auditors, one or the pupils of the garden, whom he was ever fond of encouraging, asked him a question relative to some matters connected with the lecture. In reply, he begged to be excused then making an answer, "as he was in great pain," though no one would have supposed so from his demeanour. On the evening of that day, he went to dine with his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Halahan, near Rathmines, on which occasion his appetite failed him, as at breakfast, though, while there, he complained of no pain, and even took a nap on the sofa, after dinner. Soon after eight o'clock, he left Mr. Halahan's house.

He walked about twenty or thirty yards from the gate, and then suddenly appeared to be suffering from some internal pain, at intervals, until he reached beyond the road crossing from Richmond-hill, where he was observed by a Mr. Cotton to remain in a stooping posture, with his hands on his chest. Mr. Cotton went up to him, and said, "Sir, you appear in great pain; would it not be advisable for you to return home?" His reply was, "Oh, yes, I am in great pain, and am endeavouring to make the best of my way home; I want a car." Mr. Cotton procured an outside car, and accompanied him on it. On driving from that to Portobello-bridge, the pain that he endured was excessive. He could with difficulty retain his seat, and had to cry out, and exclaimed repeatedly, "It is all in my chest!" At his own request he was moved into an inside car, which fortunately happened to be on the stand, near Portobello hotel, and driven to Doctor Leet's, Stephen's-green; but he was, during the whole way, constrained to cry aloud, saying it was unnatural to him, but it was forced from him, being in an agony of pain. Three or four drops of blood came from his nose, and he very earnestly, at one time, raised both his hands, and exclaimed, "My poor family! What shall I do?" Mr. Cotton encouraged him to hope that, in a few moments the doctor would give him instant relief. On reaching Doctor Leet's, he walked from the car, and, with assistance, reached the parlour, and was laid on the sofa. Almost immediately his colour changed, and all consciousness was gone. Other medical men were sent for with all haste; but before any could arrive, the patient was dead.

The disease of which Dr. Litton died was clearly *Angina Pectoris*, and that in its first paroxysm, as was Dr. Arnold's fate.

He was followed to the grave by a host of sincere and admiring friends, who will long continue to regret the loss they have thus sustained, in one, of whom, with some truth, it may be said, as was said of one less deserving,

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari  
Quam tui meminisse."

## A SCENE IN TARTARUS.\*

## ACT I.

*Tartarus—Pluto is sitting drinking and smoking—Proserpine—Eurydice—  
Afterwards Charon.*

PLUTO—(*Knocks the ashes angrily out of his pipe.*)

PRO. Why, Pluto dear, how cross you look to-day !

PLU. Pshaw !

PRO. Yes you do. What is the matter ?—Eh !  
What are you sulking for ?

PLU. Stuff ! Proserpine,

Can't a man have a quiet fit of spleen,  
But he must be cross-questioned by his wife  
To give a reason for it ? 'Pon my life. . . .

PRO. Come, Pluto, now ! no swearing—'tis so low,  
How very often I must tell you so !

(*Pause.*)

You've been at something wrong. I've not a doubt,  
And you're afraid that I shall find it out.

PLU. Ha ! ha ! you're very clever, Mrs. P.,  
But you are out this time, ma'am.

PRO. We shall see.

However, I'll not stay to bear the brunt  
Of your cross looks. You may depend upon't !

(*Exit Proserpine.*)

PLU. I'm glad she's gone ! Eurydice—come here.

Why are you always fretting so, my dear ?

Are you unhappy ?

EU. Yes !

PLU. And why ? I wonder.

EU. (*Sobbing*) Because death tore my love and me asunder.

PLU. Well, child, he's but a mortal—I'm a god.

You *must* like me best.

EU. No, I don't.

PLU. That's odd !

EU. Nor I don't like the place, nor people, here.

I wish I was on Earth again ! Oh, dear !

PLU. Pooh ! don't be silly, child, and make a fuss !

EU. I will—I must. Oh, my dear Orpheus !

(*Some one knocks.*)

PLU. Hush ! some one knocks.

EU. I'll go.

(*Exit Eurydice.*)

PLU. Who's there ?

CHA. (*without*)

It's I.

PLU. Come in.

*Enter CHARON.*

Well, what do you want with me, old Guy ?

\* This little piece was written to be acted by some young people (Christmas guests) as a charade, the word being *Dis-mission*—Act III. expressing the whole dismission.



CHA. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon now,  
But really I can't help it.

PLU. What's the row?

CHA. Ho! ho! I've brought a freight across the Styx,  
The queerest chap! and he's in such a fix;  
He says he's come to fetch his wife (he! he!)  
Back to the Earth—her name's Eurydice.  
That since she came down here, he's moped and pined  
In such a way, they thought he'd lose his mind.  
And so I think he has—what else would make  
Him seek these dismal regions for her sake?  
He says, that, when his piteous plight you know,  
He's sure you won't refuse her leave to go.  
I left him coming here, to beg you'll let her—

PLU. Oh, is he! Don't he wish now he may get her?  
What did you bring him over for? You did ill;

CHA. Well, p'r'aps I did; but la! he plays the fiddle  
So well—he just struck up with "Paddy Whack,"  
I couldn't for my life have turned him back!

PLU. Blockhead!

CHA. Well, you shall hear him—see, he comes!

*Enter Orpheus.*]

ACT II.

*Pluto—Charon—Orpheus (afterwards Eurydice.)*

CHA. (*aside to Orpheus*) Play up! The governor has got the glums.

PLU. How now, good fellow!—what's your will with me?

OR. Great sir, I want my wife, Eurydice.

PLU. Hum! ha!—you want your wife—exactly so!

But just suppose, I will not let her go!

OR. (*in a passion*) Villain! (*recollecting himself*)—most gracious  
king, I meant to say—

Excuse a *lapsus linguæ*, sire, I pray—

A wretched husband's prayer, oh, deign to grant!

Restore my lost Eurydice!

PLU. I—shan't!

OR. You cannot be so barbarous, sure, as that.

PLU. Barbarous or no, she goes not hence—that's flat!

CHA. (*aside to Or.*) Why don't you strike him up a merry tune?

You'll see—he'll change his humour very soon.

OR. (*Plays "Rory O'More."*)

PLU. A wondrous minstrel this, so neat and handy.

D've think now you could play the "Drops of Brandy?"

OR. (*Plays "Drops of Brandy."*)

PLU. Bravo! bravo! ask what reward you choose:

There's nothing but your wife—I will refuse.

OR. There's nothing but my wife, then, I can tell you

Will satisfy her husband, my good fellow.

What else on earth, man, I should like to know

Would bring me strumming to these shades below,

Squabbling with Charon here—and reg'lar rows

With your old sulky Cerberus—but my spouse?

Oh, my Eurydice!

EU. (*rushing in*) Orpheus, she's here—

I knew, I knew your "Drops of Brandy," dear!

OR. My darling wife! (*embracing her.*)

EU.

Oh, how my heart is beating!

I never dreamed of such a happy meeting!

PLU. (*aside*) Nor I; nor wished it either!

- EU. But, my love,  
What on earth made you leave the world above?
- OR. Nothing "*on earth*"—'twas something, dear, *below* it;  
I came to see my wife—there—now you know it.
- EU. Dear Orpheus! But *how* did you come? and when?  
And for how long? and shall you go again?  
Are you alive, or dead? You seem in life,  
Yet *may* be but a ghost. Oh, tell your wife;  
For now a thousand anxious fears beset me.  
Speak, speak, oh speak!
- OR. I will love, when you let me.  
But if you talk so fast . . . .
- EU. Well, well, I've done.  
I'll be as quiet as a mouse—go on.
- OR. Hem! when pale death, my love from me had parted,  
I felt . . . .
- EU. I know you did—quite broken-hearted!
- OR. Quite, love;
- EU. But sure you did not *die* of grief.  
I did *not* die; hope came to my relief.  
Thought I, this fretting is no sort of use;  
I'll go and lay my case before old Zeus.  
Maybe he'll let me have my wife again—  
So I invoked the "Sire of gods and men"  
With wild lament, and sobs, and groans, and sighs,  
And briny sorrows, streaming from my eyes.  
Pitying, he heard my tale. "Thou shalt," said he,  
"Again behold thy lost Eurydice,  
"If . . . .
- EU. Oh! there always is an "if." Well, if . . . .
- OR. If I would trust myself to Charon's skiff,  
And cross the Styx to fetch you.
- EU. Yes—and so—
- OR. I thank'd him—took my leave—and came below.
- PLU. A phoenix of a husband, 'pon my life.
- EU. Yes, sir, he knows the value of a wife.  
But Orpheus, dear, did not old Charon fright you?  
And did not Cerberus attempt to bite you?
- OR. Why, no; I found them civil, on the whole;  
But, then, I charmed old Charon's tuneful soul,  
By singing out, "A boat! haste to the ferry."  
And a loud *Barcarol* (*Bark . . .*) made Cerb'rus merry.\*
- EU. (*Whispering*) And have you not a strain would touch *his* heart,  
And move him to permit me to depart?
- OR. I hope I have; but, oh! if it should fail—
- EU. Don't fear—begin. I'm sure you will prevail.
- OR. Here goes, then; but I'll lay my fiddle by.  
(*Takes a lute from under his cloak.*)  
Come forth, loved lute! sweet soul of melody.  
(*Sings, and plays on the lute.*)

## SONG.

Listen—oh, listen!

Tho' 'tis not alone

In the flute's dulcet breath, or the lyre's deeper tone,

That music abides.

She floats, and she glides

\* Not an original pun. I heard it at the Olympic.

On the soft breezy wind, on the billowy sea ;  
 And all things in nature, her instruments be.  
 The woods, thro' which rustle a thousand quick wings  
 With their shivering leaves, are her harp's verdant strings :  
 By mountain, and stream, and low-echoing dells,  
 Mid rocks, and in caverns, the sweet spirit dwells,  
 Around, and above us—by day and by night,  
 There is music for all who in music delight !

---

Yet listen again !

For tho' music be there  
 With its many sweet voices, in earth, sea, and air,  
 She touches the soul  
 With a stronger control  
 When man speaks to man, with articulate tone,  
 And rouses fresh feelings to echo his own.  
 When a chorus of glee, to his glad song replies,  
 And his low wail of sorrow is answered by sighs ;  
 When love's thrilling accents sink deep in the heart,  
 And search all its depths, a new life to impart ;  
 Or better, when Hope whispers comfort to care,  
 And the soft voice of Pity relieves our despair.

---

Listen, oh listen !

Two loving hearts wait  
 In trembling suspense, for the word of their fate.  
 One word can assuage  
 Their sick fears, and engage  
 Those hearts—full of gratitude—Pluto, to thee.  
 Oh, bid us depart—say but, “She shall be free,”  
 And my lute's dying notes shall swell louder again,  
 Till echo will tire of repeating the strain  
 That tells of thy praise—who restored from the grave  
 The lost wife of my bosom—Oh, listen, and save !

---

(During the song, the various inhabitants of Tartarus suspend their occupations. The Danaïdæ cease their toil—Ixion's wheel is still—Tantalus holds his cup suspended—Pluto, who has listened in mute surprise, at length shakes himself as from a dream, and speaks.)

PLU. 'Tis very odd ! I never heard such tones—  
 The fellow's song would move the very stones.  
 I see he's settled *some*, nought else could tame.  
 I can't withhold his wife for very shame—  
 I don't half like it tho'. The cunning knave  
 Knows his own power. I won't . . . . .

OR. (*Touches his lute again plaintively*) “Listen and save !”

PLU. Oh, there he is again ! Well, get you gone,  
 And take her with you. But you get her on  
 This strict condition mind, *Don't you look back*,  
 Whatever sound you hear upon your track,  
 'Till you're beyond the spot where Cerb'rus waits.  
 She'll follow you. Take heed, the outer gates.  
 Hence, both of ye, no words !

(*Exeunt Orpheus and Eurydice.*)

I'll follow, though,

And get a kiss before I let her go.



## ACT III.

*Orpheus hastening towards the gates of Tartarus, Eurydice following.*

*Enter PLUTO.*

PLU. (*Whispers*) Hist! hist! Eurydice!

EU. (*Turning round*) Who calls?

PLU. 'Tis I.

EU. What do you want?

PLU. Only to say good-bye—

There, stop a bit (*catching her*). One kiss before you go.

EU. (*Escaping from him*) No—no; I can't.

OR. (*Aside, anxiously listening*) That's Pluto's voice, I know.

What brings him after us?

PLU. (*Seizing Eurydice again*) I must, and will

Have just one parting kiss.

EU. I'll scream!

PLU. Be still,

Or he may turn, and then . . . (*sneeringly*)

OR. Eurydice!

Who's talking to you?

EU. No one, love.

OR. (*Aside*) 'Tis he,

I'm sure! (*Aloud*) What keeps you, then, so far behind?

EU. I'm here, love, close beside you.

(*Repulsing Pluto, who attempts to detain her.*)

Back! unkind!

(*Pluto hereupon snatches a kiss, which Orpheus hearing, turns suddenly round; at this instant, his wife is carried swiftly back to Tartarus. He attempts to follow, with outstretched arms, but finding it impossible to overtake her, throws himself on the ground in an agony of despair. Pluto bursts into a laugh of derision.*)

PLU. Ho! ho! you're caught. This comes, my friend, of peeping.

Sure such a wife was worth the pains of keeping!

OR. (*Springing up furiously*) Villain! unfeeling monster!

PLU. (*Pushing him out of the gates*) Hold your prate!

Your voice is wondrous fine; but see, 'tis late!

And you've a long, long way to earth, to climb,

So I advise you not to waste your time.

(*Sneeringly*) You know you grudged me just one parting kiss—

One last—you cannot take it, then, amiss,

That I should baulk you of your promised joy;

'Tis only tit for tat, you know, old boy.

There, now, away! Good-bye!

(*Shuts the gate after him, then re-opens it.*)

Harkee! once more

Take care how you again approach my door.

(*Bangs the gate to, and pats Cerberus.*)

He's gone, as sulky as you please. No odds,

A pretty chap to meddle with the gods.

I let him off, too cheaply, 'pon my life!

Well, joy be with him, he has lost his wife!

M. C. R.

## REEVES' ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.\*

"Historia temporum testis, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitæ, et nuncia antiquitatis."

HISTORY is now, even more than when Cicero pronounced this fine encomium, "The witness of times past, the light of truth, the life of memory, the guide of life, and herald of antiquity;" for, as the world grows older, and events are become more multiplied, mankind have a larger inheritance in the actions of their predecessors, and history a greater office in charge—to preserve the landmarks of chronology, to record the origins and progresses of tribes and families, and, in all old-inhabited countries, to increase the love and veneration of the people for the place assigned to them in the world, by investing each locality with its own associations, and connecting all by the record of events of common interest—that men may feel they are not come into the world strangers, but members of a family long planted in the land before them, owing reverence to the place and institutions of their forefathers, and by that common sentiment strengthening the social bond among one another. In this, indeed, consists the chief value of local annals, in which a man may find whatever is memorable connected with his own place of birth or habitation, set down for hundreds of years—that the study of them infallibly kindles in all generous hearts a veneration for the national memories and traditions, which cannot exist separately from the spirit of loyalty and attachment to ancient institutions. It is for this reason we less regret that, for the present, Ireland is without a general history; for in each new accumulation of the materials still necessary before a general history can be undertaken, we have new store of agencies for the creation and propagation of just national feeling.

Among the most signal contributions of this kind, which have been made to the Irish Library since the revival of historical learning among us,

we assign an eminent place to this work of Mr. Reeves'. When it is considered how much has been accomplished in this way within the last five years, Mr. Reeves' friends will perceive how highly we estimate his services. In that high estimate we do him but justice. He has earned his place with Petrie and O'Donovan. Like them, he has earned it by grave, erudite, and patriotic labour: may he long enjoy the eminence so honourably and usefully achieved. Yet, to an uninstructed reader, nothing could appear more barren than the material which Mr. Reeves' learned industry has converted to such valuable and important uses; for his text is merely an ancient list of the names of the parishes in three northern dioceses, with sums of money set opposite to each for their respective taxation. The taxation of ecclesiastical benefices originated in the levy of contributions towards the promotion of the holy wars in the end of the twelfth century. These contributions at first extended to all classes, but were afterwards confined to the clergy; and the appropriation of the tax, which was at first applied in furnishing out expeditions for the recovery of the holy sepulchre, was gradually changed to other purposes. In A.D. 1306, at the time of the taxation illustrated by Mr. Reeves, the impost was applied partly towards a jointure for the queen—partly towards supporting the establishment of the Prince of Wales—and the residue went to the treasury of the Pope. Then, as now, under one pretext or another, London and Rome divided whatever surplus Irish poverty could be made to spare. The tax was a tenth, or two shillings in the pound on the incumbent's income. At first it included a tenth of the movables also; but in its modified form, at the time in question, it appears to have been what may be popularly called a

\* "Ecclesiastical History of Down, Connor, and Dromore; consisting of a Taxation of these Dioceses, compiled in the year 1306; with Notes and Illustrations." By the Rev. William Reeves, M.B., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Hodges & Smith. 1848.

property-income-tax. The rates afford a curious insight into the value of money in those days. Four or five pounds a-year appears about the average value of the benefices. Ten shillings a-year to an incumbent having so small an income, must have been a heavy tax, and the grievousness of the burthen cannot but have been increased by the consideration, that it went to support the luxury of foreign courts, and not, as originally agreed to, to maintain the establishment of Christianity in the east; for, however we may smile at the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, now that the event has proved their valour and devotion unavailing, and now that the progress of our religion in both hemispheres has reassured the civilized world in its confidence in the permanency of Christianity, we can hardly imagine any event more terrifying to Europe, or one which would more excusably provoke to sacrifices both of life and property, than the progress of the Mahometan faith, followed up by the final capture and permanent occupation of Jerusalem, the very head and centre of early Christendom. It is true the nominal object of contention—the sepulchre itself—appears to have been a forgery. Even if authentic, it would not have been worth the expenditure of either blood or treasure to recover it for the pernicious uses of pilgrimage; but the establishment of a Christian kingdom in the heart of Syria, the maintenance of the early mother churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus, and possibly the counterpoise of a powerful eastern patriarchate against innovation and ambition in the west, were objects worth great efforts; and the submission of the clergy to the continued exaction of these *decimæ Saladinæ*, even after they had been so misappropriated, evinces the willingness with which the impost was originally admitted. There remain several records of the different valuations from “Pope Innocent’s Valor,” dating about A.D. 1254, down to the subject of the present work. The rolls containing the latter were discovered in 1827, in the office of the Remembrancer of the Exchequer, at Westminster, whither they had been remitted from the Exchequer in Ireland, in A.D. 1323. This was about the time usually referred to by constitutional writers as the great com-

mon-law epoch in our history, and it is observable that the records of this period, both here and in England, are more exact, regular, and copious, than during the preceding and following centuries. The way in which the rolls of the present taxation are made up and labelled, shows the particularity with which matters of record were at that time preserved and authenticated. They are contained in a leathern pouch, marked with the name “Hibernia,” and endorsed in Latin to this effect:—

“These rolls, together with other rolls of the Taxation of the ecclesiastical goods and profits of all Ireland, were received here into the Exchequer, by Walter, Bishop of Exeter, Treasurer for the time being, on the 1st day of October, in the sixteenth year of the reign of King Edward, son of King Edward; in a Pouch stamped with the seal of the Exchequer of Dublin; by the hands of Wm. de Lughteburgh, messenger of the Lord the King, who conveyed the said Pouch, under the said seal, and, on behalf of the Treasurer and Barons of the said Exchequer of Dublin, delivered it to the said Treasurer.”

The total number of rotulets is fourteen; which contain, we suppose, the taxation for the whole of Ireland, though as yet those for the provinces of Armagh and Tuam only appear to have been inspected; and Mr. Reeves’ publication is confined to the particulars of three dioceses of the former province—viz., Down, Connor, and Dromore. There can be little doubt that the work which has been so well begun, will be continued by the publication of the entire record; for the mode of illustration adopted by Mr. Reeves has shown the sources from whence similar information can be derived for the other dioceses, as well as the manner in which such historic matter can be most suitably applied.

Let us pause here, to renew the expression of our regret, so often and so vainly expressed before, that these duties in Ireland have been devolved on private time and private resources; while in England all the records of this description have been published by the state. If there be any class whom it is expedient to treat with equal favour here and in Great Britain, it is that of our men of learning,



especially those who have addicted themselves to the grave and noble pursuits of history ; for nothing can prevent the mind of the educated classes here from ultimately taking its tone from their writings. The desire to be acquainted with our own country, and with the acts of our forefathers, is an intellectual instinct as irrepressible, wherever intellect is cultivated, as social and physical instincts are in life itself. In their exertions to supply the growing wants of this passion, our antiquaries and historians cannot but feel that they and the Irish at large are treated with neglect and disparagement ; and it needs an amount of moderation and patience, with which few are gifted, to prevent this feeling mingling itself with the sources of whatever is likely to be most permanent and most influential in the national intelligence. In short, it is

difficult to view the discontinuance of the Irish Record Commission, while the English Commission is proceeded with, in any other light than as an intentional discouragement of historical learning in this country ; and although, by patience and self-denial, we may be able, in process of time, to complete the more important portions of the work which have thus been left unfinished, neither the labourers, nor those for whom they labour, are likely to forget the circumstances under which they have had to struggle after self-knowledge.

Mr. Reeves, we have observed, has given the key to many new sources of information, in dealing with the portion of this record which he has selected for his text. Of these, the most important are the Primatial Registries, remaining in the Registry-office of Armagh. They are—

The Register of Archbishop Miles Sweetman, from A.D. 1361 to A.D. 1380.			
— Archbishop Fleming,	...	1404	... 1416.
— Archbishop Swayne,	...	1418	... 1439.
— Archbishop Prene,	...	1430	... 1471.
The Registrum Octaviani,	...	1460	... 1518.
The Register of Archbishop Cramer,	...	1518	... 1535.
And the Register of Archbishop Dowdall, or the <i>Liber Niger</i> ,	...	1540	... 1584.

Besides these, Mr. Reeves has diligently consulted the diocesan registries, the manuscript collections of Trinity College, of the Royal Irish Academy, of Marsh's Library, of the Record Office in Carlton Ride, and that vast and precious collection deposited in the British Museum. Among his printed sources, of course, we cannot expect anything new ; but it is gratifying to observe the respectful particularity with which Mr. Reeves acknowledges his obligations for many of his most curious pieces of information to the early volumes of the "Dublin Penny Journal," during the time that unpretending, but truly erudite work was conducted by Mr. Petrie ; citing it side by side with Rymer and Prynne ; and never citing it, indeed, without drawing accurate and profound learning from its modest pages.

Mr. Reeves commences the distribution of his material in the following manner :—Taking the text of the roll, he identifies each benefice with the modern locality to which it corresponds, and so fixes the ancient topographical nomenclature of every eccle-

siastical division within the three dioceses in question. In this process, the learning adduced is rather curious than instructive, though, probably, it is the part of the work which has cost its author most pains. In general, the annotation identifies the locality, ascertains the meaning of the name, states its ecclesiastical origin, and describes its existing ecclesiastical remains. One is surprised to observe the great number of houses of worship and of cemeteries, indicating a population far beyond what we generally ascribe to these early times. It is not unusual to find in one parish as many as five or six ancient burying-places ; and the foundations of churches and chapels still visible exhibit an extent of church-accommodation which would be almost sufficient for the relaxed piety of the present occupants of the land, We shall select a couple of these annotations, offering average examples of the care with which Mr. Reeves has conducted his strict philological and topographical inquiries.

"*Coneria*.—Now the parish of Connor. Ord. Survey, s. 38. The origina

church, which gave name to the see, was founded in the fifth century; and Ængus Mac Nisse, its founder and first bishop, died in the year 514. In Irish records, the name Connor generally appears in the forms *Condeje*, *Condeje*, *Condeje*, *Condeje*, which Colgan occasionally latinizes by *Condoria*.—*Trias Th.*, pp. 146, col. 2; 272, c. i.; 502, c. i. The *η* in the middle of the word subsequently passed into *ηη*, as Mr. O'Donovan observes—'In the ancient Irish manuscripts we find *ηη* almost invariably written for *ηη* of the modern Irish orthography.'—*Grammar*, p. 34. The origin of the name is thus explained in a marginal gloss on the word *Chondevyb* (Connor) in the Martyrology of Ængus, at the 3rd of September: *1. Daire na con. 1. Daire ambytyr con allta ppuir et meo lupe ha[b]ytabahet*, 'i. e. Daire-nacon, i. e. the oak wood in which were wild dogs formerly, and she-wolves used to dwell therein.' This etymology *per metathesim*, was common with the Irish, as Colgan observes, who conjectures that Dercon, the church of Saint Olcon, was identical with Connor, adding, 'Derechon, seu rectius Dorechon, per transpositionem nostratibus frequentem, idem sit quod Condere seu Condore.'—*Act. SS.*, p. 377, col. 2, n. 9. By the country people the name is pronounced as if it was written *Con-ye*. The present parish church was built, in 1818, on the site of the old cathedral of St. Saviour's, which had been partly destroyed in the rebellion of 1641, and a portion of which, having been re-roofed, and thatched with straw, was used for divine service, till it was superseded by the modern church. This portion was probably the southern transept of a larger building, for it is described, by those who have attended it, as having stood north and south.—*Eccles. Report of 1806*, p. 97. In 1458, Patrick Olynnan was vicar of the cathedral church of Connor.—*Reg. Prene*, fol. 4. The rectory of the parish was appropriate, at the Dissolution, to the abbey of Kells, the lands of which constitute the chief part of the western half of the parish.—See *Taxation*, at *Desertum Conerie*."

"*Dunkelisp*.—Now part of Dunluce parish. In 1609, it was annexed to the corps of the Precentorship of Connor, under the name of 'Ecclesia de Sancto Cuthberto Dunlups.'—*Charter*. 'Ecclesia Sti. Cuthberti de Dunlippis.'—*Terrier*. In the townland Dunluce, a short distance south of Dunluce Castle, is the old churchyard, containing the

ruins of a church which occupy the site of a more ancient building.—*Ord. Survey*, s. 2. The Four Masters, at the years 1513, 1584, calls this spot *Dunlis*. In an Irish MS. account of the troubles of 1641, it is written *Dun hbyr*. Colgan spells it *Dunliffisia*.—*Acta, SS.*, p. 377, col. 2. The present parish of Dunluce is an union of Dunluce and Portecaman."

In both these instances one observes the singularity to be remarked in almost all ancient Irish spelling, viz., that the old name is more consonantal, and, orthographically at least, a syllable or two larger than the modern: "*Condaire*," *Connor*; "*Dun-lipsi*," *Dunluce*, like "*Concobhar*," *Conor*; and "*Lathlobhar*," *Lawlor* and *Lover*, in personal nomenclature. This peculiarity may be considered analogous to that greater complexity and variety of inflexion, which is generally found in the grammatical arrangements of the more primitive languages, quite contrary to what we would be led to expect in going back on rude and unlettered times. The niceties of primitive grammatical inflexion have been ascribed to the divine origin and communication of language itself—speech being regarded as a direct gift from God to man, and as such partaking of the perfection of its giver, and most perfect while as yet least abused by its new possessors. The consideration of these hard-spelled names of places and persons leads rather to the contrary inference; showing, we think, the effort to adapt an imperfect alphabet to the expression of harsh or slovenly sounds, such as prevail in the articulation of an unpolished people. At present, all the consonantal points of those names are rounded off in pronunciation, and the spoken word often as little resembling the written sign, as *Colclough* or *Cholmondely* resemble the sound they represent in colloquial English. The imperfection, however, of the Irish alphabet is a strong argument for its antiquity. We have never been able to recognise the argument which ascribes to Roman missionaries the introduction of an alphabet beginning with the letter B. It is Herodotus, we think, who, remarking on the value of the cow among primitive people, observes that the Phœnicians gave the first place in their alphabet to *Alpha*, because in their language that word sig-

nified the cow. Hence the Roman and Greek alphabets may look to a Phœnician origin; but those alphabets which begin with other letters can hardly be referred, either directly or derivatively, to that source. We are well aware of the danger of trusting to the stock-incidents of the lives of the saints; and recollect that Patrick's alleged burning of the books of the Druids, is one of the incidents without which no hagiographer would think his work complete. But, looking to the unsuspected testimony of Cæsar and Diodorus, we apprehend there can be no doubt that the use of alphabetic writing was general among the Druid priesthood of Gaul and Britain, at the commencement of the Christian era; and there certainly seems no reason to suppose that those of Ireland were less instructed than others of the Druidical order. The question, however, of whether this complex orthography, which has led us into those reflections, indicates an imperfect grammar advancing into system, or a systematized grammar deteriorating by use, is still far from a settlement, and is one which will, doubtless, yet receive much further investigation.

The assignment of etymologies in the old Irish treatises, is generally fanciful, and little to be relied on. *Conderib*, "the wolf's-wood," appears to be a very doubtful gloss. The old derivations of Bangor and Rathmore, may be advanced as examples of this school of etymology. Thus Brasil Brec, king of Leinster, returning with a prey of cattle, out of Scotland, landed at Bangor, "and slaughtered a great number of cattle there, so that a great number of the *beanna*, i. e., the horns of the cows, were scattered over the plain, so that the place ever since bore the name of *Maigh Beanncoir*." The tradition which assigns the origin of the name of Rathmore is more romantic: "Rathmore of Moylinny, was first called Rath-Rogrin, and, until the reign of Breasal Breac, son of Brian, king of Uladh. He went on an expedition (a submarine adventure) under Loch Laidh, and remained there fifty years. Mor, daughter of Rither, son of Geanlamh, his wife, remained all that time in the rath; and at last she said, 'I think Breasal's absence too long.' And a certain woman said to her, 'It will be long to thee, indeed, for Breasal

will never come back to his friends, till the dead come back to theirs.' Mor then died suddenly, and her name remained on the rath—*Unde Rath Mor dicitur*. Breasal soon after returned to his house, one evening, as is related in 'Breasal's Expedition.'" These derivations will remind the reader of the etymons of Tara and Aileach to be found in Mr. Petrie's essays. We believe they are all drawn from the same source in the *Dinseanchus*; and that "Cormac's Glossary" will be found to consist, to a great extent, of similar matter. We cannot refrain, however, from extracting a passage from the Glossary, in explanation of the word *Corrybreckan*, which, our readers will probably remember, is the name of a great whirlpool off the western coast of Scotland. The name really appears to have the signification assigned to it, and the force of Cormac's description is nothing lessened by the inability of our best Irish scholars to translate some of his similies:—

"*Coire Breacain*, i. e. a great vortex between Ere and Alba to the north, i. e. the conflux of the different seas, viz., the sea which encompasses Ere at the north-west, the sea which encompasses Alba at the north-east, and the sea to the south between Ere and Alba. They rush at each other after the likeness of a *luathrinde*, and each is buried into the other like the *oircel tairechta*, and they are sucked down into the gulp so as to form a gaping cauldron, which would receive all Ere into its wide mouth. The waters are again thrown up, so that their belching, roaring, and thundering, are heard amid the clouds; and they boil like a cauldron upon a fire.

"Breacain, a certain merchant, the son of Maine, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, had fifty curraghs trading between Ere and Alba, until they all fell together into this cauldron, and were swallowed up, so that not one survived to bear the tidings of their fate; and their fate was unknown until Lughaidh Dall ['the blind'], the poet, came to Benchair, when his people going to the strand of Inver Bece found the bare scull of Bece, and having brought it to Lughaidh, *et interrogaverunt eum cujus esset; et ille eis dixit*; place ye the head of the poet's wand upon it. They did so, *et dixit Lughaidh Eigeas*:—

"The waters of the great sea,  
The waters of the vortex,  
Drowned Breacain.  
This is the head of Breacain's dog,  
And little here remains of greatness,  
For Breacain and all his people  
Were in that vortex drowned."



Mr. Reeves seeks to identify this Cauldron of Breacan with the turbulent sound between Rathlin Island, and the mainland, called by the Irish *Sloghna-morra*, or the Gulf of the Sea. The *Charybdis Breacani*, in which Columba was tossed when carrying the relics of Kiaran from Clonmacnois to Iona, can hardly have been the whirlpool of the Sound of Jura—but neither can it well have been the Sound of Rathlin; in short, the probability is, that the vortex itself has shifted its site, or disappeared altogether.

Leaving the merely topographical portion of the work, in which several hundred parochial names are identified with the same careful accuracy that we see displayed in the paragraphs on Dunluce and Connor, we now come to the main part of Mr. Reeves' performance, consisting of historical descriptions of the ancient civil divisions comprised within these ecclesiastical boundaries.

The district included within the united dioceses comprising the present counties of Down and Antrim, is probably the most interesting portion of all Ireland for historical investigation. It was here the *Cruithne*, or Irish Picts, were located; it was hence the Dalriadic colonies proceeded to establish the Scottish race and dominion in North Britain; here Patrick first preached the gospel, and here (at Coleraine) there was already a Christian bishop, at the time of Patrick's arrival: it was here the influence of the bards longest survived after their dissolution at Dromceat; and here the final struggle between the old and new systems was determined, on the field of Moyra; it was here the Anglo-Norman power attained its earliest and most splendid successes, till overthrown by the catastrophe of William de Burgho's murder, and the return of the Claneboy; it was here, again, that a new element of social interest was added to the Reformation, by the establishment of the Scottish faith, and forms of worship, in more modern times; but this is a subject outside the bounds of Mr. Reeves' work, and one which has been already well handled by Mr. Reid; and we must take care not to entangle ourselves in theological conflict, from which the candid pages of our author are happily quite free.

The question of who were the Picts, has exercised the ingenuity of the ablest writers, from Ussher and Pinkerton to our own time. Their total disappearance, and the loss of almost all traces of their language from North Britain, can only be accounted for by the superior fecundity, and greater strength and policy of the Dalriadic and Anglo-Saxon families; unless we are to surmise, with Mr. Skene, that the Dalriadic progress is a figment, that the disappearance of the Picts, and loss of their language, is a delusion, and that the Picts spoke the same Gaelic as other members of the Celtic family, and as the Highlanders, whom he assumes to be their descendants, speak at this very day. It is singular that in their eager scrutiny after anything which could cast light on this obscure question, British investigators have not yet turned their attention to the district inhabited by the cognate tribes of the *Cruithne* in Ulster. It may fairly be assumed that any names in the topography of this part of the country, which are not modern or Scotie (that is, Irish), are remains of the early Cruithnic nomenclature. Now, among these we find *Llan* (Llan-abhac, now Glenavy); *Bryn* (Bryn-Tang, near Carrickfergus; Brown-Dod, near Antrim); *Maes* (the Maze race-course, near Lisburn); and *Dufferin*; all British words, not to be found elsewhere in Irish topography, and now peculiar to Wales. The inference, then, would be, that the Cruithne of Ulster spoke a language cognate with the Welsh; and, hence, a likely enough suggestion for the name Cruithne itself, viz., Bruithne, or Britanni; it being the genius of the Irish to prefer the sound of *k*, where the Welsh delight in that of *p*; as, Irish, *Can*; Welsh, *Pen*—"a head." Irish, *Mac*; Welsh, *Ma'p*—"a son," &c. If, then, the Ulster Cruithne were of the same family with the Picts of North Britain, here appear some new reasons for regarding the latter as a Cymric race; and, possibly, there may remain other arguments deducible from the family names of the tribes of Dalaradia in Cruithnic times leading to the same conclusion. The topographic inquiry might be prosecuted over the whole field extending from Dufferin, on the south, to Trostan mountain, on the north;

both of which names evidence a former Cruithnic inhabitation. Their peculiar territory, however, which continued to be known by the name of *Crioch-na-Cruithne*, down to the 14th century, was the northern part of Dalaradia, including the valleys of the Braid, Glenwhirry, and Six-mile-water rivers. It was here, in the immediate vicinity of Slemish mountain, that Patrick was brought up, in the household of the Cruithnic king, Milcho; and here he probably acquired the language which afterwards enabled him to spread the message of the Gospel through the greater part of these dioceses; for the tradition in Jocelyn's time was, that he spoke four languages, viz., Latin, French, British, and Irish, of which, in all probability, the British represents the language of this district.

As to its sepulchral and architectural remains, the district differs from other parts of Ireland only in the greater number of its subterranean chambers and passages, associated with stone circles and pillar-stones on the surface, which, along the valley of the Six-mile-water, are of very frequent occurrence. This immediate neighbourhood constitutes the ancient Moylinny, a district always remarkable for the fruitfulness of its soil, and the scene of a great abundance of such events as usually mark the pages of early Irish history. Here, on the boundary of the territory towards Larne, A.D. 160, king Tuathal the Acceptable was slain by Mal Mac Rochraidh, on the "Hill of Sighs," just at the source of the river. Descending the stream, and leaving the pillar-stones and cromlechs of Nilteen and Myadam on the right, we next reach Rathbeg, where king Dermot Mac Cearbhill, "perceiving the house to burn above his head," and rushing from the door, was thrust through with a lance by Black Aodh, son of Sweeny Araidhe, A.D. 565—"qui scilicet Aidus Niger valde sanguinarius homo, et multorum fuerat trucidator"—a homicidal Pict, whom St. Findchan afterwards carried into Scotland, and there tried to convert into a priest; but the bishop feared to lay his hand on the head of so ferocious a disciple, and Black Hugh, "solummodo nomine presbyter," returning to his former life of violence,

was treacherously thrust through on ship-board, and drowned by his own people. Rathbeg, the scene of this villany, is now obliterated; but enough remains of the ramparts of Rathmore, in an adjoining townland, to shew the former extent of this old residence of the kings of Dalaradia. It must have been a great and strong fort, and has witnessed events that in any other country would have long since been made the subject of heroic story. Here dwelt the proud, unhappy Congal Claen, and here we may picture to ourselves old Ceallagh Mac Fiachna, carried out upon his brazen *tolg*, to meet his nephew returning from the disastrous feast of Dun-na-n'gedh; and as Congal enumerates the indignities put upon him at the royal banquet, handling under his gown the sword, which none till then suspected the bedridden senior of carrying: we may imagine its walls resounding to the songs of bards, enumerating the former possessions of the kings of Ulster, and the former privileges of the poets, before the statutes of Dromceat transferred their rents and honours to the Christian clergy, and sent twelve hundred of them adrift on Ulster, with nothing but their harps and burning words to depend on for life or vengeance; till Congal, at length maddened by a sense of his own wrongs, and by the instigations of the outraged poets, undertakes the fatal expedition, which terminated in his defeat and death at Moyra, A.D. 636. Here again, A.D. 684, Egfrid of Northumberland fought and overthrew the Cruithne, and slew their king, Cumascaigh; next, in A.D. 987, Brian Boru himself here took the tributes of Dalaradia; and finally, in 1315, king Edward Bruce here burned to the ground whatever remains of the old residence of Rathmore were then subsisting. We linger along this valley with affectionate delay: here were the dwellings of friends and kindred; and in the grave-yard, under the mount of Dunagore, overlooking the scene of all these strange vicissitudes, repose the bones of our forefathers. The construction of the fort of Dunagore mounts beyond the period of our written records. Its name, as anciently spelled, appears to signify the "fort of the warrior;" but who the *Curaidhe* was, whether Pict or Firbolg, is a question now inscrutable.



table. The mount, notwithstanding its name, has, however, always appeared to us to be sepulchral; and we have listened with much awe and wonder, in our boyish days, to traditions of a great cave underneath, alleged at various times to have swallowed up a cow and a crowbar, the latter being heard, long after it slipped from the hands of the quarryman, rumbling down funnels and galleries into the very bowels of the hill.

There is one other sepulchral monument of extreme interest (if it be still in existence) somewhere in this valley. We mean the pillar-stone which marks the grave of Fothadh Airgtheach, slain here by Caoilte, the foster-son of Fin Mac Cumhal, A.D. 285. The particulars of his death and sepulture are preserved in the *Leabhair-na-Uidhre*, from which they were first brought to light in Petrie's "Round Towers." What gives them their peculiar interest is this, that they furnish the words of an inscription alleged to be written on this pillar-stone in the Ogham character. "There is a pillar-stone at his cairn, and an Ogham is (inscribed) on the end of the pillar-stone which is on the earth; and what is on it is

(Eochaid Airgtheach inro)

Eochaid Airgtheach here."

It is plain that such an inscription would furnish the key to more than one-half the letters of the Ogham alphabet: but where to look for the pillar is the question. Mr. Reeves, by adopting the *Ollarba* as the Larne river, and giving the name *Ollar* to the Six-mile-water (for it is certain that by these two names the two streams in question are designated, but the difficulty consists in appropriating them each to each), fixes the place at the same spot already mentioned as the scene of King Tuathal Teachtmair's death; for Tuathal was slain at the spot where the two streams have their sources, one flowing eastward through Moy-Laharna, and the other westward through Moy-Line. Now, Eochaid Airgtheach is stated to have fallen in the battle of *Ollarba in Line*; and Mr. Reeves, to reconcile this with his identification of the Larne river as the *Ollarba*, refers it to the extreme upper part of that

stream, where the sources of the two rivers are to some extent confounded, and part of the Larne river may be said to be in Moylinny, and part of the Six-mile-water river in Moy Larne. One naturally surmises that Mr. Reeves must have been under strong coercion when he had recourse to a supposition so violent, especially as Larne harbour was formerly known by the name of Older (*Ullar*)-frith, and not *Ollarba*-frith, as his distribution of the names would lead us to expect. We must not be thought disposed to jest on a grave subject, when we tell our reader that the cause of Mr. Reeves' perplexity in this particular is the mermaid, or syren, which Ethach Mac Muerdhi captured at the mouth of the *Ollarba* river, in the nets of Beoan, the son of Inli, fisherman of Comgall of Bangor, in A.D. 558, according to the Four Masters; for we suppose this was the process of reasoning which induced Mr. Reeves to reject *Ollar* as the name of the stream running into *Ullar*-frith, viz.—if a mermaid were caught at the mouth of the *Ollarba*, how could the *Ollarba* river run anywhere else than into the sea, which is the habitation of mermaids, or of *phocæ*, which might be mistaken for them? We own, in such a conflict of testimony, we should have preferred appropriating the name *Ollarba* to the river which traverses Moylinny, concluding that the entry about the siren was of the less authority. However, the following passage from one of our oldest romances, descriptive of the route 'taken by parties travelling from Scotland by way of Larne to Armagh, will, we think, put this part of the question at rest:—

"Neidhe and his companions passed, together, towards Kintyre, and thence directed their course to Snog-point. They afterwards put off, over sea, from Portroy, and took shore at Ross-point (*Rinn-Rush*). Thence they proceeded over Semhne, over Latharna, over Moylinne, over the *Ollarba*, over Tulloghros (Tullyrush), over Ardsliebhe, over Cæbh-thelea, over the upper Bann," &c. —Contention of the Seniors. Mus. Brit. Egerton, 112, p. 37.

That the *Ollarba*, therefore, is the Six-mile-water, appears pretty certain, and consequently (unless we are to regard this part of the story in the *Leabhair-na-Hudre* as fabulous) it is



in the valley watered by that river that we must look for the pillar-stone of Eochaid Airgthech. If any of our northern antiquaries have time and inclination to set out in search of this Rosetta stone of our Oghams, we would direct their attention to the district about Nilteen, already mentioned as abounding in sepulchral remains, and would point particularly to the lands of Standing-Stone there situate, and to the fields between the hamlet of Four-mileburn and the lands of Silversprings and Thrushfield.

The passage last above-cited, in bringing parties from sea over Moy-Semne, next before Moy Larne, leaves no room to doubt that Mr. Reeves is right in his conjecture that the Shevne which has so long escaped the research of our best topographers, is Island Magee. Of all the Moys and plains of our old topography, this Shevne was the most elusive. O'Donovan himself had only approximately fixed it. Mr. Reeves consequently approaches its identification with great caution; and we commend his speculations on this point to other inquirers, as an example of judicious circumspection worthy of general imitation.

*"Island Magee.*—The Four Masters, at A.M. 2859, speak of a *Raṭ Chjom-baoṛṭ ḡ Semne*, 'Rath Kimbæh in Shenvy;' and of *Maḡ Semne ḡ nḡDal ṽḡḡḡṽṽṽṽ*, 'Moy Shevny in Dalaradia.' (So Keating, vol. i., pp. 176, 178; O'Flaherty, *Ogyg.*, p. 169). At A.M. 3529, *caṭ Cumṇeṽṽ ḡ Semne*, 'Rath Concha in Shenvy;' and at A.M. 3656, *caṭ Cula áṭṡḡḡḡṽṽ ḡ Semne*, 'the battle of Cul-athgurt in Shenvy.' The name occurs in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick also, where, treating of his labours in Dalaradia, it states that he founded a church 'in Imlechluana in agro Semne.'—(Pt. ii., cap. 133.) Mr. O'Donovan, in a note upon the expression *ḡḡḡḡḡ Semne*, 'host of Seimne,' observes that 'the Ultonians were sometimes so called by the bards, from the plain of Seimne, situated in the territory of Dal Araidhe, in the south of the present county of Antrim.'—(Battle of Magh Rath, p. 211.)

"It is probable that this word enters into composition in *Ranseyvn*, the ancient name of Island Magee, which may be a corruption of *Rynn Semne*, 'the point of Shenvy.' It is possible also that the *ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ* of Ptolemy

may more properly be understood of a part of this peninsula than of *St. John's Point* in the county of Down, whither Camden and Ware refer it."

All the ancient places above alluded to in Moy-Semne have disappeared, and the place is now only known in history as the scene of the much-exaggerated massacre of Island Magee. We cannot help remarking on this subject, that those who ascribe the rebellion and massacre of 1641 to retaliation on account of unprovoked atrocities committed here by the British soldiery prior to the outbreak of the general rebellion, overlook the effect produced by the change of style in 1752, by which the year which formerly began on the 25th of March, was made then for the first time to commence on the 1st of January; so that events in January or February, 1641, must be regarded as subsequent to events in the summer and autumn of the same year. It is thus that haste and prejudice associate themselves, and that ignorance often perpetuates ill-will where intelligent animosity has ceased.

Following the track pursued by Neidhe and his companions, we will now cross the old territory of Dal-Buini—the present Killead and Ballinderry—to the valley of the Lagan, which here approaches the southern extremity of Lough Neagh, before it turns aside to pursue its course to the sea, at Belfast. We recognize the truth of the simple country verses:—

"'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry,  
'Tis pretty to be in Magheralin."

It is a fresh, wholesome, pleasant country; and none in Ireland of associations more classic, if, indeed, we may apply the term classic to our poor, barbarous traditions of saints and demons, and belligerent kings and sub-kings. Before the time of Saint Ronan Finn, Magheralin was a haunted place in the forest, and the name of the demon who infested it was Uachille. Ronan laid this evil spirit in a pool of the Lagan, and thence the place came to be called Linn-d'Uachille. The Danes were its next occupants. Here they had their chief place of strength in the north of Ireland, and many plundering excursions they made from it, during the space of more than a

century. There was no Ronan Finn, with his bell, to lay these troublesome visitants; but at length the arm of flesh quelled them, and brought the land around into cultivation, making a pleasant plain, where before there probably had been nothing but dense forests. So it now got the name of Mahera-linn-d'Uachille, which being somewhat hard of enunciation, the surname of the water-spirit was dropped, and the place, till lately at least, has been known as in the verses of that sweet air published by Bunting. But, see the mutations of human affairs! a certain squire, regardless of the fate of Uachille, and having no fear (nor, we dare say, knowledge) of Ronan Finn before his eyes, has lately, it seems, re-christened the place Dollingstown.

But we are here upon the borders of the heroic field of Moyra, the scene of the greatest battle, whether we regard the numbers engaged, the duration of the combat, or the stake at issue, ever fought within the bounds of Ireland. For beyond question, if Congal Claen and his gentile allies had been victorious in that battle, the re-establishment of old bardic paganism would have ensued. There appears reason to believe that the fight lasted a week; and on the seventh day Congal himself is said to have been slain by an idiot youth, whom he had passed by in the battle, in scorn of his imbecility. All local memory of the event is now gone, save that one or two localities preserve names connected with it. Thus, beside the Rath of Moyra, on the east, is the hill Cairn-Albanach, the burial-place of the Scottish princes, Congal's uncles; and a pillar-stone, with a rude cross, and some circles engraved on it, formerly marked the site of their resting place. On the other hand, the townland of Aughnafoskar probably preserves the name of Knockanchoscar, from which Congal's druid surveyed the royal army, drawn up in the plain below, on the first morning of the battle. Ath Ornaidh, the ford crossed by one of the armies, is probably modernized in Thorny-ford, on the river, at some miles distance. On the ascent to Trummery, in the direction of the woods of Killultagh, to which we are told the routed army fled, great quantities of bones of men

and horses were turned up in excavating the line of the Ulster Railway, which passes close below the old church, here identified by Mr. Reeves as the Rathmesk of the Taxation. Here, formerly, was a round tower, the lower portion of which still remains, containing a few steps of a spiral stair, which probably, in ancient times, led to an upper apartment of the building. The tower thus united with the edifice is probably a more recent sort of structure than the detached *clogteach*; but both are evidently of the same family, and served the same purposes. Some of the Belfast antiquaries, we believe, expedited the fall of the upper portion of Trummery tower, by the ardour with which they prosecuted their search for an interment underneath. Truly, it is nothing surprising that church towers, erected in cemeteries, should have human remains in and about their foundations. If it be any consolation to those who feel aggrieved by the ascertainment of their true origin and uses, to have that fact established, we will willingly present them with a new authority:—

“Doctor John Lester, Bishop of Rapho, told me that when he began to build his episcopal house at Rapho, he caused a round towre, or pyramid, built of old time, there, to be pulled downe, and used the stones thereof in his new building. And that in the bottom of said towre he found the bones of a man, who had anciently been buried there.”—Memorandum under date 2nd April, 1660. Mus. Brit. Ayscough, 4789, p. 266.

The descent of the Lagan from Moyra to Belfast is through a rich, well-timbered country, in the midst of which the river glides smoothly between demesnes and bleach-greens—an object of continual use and beauty—to where it meets the tide, at Stranmelis, an old seat of Sir Moyses Hill, before he acquired his great estates in Kilwarlin. On the right bank of the river, about midway between Lisburn and Belfast, is the Giant's Ring of Ballylessan—a circular space of about six acres, enclosed with a rampart, which shuts out the prospect of everything but the sky, having in the centre a cromlech. Whether this be a sepulchral or religious monument is hard to say. Probably there is no

other instance of a sepulchral tumulus surrounded by a precinct of such great dimensions, and fenced by a rampart of such great height and solidity.

From the point where the Lagan meets the sea-water, its beauty as a river ceases; but there is very great historical interest attached to the ford by which it was formerly crossed at Belfast. The exact situation of this ford lately became a subject of much zealous inquiry in one of our courts of law, and we believe among the earliest and most earnest students of Mr. Reeves, were the respective attorneys of the litigant parties. He has, indeed, discussed the question of the situation of the *fearsad* of Belfast with great erudition. It was a noted locality from very early times, and if we are to believe Duaid MacFibris, Fiacha of the Black Bridges, constructed a bridge here sometime about the eighth or ninth century; though Mr. Reeves declines to believe that the Irish of that period could span such a width of water with a bridge. And, indeed, Fiacha seems to have executed his public works out of a very apocryphal treasury; for "it was he that got the whale with the three golden teeth; and he gave a tooth of them to the mason, *i. e.*, the mason that built the bridge; and he gave the other two to ornament the reliquaries of the province." It is but just to add, in honour of this worshipful patron of the craft, that "it was he also that made a pilgrimage to Beannchor, because one cow had been stolen in his province." Fiacha Dubhdroitheach's structure, however, if it ever had an existence here, had disappeared before the fourteenth century; for certain it is that the assassination of William de Burgho—the most important event in the history of the Anglo-Norman power in Ireland—took place in the ford of the Lagan, at Belfast, as he rode from Newtown of the Ards for Carrickfergus. The main ways of communication at this time lay round the coast, under the walls of the Anglo-Norman castles of Carlingford, Caoluisce (Narrow-water), Dundrum, Ardglass, Skatrick, and other strongholds, the names of which will be found in Mr. Reeves' notes on the territories of Dufferin, Lecale, and Mourne.

The earl had provoked the vengeance of his murderers by the extreme rigor with which he enforced the English law, and his severity in discouraging the Hibernicizing tendencies of his own relatives. His death was the signal for an universal overthrow of the established government throughout all Connaught, and through nearly one-half of Ulster, which, up to this time, had been shire-land, with regular ministerial officers and an English-speaking proprietary. The Irish who had been driven beyond the Bann, recrossed the boundary, and occupied all Dalaradia and I-vegh, driving the Savages, Whites, Chamberlaines, and other Anglo-Norman families, who had come in with De Courcy, before them, into the Ards and Dufferin. The De Burghos of Connaught assumed the Irish name of MacWilliam, the Birminghams turned MacYeorises, the D'Exeters Costelloes: all fell into lawless confusion, and out of that catastrophe law and civility did not emerge again for near three centuries.

Almost all the evidences that now remain of the early period of Anglo-Norman government are the castles we have mentioned, some monastic ruins, a few records of the appointment of sheriffs of Antrim, Coleraine, and Newtown, and the charters and grants of lands to religious houses. Alan de Galloway, Duncan de Carrig, the Bissetts, the Logans, and other great and powerful barons, then played their parts on this stage; but they, and the records of their time, are gone; and the site of a ruined tower, or the name of a townland, are all that now preserve the memory of their presence. Ballysavage, in Moylinny, alone now tells of the wide possessions enjoyed here by the renowned and chivalrous Sir Henry Savage; he who, going out to fight the Irish, ordered a feast to be laid in his hall, that whoever won the victory might have fit refreshment after such a day's work. Of the Bissetts, Glenarm Castle is the chief existing monument, as Dunluce is of the mysterious family of the Macquillans. We have often been inclined to suspect that Thomas, grandson of Alan of Galloway, who is called Macdualan by Abercrombie, and who founded a castle in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, may have been the ancestor of



this family; but the constant tradition of the country, both in Ulster and Connaught, refers them to a British origin, and makes them kinsmen of the Welshmen of Trawley. Mr. Reeves, after citing the testimony of MacFirbis on this point, proceeds to say:—

“Although the family in after times conformed to the Irish customs, the memory of their British extraction was kept alive until their declension at the close of the sixteenth century. A letter addressed to Henry VIII., in 1542, notices, among others, ‘One Maguyllen, who, having long strayed from the nature of his allegiance (his ancestors being your subjects and cam oute of Wales), was growen to be as Irisshe as the worste, and was in the late conflycte with Oneil, in his ayde ageinste your Majestie.’—(State Papers, vol. iii., p. 381.) In the same year was recorded the ‘Submission of Maquillen,’ to which was appended the observation—‘Note, he desireth to be reputed an Englishman as his ancestors weare and are.’—(Cod. Clar., xlv., No. 4792, fol. 123 b.) Dymmok’s ‘Treatise of Ireland,’ which was written at the close of the sixteenth century, observes—‘The Route is properly the inheritance of one Mac Willi, descended from a Welsh ancestor in the tyme of the first conquest.’—(p. 22.) Another description, written about the same time, states that ‘the now capten [*of the Route*] that maketh claim to it, is called Mac Guillin (the posteritie as is thought of a Welshman), but Sir James Mac Surley [*Mac Donnell*] hath wholly expelled him, and driven him to live in Knockfergus, where he remayneth in a very poore estate.’—(Dubourdieu’s Antrim, p. 623.) ‘A lineal descendant of his now [1812] lives near Silver Stream, just by the road from Belfast to Carrickfergus.’—(*Ibid*, p. 610.)

“About the middle of the sixteenth century, the greater part of this territory was wrested from Mac Quillin by Somhairle Buidhe [*Sorley Boy*] Mac Donnell, who, though a Scotchman, and sprung from the Lords of the Isles, was yet of Irish extraction, and about the thirty-sixth in descent from Colla Uaish, King of Ireland. It appears from the ‘Annals of the Four Masters,’ that during the three preceding centuries a close connexion subsisted between his ancestors and the chieftains in the north of Ireland, whose quarrels they espoused, or whose territories they invaded. The Four Masters, at the year 1544, record that James and Colla, sons of Alexander Mac Donnell, came with a body of Scotch, on the invitation

of Mac Quillin, to assist him against the O’Kane; but this alliance was soon after succeeded by his own expulsion, for Somhairle Buidhe [*Sorley Boy*], a younger son of Alexander Mac Donnell, took forcible possession of the Route, about the year 1544, and even established himself in Mac Quillin’s fortress of Dunluce.”

The Macdonnells had already acquired considerable possessions in the glens of Antrim, by the marriage of John Macdonnell with the daughter and heiress of Bissett, early in the fifteenth century; but their intrusion on the Macquillans, and their successful wresting to themselves of the possessions of that family in the Rout (*Dal-Riada*), forms a distinct chapter in their family history; and as Mr. Reeves has gone at greater length into the history of several other families of consideration, we are induced to give the account of the coming of Sorley Buidh and his brothers, and the narrative of their dealing with Macquillan, as preserved in the traditions of their own family. Our readers who are acquainted with the genius of the Irish for genealogical history, will not be surprised at the preservation of these particulars; but to parties unacquainted with the Irish habits of acquiring and transmitting knowledge of this kind, the document from which we are about to extract will appear, we think, remarkably curious and interesting. It is a genealogy of the Macdonnell family, drawn up and reduced to writing, at the request of Mr. Macdonnell of Ballinlig, in Glengariff, in the county of Antrim, by Æneas MacDonnell, a carpenter, who states that he derived his information from Mrs. Macdonnell of Bealapatrick, “who had her knowledge from all the best information of all the families.” That is to say, he commences:—

“There were five brothers—Donal Malak, James More, Colla Dhu na capul, Nish Averach, and Sorla Buah, sons to Angus (Alexander), King of the Isles.

“Donnall Malacht was cursed by his mother before he was born. The reason was, her husband, the King of the Isles, killed her five brothers in battle, all in one day. . . . His mother prayed, if a daughter that she was with, that she might never refuse mankind, but be a harlot; and if a son, that he might

never behold the light of heaven. It seems that she got her prayer.

“Colla Dhu na Cappul: the reason he was called so (was); he and his army was (were) forced to eat horseflesh, when he was sent by his father to help the Earl of Tyrconnell against O’Neal of Tyrone. When he landed in Ireland, he stopped at the residence of MacQuillan of Dunluce, where he and his men were kindly entertained. The season before young Colla and his army arrived, the O’Kanes of the County Derry robbed MacQuillan’s people of all their property; and when Coll Dhu and his army was (were) about to take their leave, he thought that it was as little as he could do to offer his aid to MacQuillan against the O’Kanes, which was kindly received by MacQuillan, which (who) was fond of his aid; and they went against the O’Kanes; and where the O’Kanes took one cow from the MacQuillans, they took two in return. Winter coming on, MacQuillan invited Coll and his army to stop and winter with him, and he would quarter one of his men along with (each of) his own galloglasses on his tenants, which he did. It was a custom that the galloglass got from whom he staid with, a

madder of thick milk over and above the Highlandmen. One of the Highland soldiers said to his landlord, that it was not fair for him to give the madder of thick milk to the galloglass. The farmer answered, and said he could not help it, and would be glad to be rid of both. The galloglass said, would he, the Highland beggar, compare himself to one of MacQuillan’s galloglasses? The farmer desired that each of them should go out on (by the) contrary doors, and fight, and let the conqueror have it; they did so, and it ended in the death of the galloglass. Coll, who stopped with MacQuillan, married his daughter in private; and after the death of the galloglass, a council was held by the galloglasses and their chief MacQuillan. It was determined that on (a) certain night each galloglass should, when sleeping, murder (should murder when sleeping) their companions, the Highlandmen, and, at the end, their commander, Coll Dhu na cappul. The secret of the murder came to his wife’s knowledge, and she told him what was approaching; and the night the murder was to take place, he had his army encamped on the side of Dunseverick hill. Of him was born by MacQuillan’s daughter, Archbold,\* who married a woman of the name of

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\* Surnamed Gillespie Feacle, having been born with teeth. His history, and that of his descendants, is thus given in another account of the Macdonnells, taken down by Mrs. MacElheran, from the relation of Mr. Archibald Macdonnell of Ballinlig.

“Gillespie Feacle spent a great part of his time with his godfather, O’Quin, of Carrenrig, who had a daughter about his age. Between her and Gillespie an attachment was formed; and before he was of age, they were privately married. Enraged on discovering the unequal alliance, Sorley Buidh, who was Gillespie’s uncle and guardian, denounced the O’Quins, and threatened to take the heads off both Gillespie and his wife, if they should fall into his hands. When Gillespie came of age, his birthday was celebrated with great rejoicings at Ballycastle, and, among other spectacles, by a bull-bait. The bull, by accident, got loose, and rushed on the young chief himself. A gilly standing beside Gillespie, drew his sword, to defend his master; but, in pulling out his weapon, unfortunately wounded him in the thigh. There being no medical person in Ballycastle, Gillespie was removed to Rathlin, to receive surgical treatment. It has been said that the surgeon was bribed by Sorley’s family to poison the wound, which soon after proved fatal. Gillespie Feacle died in Rathlin. His widow, after the birth of her son Collkittagh, in Glassineerin, an island in Lough Lynch, fled with her young son, from the persecution of Sorley Buy, and put herself under the protection of her husband’s clan, in Collinsa, where Coll Kittagh was brought up in military practices, and often distinguished himself against the clan Campbell. He paid his addresses to a daughter of the Laird of Sandha. Taking advantage of his absence on a visit here, the clan Campbell seized his castle of Dunaverty. Coll Kittagh, returning, was warned not to land, by a piper in the dun playing ‘*Stachia aroon; dhimashin a lave,*’ by which, understanding what had happened, Coll put about his curragh, and so escaped. The Campbells cut off the piper’s fingers. Coll had only one son, Alister, born in Killoran, in Collinsa; and it was said there, that, on the night of his birth, every hand there drew a sword out of the scabbard, and every gun fired a shot. The house was standing during the life of the late Collinsa; Archy MacDonnell, of Ballinlig, remembers seeing the ruins. The walls were three yards thick, and built without lime. Old Collinsa would not allow it to be pulled



O'Quin, of whom was born Colla Catta (Coll Kittagh), who married the Laird of Sane's (Sandha's) daughter, by whom he had his son, Alexander MacColl, Major General Knight of the Field."

He then proceeds to relate the services

of Alister Mac Coll with Montrose, and his death at the battle of Knockinoss, where he alleges that he was run through the body, after he had surrendered, by a distinguished Cromwellian officer, whose name we need not here mention. His sword, he says,

down; but his son, when he came to inherit the property, built office-houses with the stones. Alister left his father early in life, and came to Ireland, where the Earl of Antrim gave him the command of 1,500 men, whom he sent to the assistance of Montrose, in Scotland. Coll Kittagh was treacherously murdered, by the Campbells, at Dunstaffnage, near Oban. Having heard that Alister MacColl had been killed at Crooknadoss (Knockinoss), Dunstaffnish invited him (Coll) to his house, and after dinner hanged him on a tree, or ear-shed. It is said that, on the change of government, the Antrim family were apprehensive of the consequences of having assisted Montrose; and that Alister, on his return to Ireland, burned thirteen castles on the Antrim estate, in one night, as a *ruse*, by which means he prevented the accusation or suspicion of the Earl of Antrim. At the battle of Knocknanosse, or Crooknadosse, having been deceived by some of their allies, they were hemmed in, and cut to pieces. Alister, at the close of the engagement, surrendered himself to one of Cromwell's troopers, who was about to conduct him to the camp, when they were met by . . . who insisted on having the prisoner. The trooper appealed to the general, and said he should decide. MacDonnell said he certainly was the prisoner of the person to whom he had surrendered, which so enraged . . . that he drew his sword, and thrust him through the back. He is buried in the tomb of a Mrs. O'Callaghan, in Clonmeena churchyard, where there is a ruined chapel, in the parish of Kanturbe (Kanturk), county Cork. It is said his sword is still preserved in Lohan Castle, county Tipperary.

"The two sons of Alexander, subsequent to his death, and that of his grandfather, Coll, came from Cantyre, when children, and obtained protection from the Earl of Antrim (the first marquis). The wife of Alexander, and mother of these boys, was daughter of MacAlister, Laird of Loop. The elder, Colla Voolin, possessed the lands of Glassineerin, an island in Loch Lynch, Torr, Cushendall, Nappan, and Caniffadoon; none of which cost him more than £10 a-year.

"The younger, Gillespie More, or Archibald the Big, entered the army very young; was a very brave soldier, and was wounded in some battle in the south, about the time of the Restoration. It is said, that on leaving the field, with the assistance of his servant, M'Carry, he had reached a narrow ford or passage, when they were met by sixteen of the enemy; but having possession of the pass, they killed them all, and brought two of their best horses to Glenariff. Gillespie More settled in Glasmullen; and he held a considerable property under the Antrim family, for which he paid £20 a-year, viz.—Glassmullen, Dooney, Ligidrenagh, Mullaghbuy, and the two Knockanes. He died, aged seventy-three, and is buried in Layde. His wife, Ann Stewart, daughter of Captain Stewart, of Red Bay Castle and Ballydrain, had one son, Coll, who married Ann MacDonnell, of Nappan. Their son, Alexander MacDonnell, of Cushendall, left an only son, who died at sixteen, and two daughters—Rachel, who died young, and Ann, who married Archibald MacElheran, of Cushendall.

"There is a tradition in the glens, that the two sons of Alister MacColl (Gillespie More and Coll a Voulin), during their father's life, while under the protection of the Earl of Antrim, were sent to school, and properly attended to; but after his death were turned out, and sent to the glens, to board with a MacAuley, who employed them as herds on Lubithavish. Lavderg, brother to Alister's wife (MacAlister), going out to hunt, met the boys, crying for a pig they had lost. Questioning them further, he discovered his nephews. Much enraged with MacAuley, it is said he would have killed him, had he not kept out of his way. Taking the two boys with him to Glenarm, the Countess had much to do to quiet him before the return of Lord Antrim (whom he called *Meerlagh*, and other terms of reproach); and the matter was settled that the boys should return to the castle, and be brought up according to their rank."

There is another tradition as to the death of Sir Alister; viz. that he was thrust through, under his back-plate, when the armour was raised as he stooped to let his horse drink. His sword, we believe, is now in the possession of the Earl of Egmont.



is still preserved at Laucher Castle (elsewhere called Loughan.—See note below) in Tipperary:—

“It is said by those that saw it, that there is a ten-pound ball, with a wheel through it, on an open rod, at the back of the sword, running from the hilt to the point; so that when he raised his hand, the ball ran to his hand, and when he struck, it ran to the point, and came on with such weight, that neither man nor horse could stand before him. He left after him three sons—Archibald More, who owned Glasmullen, and lived in it; Coll Avalin, who lived in Ballinlig, and owned it; and Daniel, who lived in Cushendal, and owned it.”

He then deduces the pedigree from these sons to their present representatives, Doctor James Mac Donnell of Belfast being then the representative of Coll-a-Voulin. After this he proceeds to give the descendants of James More, the second of the five brothers, the progenitor, he says, of the Lords of the Isles, and of the Scottish Clanranald, as also of the Irish families of Bealapatrick and Legg. Next we have the race of Nish Averagh, or Pleasant Angus; and finally, this account of Sorley Buidhe, the youngest, but by far the most famous and powerful of the name:—

“Sorla Boua: of him is (are) descended the Earls of Antrim. He was the fifth brother; and Mrs. MacDonnell, of Belapatrick, always maintained that about the time the battle of Ora was fought, he was in England; and hearing of the success of his brother in conquering the Macquillans, he got the charter of the estate in his own name; and so by that means became the lord of all, though all the rest of his brothers and relatives never wanted lands enough, until the late Lord Alexander, the first Protestant lord, son to Lady Ann Skeffington, and (who) by that family was reared a Protestant. His father, Randal, was called the Prince of Ulster, for his beauty and valour. He was first married to the Duchess of Bolton, but by her he had no children; then, after her death, he married Ann Skeffington, of the Masserene family. Though he was the most noble and princely gentleman that ever was known to be reared in the province of Ulster, he had his enemies in the days of the Chevalier, the Pretender's father, in the year '15. There were forty-eight of his chief freeholders who formed a false accusation against his life and estate; and his own agent, Alexander Donaldson, at the

head of it, viz.—that he had gone over to the Chevalier, with all his clans and interest, and sent a special messenger with it to London, to the King, George II. Before it was sent away, it by some means came to the knowledge of Aeneas MacDonnell, of Legg, who laid all before his lord and friend, and advised him to post off to London, and be there before the bill would arrive. They both went, and they were only two days at the Duke of Grafton's residence when the black bill of conspiracy and the messenger arrived at St. James's and was presented to his Majesty. The King, knowing that Antrim and Grafton were great friends, he calls Grafton—‘See here what your friend Antrim has done.’ On Grafton reading it, he replied—‘My liege, it's as false as hell; for Antrim and his friend are at my residence these four days, so that he never contemplated the least idea of going against your Majesty, with either himself or his interest, to the Chevalier.’ The King replied—‘Send for him;’ which Grafton immediately did; and when the King saw him, he said he was better pleased to see him, and that the accusation was false, than five hundred thousand pounds, for he had such a liking to him. But he was a Catholic lord: but they were of the other sort, that wished to deprive all Catholics of their lands and properties; but while that imperial estate was . . . by its own blood, during the fall and rise of kings, it stood like a majestic tower, and did not cease in an acre of its property; but when transferred to strangers, it soon became only the name to the proprietors. But the . . . property went over to strangers, and has only left the shadow to the present proprietors. Then when his freeholders were worsted in that deep-laid plot to have his life and property, they then again, in the year '45, formed a counterfeit lease from the said lord to a natural son of his, Daniel, that did really go to the Pretender, and never returned, of all the lands that were in the hands of his relatives and name; and got a John Groma M'Coy to swear to it; and by that means robbed both the relatives and the estate of that vast property called ‘Helow Bliad Land’ (the land passed to the Hollow Blade Coy—one of undertaking companies of London;) but his relatives were going to rebel against the government agents that came to claim this forfeited property; but their lord and friend would not let them endanger themselves in such a way, for that he would show to his majesty's government that there never was any such thing; and caused his friends to surrender, and that he would regain

it again for them. They all took his advice but Captain Archibald MacDonnell, of Glassmullen, or Coll, his son, and he would not on any terms surrender, and held fast his property: so it remains to this day to the present heirs of the Antrim estate. He (the said Lord or Prince of Ulster) went to Dublin, to regain the said lands, and took the black jaundice, and died: so the Heblaid remains to this day. His son, then a child, went to the castle of Masarene, and was there reared a Protestant. He was father to the late Lord Randal William, who left after him three daughters: the eldest daughter, Ann Catherine, who married Sir Henry Vane Tempest; by him she had one daughter, the present Lady Londonderry. Lady Charlotte married Lord Mark Kerr; who at the death of her sister is heir, and her son becomes entitled to the estate and title: and in them ends the race of Sorla Bue."

Such are the tales and traditions handed down among the descendants of these powerful but barbarous chieftains. It will be seen that Sorley Buidh is exonerated from the charge of aiding in the extrusion of Mac Quillan, and that that piece of violence (for the story of Mac Quillan's treachery has little show of truth; and it is remarkable that, in Mr. Archibald MacDonnell's account cited below, there is no allegation of any excuse of that kind), is left at the door of Black Coll the Horse-eater. However that may be, it was Sorley who had the ability to gain the land, and the policy to keep it, and transmit it to his descendants.

In looking back on the family-names assigned by Mr. Reeves as those of the most powerful families in each territory, at different epochs, one cannot but be struck with the short duration of human fortune. The names of the Pictish princes are now either entirely gone, or are those of the lowest of the people. Hanratty, Casey, Tummilty, Cummisky—these vulgar names now represent the Indractachs, Cathasachs, Tomaltachs, and Cumascaighs of Cruithnic story. The Lawlors and Lynches, as we have said, retain the names of the Dalaradian princes; and the O'Hoeys of a long line of kings who formerly ruled over Uladh, or Ulster Proper, nearly co-extensive with the county of Down. In the same way, it seems the Magennises were but intruders on the O'Haideths (O'Heas), in the lordship

of Iveagh; just as the O'Donnells in Tyrconnell rose to their provincial sovereignty on the downfall of the O'Muldorrys.

We have as yet taken no notice of the great fort of Downpatrick, from which De Courcey chased the last MacDonlevey. It is the greatest military fort in the north of Ireland, and cannot have been constructed without immense labour. Before the erection of the flood-gates which at present prevent the tide-waters of the Coyle rising over the surrounding flat, it must have been insulated at each tide, and the adjoining hill, on which the cathedral stands, surrounded on three sides by water. Celchta was the first founder—a hero of the Red Branch, and cotemporary of Finn, the son of Cumhal, who, probably enough, has often supped within its steep, spacious enclosure. It does not cover so great an extent of ground as Eamania; but in the height of its rampart, and the depth of its fosse, it far exceeds that or any other earthen fort with which we are acquainted. Another residence of the *reguli* of Ulster was, it seems, at *Rath-temayn*, now Redemon, a seat of Mr. Sharman Crawford.

It would be impossible for us to accompany Mr. Reeves in his identification of the thousand other localities which he investigates—(There are upwards of three thousand names of places and persons in his Index). But before we leave the topographical part of his work, we will contribute one or two particulars respecting Rathlin Island, which will at once amuse, and a little shock our readers. In the time of the Lord Deputy Chichester, James Mac Donnell of the Isles, the same of whom we have above written, started a very extraordinary claim in some of the courts of superior jurisdiction, insisting that Rathlin was a portion of the territory of Scotland, and so belonged to him, in right of his lordship of the Out Isles. The question was seriously taken up, and a long correspondence ensued between the heads of the English and Irish governments. The Lord Deputy urged that it would be highly inconvenient so to deem, or take the island, for this, among other reasons:—

"If it be of Scotland, we, who have served the crown, have run into great

errore; for in tyme of the rebellion, we often wasted it, and destroyed the inhabitants by the sword and by the halter, as we did the rebels of Ireland; so did Sir John Perrot in the tyme of his government, of which no complaynt was made by any subject of Scotland."—16th March, 1617. Cod. Lamb. 605, p. 207.

What reasons were urged on the other side, it would be tedious to narrate; but the king, if we can believe Mes-singham, solved the difficulty, by ordering this issue, viz.—Did, or could toads live in the said island? To which it being found and certified that they could *not*, his majesty wisely decreed that the same should be deemed and taken to be a part of the soil of Ireland, no doubt greatly to the relief of the mind of the Lord Deputy.

Let us also say, in taking our leave of this part of the work, that we greatly desiderate a map such as accompanies Mr. O'Donovan's Hy-Fia-chra, for example, or Hy-Maine; and while we beg for a map in any new edition, we would also ask Mr. Reeves to expunge one, and only one, passage in which he has departed from the sedateness due to his subject, and to his own manner of dealing with it. We allude to a remark on Gibbon. One could excuse some asperity in a clergyman referring to anything Gibbon has said on theology; but to point to that great historian as "a flippant writer," for an opinion on a point of ethnography, is not worthy the gravity and candour of learning.

Our readers will have observed that we make but little reference to the strictly ecclesiastical portion of Mr. Reeves' labours. In fact, mere ecclesiastical records are generally of small interest. It concerns the present generation little to know who was dean or who were the chapter in this or that year, save so far as the successions of Anglo-Norman and native Irish names may indicate the alternations of the civil power. Long lists of the possessions of religious houses are valuable as indices to ancient topography, and may serve with some to excite a wholesome sense of the impolicy of suffering such accumulations in dead hands; but in other minds, and those probably the minds of the majority, such studies tend rather to beget a sympathy for the old possessors. The

same may be said of the study of ecclesiastical architecture and decoration. Minds which penetrate the mysticism, acquire an increased contempt for all that symbolical apparatus, and rise from the wholesome discovery with clearer views of the divine economy, and a stronger reliance on the simple truths of God. Other minds, and these again the greater number, unable to extricate themselves from the charm of a half-revealed mystery, pleased with the continual development of analogies, and captivated by the formal beauty of the objects themselves, fall from one degree of fascination to another, until, from having been the dupes of mysticism, they become the instruments of religious intrigue and social warfare. There is but little in those northern dioceses to feed this kind of morbid appetite; and we read nothing in Mr. Reeves' notes of *vesica piscis's* deflected choirs, sacred monograms, and the rest of the apparatus which usually figures in the pages of our mediæval revivors. He seems, however, struck by the fact, that all our most ancient churches are without chancels. We believe there is no instance of a chancelled church in Ireland earlier than the chapel of Cormack; and we may add, that whatever our old churches possess of mystical and symbolical ornament, is of a date subsequent to the ninth century. Whether Mr. Reeves has formed an opinion on those matters, we do not collect; but from his passing over the few instances of that kind of decoration which exist within his field of inquiry, without notice, we apprehend he has either not considered them, or deems a reference to them injudicious. In directing his search after structural ecclesiastical remains, he has, of course, been guided by the lights afforded for all inquiries of that kind by Mr. Petrie, whose indication of the constituent parts of our old ecclesiastical foundations, has set so many minds at work to trace out the existing remains of *damhliacs*, *dúirtheachs*, *clogtheacs*, *cashíols*, and other appendages of such establishments. The passage from Bernard's "Life of Malachy," so often relied on as showing that the Irish of these parts, in the 12th century, were still unacquainted with the art of stone and lime building, is very conclusively displaced by



historic references to the *damhliag* or stone church of Saul, in A.D. 1020, and to another at Bangor itself, in 1065; not to speak of the several round towers of the district. The foundations and walls of many other churches, which, from their site, as well as style of architecture, must be referred to an earlier period than that of Malachy, attest the same fact. Of these, two were, until lately, still surrounded by their ancient *cashiols*, or circular ramparts. One of these, at Dundesert, is thus described, as it stood about sixty years ago:—

“In a field, called the *Church-field*, which is now as even as if it had never been disturbed by any other instrument than the plough, there was, until about 60 years ago, a space of nearly four Irish acres, enclosed by a large and nearly circular fosse. This trench was of about the breadth of a moderate road; and the earth which had been cleared out of it was banked up inside as a ditch, carrying up the slope to about the height of sixteen or twenty feet from the bottom. The whole face of the slope was covered with large stones, embedded in the earth. Concentric with this enclosure, and at about the interval of seven yards, was another fosse, having a rampart on the inner side, similarly constructed; and on the area enclosed by this stood the church, east and west, ninety feet long, and thirty wide. The ruined walls were about six feet high, and five thick. The burial-ground was principally at the east end of the building, and the whole space outside the walls was covered with loose stones. The two entrances, as described above, were of about the same breadth as the fosse, and were paved with large flat stones, but they had no remains of a gateway. Pieces of stained glass, coins of the Edwards, oak boards, large iron handles, stone hatchets, a small bell, and three stone basins, one of them perforated, were found within this space. With considerable difficulty all the stones were cleared away, and with them the mill and houses of Dundesert were built, while the trenches were filled up, and every trace of the cashel and church as completely obliterated as the most fastidious ploughman could desire.”

Enclosures of a similar kind exist at Nendrum, a very ancient and famous foundation of St. Caylan or Mochæus, the site of which has now for the first time been ascertained by this most diligent and accurate topographer. The ruins stand on an

island in Strangford Lough, which still preserves the name of the founder in its local application of Maghee island. Here, as usual, we find the remains of the round tower, the customary appendage of such establishments; but we leave Mr. Reeves to describe for himself the particulars of his own discovery.—

“The western extremity of the island, which is something of the shape of a mallet head, rises from the water edge, by a gentle slope, to the elevation of sixty-six feet. The ascent is interrupted by three oval enclosures, which, somewhat like terraces, gird, in succession, the crown of the hill. The outermost and lowest is in part defaced by cultivation, but enough remains to ascertain that it was of an oval shape, with the long diameter lying north and south. The second ring, which is nearly concentric, about thirty yards higher up, is better marked. The third, which encompasses a level space about seventy yards in diameter, approaches nearer to the figure of a circle, and is placed in the upper part of the large oval formed by the outer rings. Near the centre of this platform stood the church, of which nothing but the foundations remain. On clearing away the rubbish, it was found that they measured fifty-eight feet four inches in length, and twenty-two feet four inches in breadth. The gable walls were three feet thick, and the side walls three feet four inches. The building stood E. N. E. At the west end were two shallow buttresses, formed by the continuation of the side walls beyond the west angles. Several skeletons were found, during the examination, in and about the site of the church. At the distance of forty-three feet to the N. W. stand the remains of a round tower, about nine feet high. The diameter, inside, six feet six inches; outside, at the base, about fourteen feet. It is built of undressed stones, very firmly cemented together by grouting. Judging from its diameter, it is probable that the height of this tower was below the middle standard; but, even with a moderate addition to the elevation of the site, its upper story would command a view of nearly the whole length of Strangford Lough. Within the inmost enclosures, are several traces of foundations of buildings, but so indistinct, that no satisfactory opinion could be formed of their original design. Outside the enclosures, on the east, is a well, artificially closed in. At the foot of the eminence on which the church stands, to the east, is a creek, which

appears to have been the usual landing-place. Here are some remains of rude stone works; and this is, probably, the 'portus insulæ coram monasterio,' in which, according to the biographer of St. Finian above quoted, certain ships, which had come from Britain, arrived."

We incline to believe with Mr. Reeves, that Bede's account of the purposes of the *cashiol* at Lindisfarne was fanciful, and that these enclosures were rather designed for keeping out the hands of strangers than for keeping in the thoughts of the residents. Whatever contemplations engaged the inmates of Nendrum, they certainly did not overlook any opportunity of acquiring for themselves lands and services throughout the adjoining country. Had their thoughts been more confined to the circle of their *cashiol*, they would have received fewer visits from the Danes, and would have been less easily induced by grants of land from John de Courcy, to abandon their former benefactors, and submit themselves to the temporal government of England, and the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome. Even in their least corrupt days, their establishments could have presented no very satisfactory spectacle to a dispassionate mind. When we hear of three thousand students at Bangor, and we know not how many thousands of others at Lismore, we must recollect that these were not the young men of the country, sent thither for a time, to be returned to their dwellings instructed in morals and letters, there to become the heads of households, the guides and counsellors of their children and dependents; but youths of tender disposition, of gentle or amiable tendencies, withdrawn from the world, never to be returned; while the fierce, the rude, the scorers of peaceful occupation, were left to be the unlettered heads of lay society. Thus every element of improvement was locked up, and the minds and dispositions given by God for social use and comfort, gathered away from the places where his gracious hand had sown them, and thrust together into corners, there to fret out lives of repressed affections and misapplied intelligence.

We own we have no sympathy with those whose reverence for antiquity leads them to desire a return to the practices of the early Irish church—a return which we apprehend none of

them will be hardy enough to allege, could be achieved without monasteries and the mass. As for all their labours in antiquity, we are well pleased with them: everything new in that direction makes more apparent the reason we have to be thankful for existing institutions and practices, while by adding new matter to our local information, it gives the country itself an increased hold on our interests and attachments. What has escaped the hands of the Danes is enough to make it very probable that in what the Danes destroyed, we have endured no very weighty intellectual loss. Bangor in particular, so far as regards the scholastic acquirements of its three thousand, is pretty well represented in its antiphonary still extant in the Ambrosian library at Milan. The portions of this composition which do not belong to the regular ritual of the church—for the latter is always noble and profoundly affecting—indicate a singularly meagre genius and small erudition. We are persuaded that the more these matters are examined, the less reason will the present generation have to be dissatisfied with the education afforded by our modern colleges, the exhortations to piety and virtue given from our reformed pulpits, or the opportunities for improvement afforded by the easy acquisition and free study of the printed Scriptures.

We are further well assured, that familiar walking with the early fathers of Christianity in Ireland will considerably modify any tendency that may exist, as lately some existed, to venerate these celebrated persons more than other eminent and zealous churchmen. We question if the reverence of the O'Kellies for their patron saint, Grellan, has been at all increased by the disclosures in Mr. O'Donovan's "Tribes and Customs of Hy-Mania," respecting his conduct in the treaty between their ancestor Maine More and the Firbolgs of Connaught, where the first use the saint makes of his success in decoying the army of his former benefactors into a morass, is to stipulate with the successful invaders for so many firstling cattle and other dues to his church, as the reward of his treachery. It would have been better for the people of Leinster to have continued to pay the Boru-

mean tribute to this day, than that their Saint Moling should have set an example of clerical special pleading and mental reservation, in the equivocation by which he is represented to have procured their release from that impost. Saint Ruadhan of Lorrha and his curses, by which he drove his lawful sovereign from the royal residence at Tara, to avenge an infraction of his own usurped rights of sanctuary, will hardly go down with posterity as a just example of Christian meekness. Even in the acts of Patrick, the grasping after temporal possessions and authority, mingles disagreeably with the zeal for spreading the Word of Life. Thus, even within the limited compass of Mr. Reeves' inquiries, Canthericus, Prince of Hy-Tiurtre (a territory then lying on the western, but of which the name was subsequently transposed to the eastern, bank of the Bann), refusing to receive the message of the saint, has his patrimony transferred to his younger brother, who, in consideration of this unexpected acquisition, grants the sites of seven churches, enumerated in the tripartite life of our apostle, but of which two only, by their modern names, have rewarded the pious scrutiny of the annotators. Then again, Fergus MacErc, obtaining his patrimony through the saint's intercession, bestows "*patrimonia meliorem partem*" on the successful advocate, and he in turn prophesies (that is to say, procures) for his accommodating client, the dominion and authority over his elder brothers. These anecdotes of the saints appear to us reasonably good antidotes to the Romanising tendency of mediæval pursuits. Even were they not so, it would be unphilosophic and a crime against knowledge to discourage the ascertainment and publication of the facts, whatever they may be. If these men were truly good, learned, and apostolic teachers, we ought to confine ourselves to their example as nearly as the altered circumstances of society will admit: if they were selfish, tyrannical, ill-instructed, worse-instructing, equivocators—greedy after power and revenue—encouragers of superstitious terrors, that they might use the fears they fostered to the aggrandizement of their order—we must still remember that, in the midst of this heap of human frailty,

they brought us the pearl of God's Word, and that, through God's grace, it is to them we chiefly owe the planting of Christianity among us. And certainly, the diffusion of Christianity among us, under their teaching, was something marvellous, and not to be accounted for by anything short of a universal spiritual contagion, accompanied, on the part of its early preachers, by an appreciation of character, and a power of seizing on favourable, and of avoiding unfavourable circumstances, only vouchsafed to men who are made special instruments of the great designs of God.

We incline to believe that there is considerable error in the popular opinion as to the character and circumstances in which Patrick came on his mission to this country. The general impression is, that Patrick landed in Ireland a solitary and poor missionary, accompanied only by the divine spirit. On the contrary, he appears to have come attended by a considerable retinue. Mr. Petrie has obliged the world with a list of the names of his principal scribes, his bell-smiths, and his masons. He must have had many of each sort of servants; for it was his practice to bestow copies of the Scriptures on the bishops whom he ordained, and one of those copies is actually, it is thought, and on strong evidence, in existence now, and to be seen in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It was also his practice to bestow bells on his converts and disciples; and one of these bells also is believed, and this too on good evidence, to have survived the casualties of fourteen centuries, and to be the same with that which is at present in the possession of Mr. Adam McClean, of Belfast. Mr. Petrie also possesses a bell alleged to have belonged to our apostle; and although we are ignorant of the evidences relied on for establishing its history, we are sure no such representation would be made, without strong facts and reasons to warrant it. Mr. McClean's bell, along with various other ecclesiastical bells, has already been made the subject of a learned and elaborate paper, read before the Academy by Mr. Petrie, but not yet published. Whether all the particulars stated by Mr. Reeves, in reference to this very interesting object, have been there anticipated, we cannot say; but the pro-



bability is, that Mr. Petrie's industry has left nothing new, though everything still rests unpublished, for the supplemental labours of any competitor. As it is, we have a long and curious account, in one of Mr. Reeves' appendixes, of the bell, and of its hereditary *maors* or keepers, the O'Mellans and O'Mulhollans, the latter of which families is still numerous, and has again risen to wealth and consideration in its ancient patrimonial district. We think it better, however, to postpone any observations we may have to offer on these facts and documents till we see the whole subject illustrated in the Transactions of the Academy.

Indeed, however, of all matter of questionable priority in disclosure, these appendixes, constituting as they do fifty-five separate historical and topographical essays, contain a surprising mass of original information. Of this, as we have said, the secular material is by far the more valuable; yet as a topic for reflection, we cannot help noticing the calendar of saints' names and festivals for almost every day in the year, furnished by the hagiographers of these three dioceses alone. At this rate, the whole of Ireland would give us half-a-dozen holy-days daily, and the faithful, who should duly celebrate the national festivals, would do no work at all. The taste for composing these pious romances is generally supposed to have been at its height in the 12th and 13th centuries, but many of the most absurd of the *Acta* are of much greater antiquity. Thus, Mr. Reeves gives us a life of St. Muirgen, a virgin whose festival is celebrated on the 27th of January, from the *Leabhair na Huidhre*, which cannot be of a more recent date than the 8th century. She was daughter of King Eochaid, who was drowned by the irruption of Loch Neagh; but the waters spared her palace or pleasure garden, in which she resided, unharmed, under the lake, for a year. She then, weary of that imprisonment, was changed, at her own

desire, into a salmon, in which form she traversed the sea till the days of St. Comgall of Bangor, when she happened to encounter Beoan, son of Innli, on his voyage to Rome.

"When the crew of Beoan's curragh were at sea, they heard the celebration of angels beneath the boat. Liban, therefore, addressed them, and stated that she had been three hundred years under the sea, adding that she would proceed westward, and meet Beoan, that day twelvemonth, at *Inver-Ollarba*, whither the saints of *Dalaraidhe*, with Congell, were to resort. Beoan, on his return, related what had occurred—and, at the stated time, the nets were set, and she was caught in the nets of Fergus of Miliuc, (Moylusk?)—upon which she was brought to land, and crowds came to witness the sight, among whom was the chief of *Ui-Conaing*. The right to her being disputed by Congall, in whose territory—and Fergus, in whose net—and Becan, in promise to whom she was taken, they prayed for a heavenly decision; and, next day, two wild oxen came down from *Carn Airneid* (Carnearney), and, on their being yoked to the chariot in which she was placed, they bore her to Teach-Dabheog (wherever that was), when she was baptized by Comgall, by the name *Muirgen*, i. e., 'born of the sea,' or *Muirgell*, i. e., 'traverser of the sea,' &c."

As we have said, the more such matters are known, the less harm they can do. Let us only have them, like this tale of the Siren of Ollarba, in their naked simplicity; not clipped and dressed, as Alban Butler and the Tractarians insidiously present them; and, while topography and history gain constant help from their allusions to known places and events, true religion and common sense will suffer nothing from their folly. But, folly is a bad word with which to conclude our notice of this wise and accomplished writer; and we must hasten to avail ourselves of the little remaining space at our disposal, to express our hope that his industry will soon again lay us under increased obligations to his judgment and learning.

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\* The incident of the wild oxen is a trite one; but the rest of the story of our siren-saint preserves some of the wild freshness of primitive times, before the manufacture of legends of this sort fell into the formal hands of the monks, than whose compositions, indeed, in this department, nothing can be well conceived more meagre and jejune.

## THE CROPPY'S FINGERS.

BY A DREAMER.

"LADY MACBETH—Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this hand."

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the year 1822, and for a considerable period subsequently, the vast county of Cork reeled to its centre with the convulsions of an agrarian *éméute*, called "*Whiteboyism*." The origin of this nomenclature is ascribed to the insurgents having, at first, worn their shirts outside their clothes, for the purpose of avoiding identification and detection. The actors themselves were, in general, of the lowest class, being composed of "farmers' boys" chiefly, and the idle hangers-on about every country establishment—fellows, who with the cleverness of being able to turn their hands to any employment marked out for them to do, hated labour above all things, and loved with equal fervor a fair, or pattern, or a wake, or wedding, or, in short, any scene that brought together a numerous assemblage. Under the tutelage of some leader, recommended to them by his physical energies, they scoured the country in quest of fire-arms; and, whithersoever they went, mandates were issued, under the *quasi* names of "Captain Rock," or "Captain Starlight," or some such designation, denouncing vengeance on all obnoxious persons—a vengeance, in most instances, ratified by awful deeds.

The government, for a long time, bore with this lawless rule, evidencing a degree of forbearance, that drew down on them the indignant remonstrances of the peaceable. But the evil continuing to deepen, instead of passing away, as they had fondly hoped; and the agrarian agitators having now proceeded to more daring deeds, such as the pillaging of houses, and the burning of haggards, strong measures were devised. The military force was augmented, by marching from the metropolis a regiment of cavalry and another of infantry; while several corps, that had been noticed to hold themselves in readiness for foreign

service, were countermanded, and directed to proceed southwards without delay. The troops were broken up into cantonments; and several of the smaller towns, that never hitherto had been graced with the presence of red-coats, now re-echoed with the *reveille* of the trooper's bugle, or gleamed with the glancing light of arms, as their narrow streets were converted into parade-grounds for the quartered detachments.

But the government might as well have issued their edict against Will-o'-the-Wisp, as against ubiquitous Captain Rock. The sentinel would see, as he dully paced his measured distance, the red blaze that proclaimed some new case of outrage; or the magistrate's order, to move to some threatened locality, would arrive at unseasonable midnight; and the guard would turn out, and hurry to the pointed-out place, and there the discomfited soldiers would find only ashes and smouldering embers, while far away, in another quarter, new fires would be enkindled, as if to mock them. Jaded and harassed, they unaffectedly despised the service on which they were engaged, and perhaps equally despised themselves for their inability to cope with an enemy that himself appeared invisible, at the very time that his works were abundantly manifest.

A new element was now introduced, with the intent of more effectually meeting these active antagonists. The local gentry, and other well-disposed inhabitants, were embodied as yeomanry, and were drilled and officered. Nightly patrols were established, being divided between the yeomanry and the regular forces. The line of march was kept secret; and the men themselves never knew their route, until they had actually entered on it. And the effect of this diligence soon became apparent. Numerous prisoners were taken, either in arms, or in the very

act of outrage ; and, being transmitted to Cork, were immediately tried, and, on conviction, were sent on board the hulk, that lay opposite Spike Island. As a consequence, however, the disaffected seemed goaded to frenzy. All who had put themselves forward prominently on behalf of the law, were marked for assassination ; and the deadly design was communicated to them by letters, bearing rude sketches of coffins and death's-heads, warning them that such was to be their portion. Many who were particularly exposed, withdrew to the city, as to a place of refuge ; while others contented themselves with removing their families, and, from a sense of duty, remained personally, that they might lend their aid in quieting the evils of their distracted land.

Even in the midst of this wild contest, the strange merriment of the Irish character flashed forth, like the lightning that gleams in sudden bursts from the clouds accompanying the storm. The presence of so large a military array asserted its claims on the hospitality of those whose homes they came to defend, and continued fêtes and dinner-parties were prepared with hearty good-will for the gallant sons of Mars, as though all around had been order and tranquillity. From the ball-room the dragoon mounted his steed, for rough tramping over the country causeways, and sighed, as his over-sensitive heart confessed to him there was more of danger, deep down in those blue eyes he had been gazing on, than in all Captain Rock could do against him. The *un-military* guests either remained for the night in the house where they had been entertained, or accompanied the patrol to the point nearest their respective homes. Thus, the *finale* of a "reception" presented the unwonted features of a warlike demonstration ; and the lights that issued warmly from the portico windows fell on the scarlet coats and burnished equipments of armed men, sitting still and statue-like on their pawing, well-trained war-horses.

When I look back upon the incidents, of which I can truly say, "*Quæque ipse vidi*," I can hardly persuade myself that they are now removed from me by the deep gulf of the quarter of a century. With difficulty can I realize the conviction, that

full twenty-five years have rolled away since the things I narrate were objects of eyesight and of daily participation. Still more strangely does it seem to me, that a new generation has arisen in maturity during the interval, and that my own has been swiftly hurried away into obscurity and desolation. How passing strange is it, that the tiny infant, whose baptismal rite I witnessed, has not only grown into woman's ripened bloom, but has now her own babes also in her bosom ! How mournful, that the *belle*, who enumerated among her thralls mine own unworthy self, has relapsed into the staid grandame, with a new progeny engrossing her interest and affection ! And the manly hearts that then expanded in friendship towards me, are either turned to dust in many a quiet graveyard, or, more sadly still, beat weak and faint in the asthmatic bosoms of age. Yet, such is Time, and such his silent working among the children of dust. Noiselessly enough do the wheels revolve ; but they approach with irresistible progress, and in the end crush the poor victim, with Juggernaut doom, into the clay from which he was taken.

The garrulous talk of an old man, when he becomes a

———"laudator temporis acti  
Se puerô,"

has passed into a proverb ; and my reader will, I trust, bear with a brief digression, that is not wholly unconnected with my main story.

The town of Doneraile, from its being the focus of the insurrection, was strongly garrisoned with both horse and foot ; and the mess of the —— Light Dragoons was one day enlivened by a new accession, a young nobleman, freshly gazetted to a cornetcy. Lord Hautboy—I will give him a fictitious name, for he has long since outgrown his juvenile follies, and has distinguished himself both at home and abroad—was the eldest son and heir apparent of the Right Honourable the Earl of Muchland ; and he straightway took on him to display his aristocratic claims by an affected *hauteur* towards his brethren in the mess, all of whom happened to be untitled. The lad's follies—he was barely eighteen—were good-humouredly laughed at ; and, as he was, in the main, a hearty, happy-minded fel-



low, he was not unpopular, though exposed to many a sly trick, on account of his besetting weakness. One of these I must record. Lord Hautboy's arrival was duly chronicled by the gossips of the neighbourhood; and, popular as the — Dragoons hitherto had been, their presence was now yet more welcome, when it was known they had among them this marvellous personage. The Irish are, instinctively, a reverential people: may I use the harsher epithet, and proclaim them to be over-fond of "title-worshipping?" And such, now, was the siege laid to the young aristocrat by designing mammas, and aspiring daughters, that Father M'Cormick, the parish-priest, was constrained to rebuke his flock openly in the chapel, when he declared to them, indignantly, that "the love of *the lord* was fast driving away the grace of God out of their souls." But the dangerous attentions continued, and the most diligent in showing them were the Tufleys, a family that enumerated among its members no less than five young ladies. At last, it was widely reported that Julia Tufley, the eldest daughter, a maiden of five-and-twenty, was fairly *fiancée*; and the coronet, so eagerly sought after by many fair competitors, was seen, in dim prospective, settled on her snowy brow. Hautboy, it is certain, was continually at The Park. His lordship breakfasted, lunched, and dined there. He angled in the streams. He shot on the mountains. He rode with the young ladies. He conversed confidentially with mamma. He even traversed the farm, in the old gentleman's society—and felt, or feigned an interest, in discoursing on manures, and cattle-breeding, and the rotation of crops. In short, everything was progressing very naturally and pleasantly; and the only question put by the young lady herself, and in solitude to her own bosom, was "*when* will he propose?"

The clever mamma had found that Lord Hautboy, though often invited, nay, pressed to do so, had uniformly declined remaining under her roof for the night. The strictness of military rule was his plea, and the necessity of being in barracks with his men. Great, therefore, was her joy, when his lordship made known his intention, not only to dine, but sleep at The Park, on

a day that he named in the week ensuing. I need not tell what preparations were made to receive him with becoming style. How the state bedroom was aired, and got ready. How trunks were pulled out, and "best things" put in; and how the household were trained in their manœuvres for a live lord's reception. The promised evening came, and with it duly arrived Lord Hautboy. The family were to be alone, but alone they were not destined to continue; for Major Hartley, of his lordship's regiment, rode up soon after, and presented himself in such a way, that, of necessity, came a reluctant invitation for him, too, to stay to dinner. The major either did not notice, or did not care for, the coldness wherewith Mrs. Tufley repeated her mincing words of hospitality, but bluntly remarking that "the night looked black," and that "the inside of the house was the sheltered side in that weather," he handed his hostess into the dining-room, leaving the enamoured Julia to hang timidly on the arm of his disappointed subaltern.

The night wore on, and improved in nowise in its character. The wind increased to a very hurricane, and dashed great sheets of rain against the closed casements. A storm seemed raging in the Park trees, where the unhappy rooks found their dwellings dismantled before the eddying tempest, and their young brood, unable to save themselves, were dashed helplessly on the ground beneath. The Tufleys began to fear they would have to ask the luckless Major to pass the night with them; when, to their unspeakable satisfaction, he announced to them his orders for the patrol to call for him by ten o'clock. As though Fortune were at last smiling, the storm also considerably abated; and the young Moon, faintly breaking through dense over-arching clouds, shone out clear and cold, as if commanding elemental peace. And, punctual to their orders, the detachment arrived at the stipulated hour. They "formed" in the semicircular sweep before the house; and the troop-serjeant at once dismounted, and reported their arrival to his senior officer.

Major Hartley listened to the intelligence with placidity; and rose as though to take his adieux. To the

unutterable amazement of the whole circle, however—to their horror and chagrin—it was only to move towards his subaltern, whom with sweet affability, yet with unmistakeable preciseness, he directed to take charge of the men for the night—to place himself under the orders of Mr. Lowe, one of the district magistrates; and when he had patrolled two of the roads near the Ballyhowra mountains, to march them back to their barracks at Doneraile. “I will relieve your lordship,” continued the Major, “tomorrow morning early; and will stay with our kind friends here for to-night. I am sure I shall not inconvenience them, as I shall occupy the room got ready for you. And, my lord,” he added, dropping his voice, “suffer me to remind you of the propriety in future of your getting leave from your commanding officer, when you wish to be absent for a night, instead of taking it. I save you from arrest, by sending you back to your duty.”

How far this tragical disappointment influenced the fair Julia's fate, I am unable to reveal, or I should do so for my reader's benefit. All I know is this, that Lord Hautboy's visits suddenly ceased at The Park; and that after two years' penitential weeping, the beauteous Miss Tufley was led to the altar by a rollicking rider to the Duhallow hounds, and that I have often seen her since—the buxom lady of a country squire. She has been blest with a numerous offspring; and a late *Cork Constitution* announced to me the marriage of her eldest daughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

But to my story. I was one of a party of six, during these fearful scenes, at the hospitable table of Mr. Hugh Norton, a Doneraile gentleman, who resided within two miles of the town of that name. Mr. Norton was a county magistrate—an efficient but humane one. He sought at all times to draw the line of demarcation between the agent and the tool, in the outrages he was required to investigate. He was aware of the many ignorant peasants who were entrapped into this evil combination, and held there by the thralldom of fear; and he laboured zealously so to protect even the weakest and meanest, that

none might say he had joined the conspiracy, save of his own free will. But while he pitied the victim, he was uncompromising in his hostility to the fomenter of disturbance. With clear-headed discretion, with untiring vigilance, he tracked out the leader, and punished him; and his knowledge was so extensive and varied, that the guilty in every locality were arrested almost on the instant of their breaking the law, and often even prior to the commission of their offence. By the loyal and peaceable he was regarded as a very pillar of their support; and more than once the Executive had written to thank him for his exertions. But, on the other hand, the dislike of the rebellious rose almost to fiendish malignity. Letters reached him in various modes, and sometimes by the post itself, declaring to him that his doom was sealed; and more than one attempt made on his life, which was repelled only by his own calm heroism, proved the intensity of the White-boys' hatred to this firm administrator of the law.

Norton was a brave, but not a rash man. Disdaining to leave his house for threatening's sake, he removed the female members of his family to the city of Cork, and having strengthened his mansion so that it might stand a siege, and garrisoned it with some of his tenantry on whom he could rely, he determined to defy his intended assassins. His friends, in admiration of his heroism, seldom left him without their protection likewise; and his official character bringing him much into contact with the military, he either dined at the Doneraile mess continually, or had the officers for his own guests at home. The dinner party of which I am speaking was of this kind, being modified by out-of-door events. Unblessed with female society, we sat down but half-a-dozen in number, and of them, four were “men of war.” The room itself showed tokens of the times. The shutters were sheeted with iron, so as to be ball-proof; the side-table had pistols and daggers laid among the rich array of plate; the guests, moreover, had come armed to the teeth, and in this very guise sat down to the cheer laid before them.

The dinner was plain and good, and the wines excellent; but good things themselves must come to a close, and

the bringing in of coffee afforded a welcome conclusion. Young Harry Melsop, one of the military men, proposed an adjournment to the porch, for the enjoyment of cigars, and hummed some fragmentary verses to the moon, which he declared was looking graciously from heaven upon us. We agreed; and mine host, who averred that he alone was acquainted with the mysteries of the bars and locks of the hall-door, proceeded, in anticipation of our going out, to make a free passage for us. We heard him removing bolt after bolt, and shooting back manifold locks, until at last he stepped through the entrance, and trode the gravel outside. Just then came a thundering explosion, and a yell of pain from the far distance; and as we tumultuously arose, with no other expectation than that of finding our murdered friend's remains, his cheersome voice greeted us—

"No harm done. The gun burst, I think, with the villain."

An unfeigned thanksgiving burst from every lip.

"On my coming outside," Mr. Norton continued, "the whole lawn looked so peaceful in the moonlight, that I half forgot the danger of exposing myself unprotected. Something, I thought, soon after stirred in the midst of the clump of trees yonder; but the underwood is so thick, that I could not tell whether it was not an animal grazing. I stood, however, marking the place intently, and in a few seconds a man disguised with a veil of crape emerged from the thicket, looked at me, hesitated, and then presented his piece and fired. I could have shot him before he pulled his trigger, and actually had him covered; but his aim was so wild and unsteady, that I knew he must miss me; and—unless I greatly err—the unfortunate wretch has had his own punishment. Heard you not his agonizing screams?"

A very few seconds brought the whole party into the shrubbery, which we subjected to a close scrutiny. In the place pointed out by Mr. Norton, we found traces of the assassin's hiding. The grass was trampled on, and the bushes had been set aside so as to form a kind of recess; and there were found, further on, more evident tokens. We picked up the shattered stock

of a blunderbuss, and fragments of its lock and barrel; a track of gore led on to a stone fence, over which the fellow had fled, but the stains suddenly ceased on the other side. As we were engaged in this exploration, the smart trot of cavalry was heard; a passing patrol filed into the avenue, and the officers, and attending magistrate, instantly joined our small body. They warmly congratulated Norton on his escape, adding that the flash had been seen by them from the top of Scargannon hill, and that they had pushed on to give assistance as speedily as possible. A scouring of all the contiguous fields was recommended, as in some of them the wounded Rockite was in all probability hiding; and a search to be made at the same time of the suspected houses in the neighbourhood, whither he might have betaken himself for shelter.

Melsop was the last lingerer in the grove. He seemed to quit it with reluctance, and once or twice called the party back, on the plea that we had not sufficiently examined all its retirements. At last he expressed himself satisfied that there was no corner where further evidence of the criminal might be looked for. He was lightly stepping forward from the trees, when he in that instant found he trode on something that slipped with his step. He stooped, and among the long meadow-grass found—a portion of a man's left hand! Begrimed with gunpowder, and blood, and clay, were the first two fingers and thumb of a human hand, connected merely by a long strip of skin. His exclamation drew us all around him; and once more we paused, and deliberated on ulterior proceedings. And here (for I am narrating a true story) the providence of the Lord in heaven, that we see so constantly displayed in the detection of every Cain, was abundantly manifested. Mr. Norton gazed for a while on the ghastly relics; and then a gleam of discovery crossed his features. He washed the mutilated fragments in a pool of rain-water, formed where carts had been crossing, and holding them up in the silvery light of the moon, exclaimed—

"They are his: they are Hickey's fingers!"

He bade us examine them carefully. They were portions of a hand of huge



dimensions, and were remarkable for the bushy patches of red hair growing on the back of the large middle finger especially. The hand itself must have received extensive, if not fatal, injury; and from our knowledge that it was the *left* hand, we had important help towards detection of the criminal. Norton's countenance fell again. He seemed struggling with intense mental feeling. Doubt or hesitation there was none; but there was manifested an incredulity—an unwillingness to believe that which his eyesight proclaimed a fact.

"They are Hickey's," again he repeated, with almost mechanical precision; "yet if his they be, then is there no faith in human nature."

Hickey was his steward, his valued and trusted humble friend. He had often entreated his master to be on his guard; and had proved his fidelity by several times revealing plots of which he had obtained knowledge. He had lived with him more than twenty years, and during that whole period had devoted himself exclusively to his interests; and now that it should have been *he* who had made this murderous attempt, seemed incredible. There was no reason in the range of possibility for his doing so. No; it could not have been he.

But the fingers were in his grasp; and the red clumps of hair on them asserted it was none else.

That very day Hickey had given in to his master a pay-sheet of the labourers, in which were some items disputed by them. In explaining the accounts, and justifying his entries, he had held the sheet for nearly half-an-hour *in his left hand*; and his master's eye, in traversing the columns, casually rested on this fist of an Esau, attracted by its hirsute furnishing. And the wisdom of God, in so directing him, seemed now apparent; for a fragment of that same hand was before him palpably—that hand which had been raised to shed his blood.

"We must away to my steward's house," at length said Mr. Norton; "if the assassin is to be found, he is there. At all events, I shall acquaint myself of this harrowing suspicion."

The men moved on in silence, and at the foot of a narrow *boreen*, or bridle-path, broke into single files.

We reached the house, and surrounded it.

Our knocking for a time seemed fruitless, and we had commenced breaking-in the door, when a woman's voice was heard from within, questioning us as to who we were.

"Open the door," thundered Norton; "I am here—your master."

The fastenings were undone, and the woman, who was no other than Hickey's wife, dropping a curtsy, apologized for the delay. She averred that her husband and herself had been asleep, and that they were "afraid of the Whiteboys to open the door. But that now, shure, all was right, and his honour was welcome to his own house."

"I must go in and see Hickey," interrupted Mr. Norton; "so light a candle, and show me the way to your room."

The candle was got, after a protracted delay, but had to be lighted at a neighbouring house, as the fire had dwindled down into ashes at Hickey's. Taking Melsop and myself with him, and bidding the rest to be on the alert, Norton ascended the narrow stairs, to the upper chamber. We advanced to the bed, in which lay Hickey, apparently asleep.

"He's waried after the labours of the day, your honor," exclaimed the woman who had followed us, "and 'tis a cruel case to brake his rest; but ye know best, I'm sure."

"Silence, woman. Hallo! Hickey, awaken!"

The steward turned on his side, yawned, and seemed puzzled with our presence. But his master straightway said—

"Come, Hickey, stretch out your hand."

He obeyed, but gave his right hand.

"I want the other; you cannot hide it."

It had not escaped us from the commencement, that all this while the apparent slumberer had studiously thrown into the shadow his left side, and now when he exposed it, the reason was evident—his left arm was an unsightly heap of bandages.

"Why, what has happened to you? You were quite well at the office today," said Mr. Norton.

"After that, sir," replied Hickey, "I went down to the limestone quarry

to see how the men were getting on, and not minding myself, a rock fell on my hand and crushed it; and when I came home I took to the bed, as I felt weak with the loss of blood."

The fellow's countenance contradicted each word of the statement. There was guilt in every line, and shame, and sorrow; and there was sorrow also in his master's voice, as he indignantly looked upon the mutilated hand, saying—

"You have lost some of your fingers—see, I have found them for you."

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I was present at Hickey's execution, which followed six weeks after. There was no doubt about his guilt, nor did he himself question the justice of his sentence. His master supplicated that his life should be spared; but under the circumstances of the country, it was impossible that his prayer could be granted, although he proffered it in person at the castle of Dublin. The unhappy culprit was hanged in a field, on the opposite side of the road from that where he committed his crime; as it was considered that cases of peculiar atrocity should be avenged in their own immediate neighbourhood. There a scaffold was erected;

and so apprehensive were the authorities of an attempt to rescue the prisoner, that two full regiments were drawn up around the gallows. He died firmly, and with penitence, asserting his happiness in the ill-success of his attempted deed of blood. With his dying breath he warned the bystanders against the secret system, which had brought himself to that disgraceful end. He loved his master, he said, and would have died for him; but having, through cowardice, permitted himself to be initiated into the agrarian league, he had taken their oath of fellowship and obedience. When it had been decided that Mr. Norton should be assassinated, the lot to shoot him had, either justly or unjustly, fallen to him, and accordingly he had made the attempt. But he declared that the only drop of sweetness in his cup was the reflection on the failure of his enterprise. He was innocent in act, though not in intention, and so far was reconciled to his doom.

The scene of the outrage is by the side of one of the chief entrances to Doneraile; and the passing tourist is yet pointed out a wide-spread lawn of meadow-land overhanging the Awbeg, which is now known among the peasantry by no other name than that of *The Croppy's Fingers*.

## THORWALDSEN.

FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

A RICH page in the history of Art lies unrolled and deciphered before us! Thorwaldsen has lived! His life was a continued triumph: fortune and victory waited on him, and art was recognised and revered in his person. The life of this happy one—this triumphal march—may be painted in words, as with colours. To represent the whole in painting, we should sketch three scenes. The first is a Danish beech-forest, where the king stands before an altar of rude stone blocks, surrounded by the priests, with a thick gold circlet on his head. This is the King of Denmark, Harald Hildetand. His eye sparkles—his head is proudly raised—for the mighty gods have sworn to him that, after many centuries, one of his descendants shall stretch out his sceptre from the North Cape to the southernmost point of Europe—far towards east and west—and his name shall be recorded in the book of nations. See the next scene! Centuries have rolled by, and it is our own age; a poor boy, with a little red cap on his golden hair, carries an earthen pitcher, slung by a cord, through one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen—he is bringing dinner to his father, who works in the dock-yard, carving rude figure-heads for the ships. But observe this child! he is the youngest of King Harald Hildetand's race, and in him the promise shall be fulfilled. But how? The third scene will show. The boy has become a man—the yellow hair white—but it hangs upon his powerful shoulders in rich profusion; around stand noble marble forms—Jason with the golden fleece, the Graces, the Holy Apostles; it is the King of Artists whom we see—the scion of Harald Hildetand—the poor boy, who now as a man stretches his sceptre in the realm of Art, over the countries of Europe—it is Bertel Thorwaldsen.

It is not the imagination of a poet—it is reality—which has furnished the

subject for each picture. Iceland has preserved for the northern nations their ancient language, mythology, and history. Their genealogies may be found accurately in the Sagas; and thus we have Thorwaldsen's.

The family is descended from the Danish king, Harald Hildetand; from Denmark it fled to Norway, and afterwards to Iceland. We read in the Saga of the Laxdölern, that one of this stock, Oluf Paa, was a powerful chief, whose taste for works of art is celebrated in the songs of the bards. Bertel Thorwaldsen's spirit stirred in the chieftain's breast. Hear the Saga:

"Oluf Paa built a larger and more beautiful banqueting-hall than was ever seen before. On the walls and ceiling were painted celebrated events from the old Sagas; and they were so finely executed, that the hall was far more beautiful than if it had been hung with tapestry. When the hall was finished, Oluf Paa gave a great banquet, to which the bard Ulfa Ug-gason came, who composed a poem upon Oluf Paa and the Sagas which were pictured on the walls. This poem was called 'Hunsdrapa.'"

A likeness in intellectual peculiarities, as well as in features and manners, may be preserved through many generations; and those of Oluf Paa, elevated and heightened, shone forth in our Thorwaldsen.

At Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, Karen Grönland, the daughter of a Jutland preacher, and the wife of the image-carver, Gottschalk Thorwaldsen, bore her husband a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel. The father had come over from Iceland, and was in needy circumstances; the couple dwelt in the small Grünstrasse, not far from the Academy of Arts. The moon looked often into the poor chamber—she has told us of it herself:—\*

"Father and mother were sleeping;

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\* "Picture-book without Pictures." 24th Evening.



but the little son slept not. I saw," said the moon, "the flowered chintz bed-curtains move—the child looked out. I thought at first he was watching the clock, it was painted so gaily in red and green. A cuckoo sat above it—there were heavy weights—and the pendulum, with its shining brass-plate, went backwards and forwards, tick, tick. But it was not that he looked at: no! it was his mother's spinning-wheel. This stood exactly under the clock, and it was the boy's favourite piece of furniture; but he dared not touch it, else he should get a slap on his finger. He could sit whole hours, when his mother spun, watching the humming spool and circling wheel; and he had his own thoughts then. Ah! could he but spin upon the wheel! Father and mother slept: he looked at them—he looked at the wheel—and soon after one little naked foot peeped out of bed, and then another little naked foot, then came two little legs—he stood upon the floor! He turned back once, to see if father and mother were asleep, and then he went softly—quite softly—in nothing but his little short shirt, to the spinning-wheel, and began to spin. The band flew off, and the wheel turned quickly. At the same instant the mother awoke—the curtain moved—she looked out, and thought it was a Kobold or some other little sprite.

"'In Jesus' name!' said she, and touched her husband timidly.

"He opened his eyes, rubbed them, and looked at the busy little creature.

"'That is Bertel!' said he."

What the moon relates is here the first picture in Thorwaldsen's Life Gallery—for it is a real scene. Thorwaldsen himself, in familiar conversation with the author, at Nysö, has related, almost word for word, what he has made the moon say in his poem. It was one of Thorwaldsen's earliest remembrances—how he sat in his little short shirt in the moonshine, spinning at his mother's wheel, and how the dear mother took him for a little sprite.

Some years ago there was still living an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little fair blue-eyed Bertel, who used to come to his father in the carv-

ing-house of the dockyard. He was to learn his father's trade; and as the latter felt the disadvantage of not being able to draw, the boy at eleven years of age was sent to the free school of the Academy of Arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years later, Bertel could help his father, and even improve his work. See the ship heaving in the dock! the Danish flag is waving—the workmen sit in the shade round their simple breakfast; but in the front stands the principal figure in this picture: it is a boy, who boldly carves the features of the wooden image at the ship's prow. It is its guardian spirit; and shall wander through the wide world as the work of Bertel Thorwaldsen's hand. The ever-heaving sea shall baptise it with its waters, and wreath the garlands of sea-plants round it!

Our next picture represents a later period. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has frequented the school of the Academy for six years, where he stands silent and sparing of words before his drawing-board. His answers are yes or no—a nod or shake of the head; but gentleness beams in his countenance, and kindness in every gesture. The picture shows us Bertel at his confirmation. He is seventeen years old—no very early age to acknowledge his baptismal obligations; he is placed before the pastor in the lowest rank, his knowledge not entitling him to a higher. A short time before, the newspapers had announced that the pupil Thorwaldsen had received the small silver medal from the Academy.\*

"Is it your brother who has won the silver medal?" asked the pastor.

"It is I myself," said Bertel. The clergyman looked at him benignantly, placed him above the other boys, and called him henceforth "Monsieur Thorwaldsen." Oh, how this word vibrated through his heart! he has often since said it sounded greater than any title kings could bestow; he never forgot it.

In a little house in "Aabenraa," the street where Holberg places the dwelling of his poor poet, Bertel Thorwaldsen lived with his parents, and divided his time between art and his labours

\* The bas-relief which gained the prize, represents a sleeping Cupid.

for his father. The small gold medal of the Academy was to be given as a prize for sculpture. Thorwaldsen was twenty years of age. His friends knew his powers better than himself, and they obliged him to undertake the proposed subject—"Heliodorus driven from the Temple."

We are at Charlottenburg,\* but the little room where Thorwaldsen sat a few minutes before, completing his sketch, is empty, and he is hurrying down the narrow back stairs, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, to return no more. In the life of a great genius nothing is accidental; the hand of Providence guides the apparent trifle. Thorwaldsen was destined to fulfil his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark back stairs? One of the professors is just coming that way—speaks to him, questions him, exhorts him; he returns, and in four hours the sketch is completed, and the small gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791. The minister of state, Count Ditlew von Rewentlow, saw the young artist's work, and became his patron. He procured him employment, and placed his own name at the head of a subscription, which gained him freer opportunity of devoting himself to his studies. Two years afterwards, the large gold medal was won, and with it a sum of money for the expenses of travelling; but before his departure, his education was to be attended to. A year passed; he read and studied; the Academy countenanced him, and he advanced in knowledge. We will glance upon an object dear to him at this time. We find it at his feet in those pleasant evening scenes, when he sat in the merry club, with men like Rahbek and Steffens, a silent looker-on; we find it in a corner behind the large stove; at home in the shabby room, which contrasted strongly with the well-dressed gentlemen who visited it; we see it fastened by a string behind the door of the theatre, where Thorwaldsen has to speak two replies in his little part in the "*Barber of Seville*;" it is his favourite dog, who is connected with this period—with the whole of his life. He loved it, and thought upon it often as he worked, his faithful and beloved companion. All

his friends were anxious to have one of its offspring; for once, when a creditor of Bertel's was too importunate, he sprang furiously upon the harsh dun. Thorwaldsen has immortalized him in marble; and not his first love, which the poet's breast usually transforms into an unfading Daphne leaf.

We are acquainted with a chapter of this history. In the spring of 1796 Thorwaldsen was to set out on his wanderings through the world, over the Alps, to Rome; but he was taken ill, and after the illness was very depressed. There was war in Germany, and his friends advised him to go in the royal frigate "*Thetis*," which was to sail directly for the Mediterranean. He was in love at the time, and bade the beloved one farewell, honourably and frankly saying, "Thou shalt not hold thyself bound to me, now that I am going to travel. If thou remainest constant to me and I to thee, until we meet again, in some years, all is settled!" And thus they parted, and only met after many, many years—a short time before his death—she as a widow, he as Europe's ever youthful artist. When Thorwaldsen's body was borne in royal state through the streets, an old woman of the lower class wept at an open window—it was she. The first farewell was recalled to her memory by the last. The first farewell! yes! that was a festal day. The cannons thundered "farewell" from the frigate "*Thetis*." See how the sails swell in the breeze—the water foams at the prow—the ship passes the wooded coast—Copenhagen's towers disappear; Bertel stands on the bow—the waves sprinkle the image of Thetis, whose features he has carved. But at home, in the little chamber in "*Aabenraa*," sits the inconsolable mother, mourning over the loss of her son, whom she will never see again—never again press to her heart. One of Bertel's dearest friends is there also. He brings her a little purse of ducats from the traveller; but she shakes her head, exclaiming, "I want nothing but my child, who will perish in the raging sea!" And she takes from the chest his old black silk waistcoat, and imprints a thousand kisses on it, weeping bitter tears for her beloved Bertel.

A whole year passes away. We

\* A royal palace in the New Market.

are upon the Molo, at Naples, at the latter end of February.\* The packet-boat arrives from Palermo. Turks, Greeks, Maltese, people of all nations, come on shore. Amongst them stands a pale, delicate Northern; he helps the Facchini to bear his luggage, and shakes his head at their loquacity, for he does not understand the language. What avails it that the sun shines without so clear and warm—there is no sunshine within; his heart is sore, and depressed with home-sickness. And thus Bertel Thorwaldsen treads at last the soil of Italy, towards which, Ulysses-like, he has hastened. The “Thetis” had first made a cruise in the North Sea, in order to guard the northern coast against the English privateers. It was not until September that the ship passed the channel, and it arrived, in October, at Algiers, where the plague had broken out. Then followed a long quarantine at Malta; then a voyage to Tripoli, in order to negotiate a cessation of hostilities against the Danish ships there. Whilst the captain was on shore, the ship loosed from her anchorage, drifted forth, and kept a new quarantine at Malta, in such a condition that it was necessary to keel-hale her. At Malta, therefore, Thorwaldsen quitted his countrymen, and went in an open boat to Palermo, whence the packet-boat brought him to Naples.

He met none of his countrymen, and did not understand the language. Downcast and restless, the very next day he sought in the harbour, to see if amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground was waving. Had it been there, he would have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he was lodging, saw him weep, and thought, “It is certainly love which afflicts him—love for some one in his cold, barbarous country.” And she wept with him, thinking, perhaps, of her own first love; for the rose-tree may still live, though it be harvest-time, and it stands leafless with its berries upon it. “What has been the end of his journey?—why does the coward return?” Such were the words with which he would have

been greeted at home. This he felt in these moments of conflict, and shame overcame his gentle spirit. In this mood he hastily engaged a place with a vetturino to Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797, a day which was celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birth-day, before they knew the real date. The 8th of March was the day on which Thorwaldsen was born to Art in Rome.

A portrait meets us here. It is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist has been recommended. But he discerns no unusual talent in him, and his eyes discover in his works nothing but a slavish imitation of the antique. We will let three years glide away, and ask Zoega what he now thinks of Bertel, or, as the Romans call him, “Alberto.” The severe judge shakes his head, and says—“There is much to blame; little with which one can be content; and he is not even diligent!” Diligent, however, he was; but his genius was unseen by the unseeing eye. “Then the snow thawed from my eyes,” he has often said himself. The drawings of the Danish painter Carsten were among the works of intellect that shed their influence upon the growing genius. The little atelier was like a battle-field—all around lay broken statues; the spirit created them in the hours of night, and they were shattered in discontent at their faults. The three years had flown away, and nothing was yet produced. The time of his return home was at hand; and some work must be completed, lest it should be said in Denmark, “Thorwaldsen has wasted his time in Rome.” Mistrusting his genius when she most lovingly embraced him—expecting no conquest, when he stood midway in its path—he modelled “Jason after having won the Golden Fleece.” This it was that Thorwaldsen longed to gain in the kingdom of art, and which he now believed he must relinquish. The figure was modelled in clay; it was regarded by many with indifference—he broke it. In April, 1801, the journey home was to have been undertaken with Zoega, but was delayed until the following autumn. “Jason” still occupied all his thoughts; and a new and larger sta-

\* The “Thetis” sailed from Copenhagen the 20th of May, 1793.



tue was modelled—an immortal work. But it was not yet revealed to the world, or understood by it. “Here is something above the common,” said the multitude. Even the renowned Canova encouraged him, and exclaimed—“*Quest’opera di quel giovane Danese è fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!*” Zoega smiled; “Bravo, that is well!” The Danish lady, Frederika Brun, was then in Rome, and celebrated the praises of Thorwaldsen’s “Jason.” She assisted the artist to have his work cast in plaster, for he had no more money than was just sufficient to fetch him home.

The last glass of wine was drained at parting; the trunks were packed; the vetturino’s carriage stood before the door in the morning dawn; the luggage was tying on behind, when a fellow-traveller came—the sculptor Hagemann, who was going to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not correct, and the journey must be put off till next day; Thorwaldsen promised, notwithstanding the displeasure of the vetturino, to wait so long. He stayed—stayed to win for himself an immortal name on earth—to cast sunshine over Denmark. The bombs of the British have overthrown the towers of Copenhagen—the British have robbed us of our fleet—but in our just resentment we must remember that it was an Englishman who preserved thee, Bertel Thorwaldsen, for us and for our country’s glory. It was the will of God that an Englishman should raise up more for us than our towers—should increase the renown of the nation’s name more than the streaming flags and thundering cannon of all its ships could have done. The Englishman, Thomas Hope, stood in the little chamber which the artist was about to leave, before the veiled “Jason;” it was a critical moment in the history of Thorwaldsen and in that of art. The rich stranger had been led there by the valet de place; for Canova had said that “Jason” was a work in a new and elevated style. Thorwaldsen demanded only 600 sequins to complete his work in marble; Hope instantly offered him 800. The path of fame now opened before him. “Jason” was not completed and sent to the noble Briton for five-and-twenty years afterwards; but in these years

other *chef d’œuvres* were executed, and Thorwaldsen’s name was inscribed amongst the immortals.

A favourite of fortune, he was yet at times sick at heart. The sun of Naples could not reach his ailment, but friendship and loving care could, and these he found with Baron Schubart, the Danish ambassador, in Tuscany. With him, at his pretty villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health returned to his body, and peace to his mind. His summer sojourn in this place is depicted in his bas-reliefs, “Summer” and “Autumn.” Here princes and artists associated themselves with him affectionately, and admiration and esteem met him on every side. He produced here the “Dance of the Muses on Helicon,” in marble, and “Cupid and Psyche.” This group stood completed in the castle; a storm came on; the lightning fell, and shattered all the statues, with the exception of “Cupid and Psyche.” This was a token from heaven that he was its favourite; its lightnings spared the work of Thorwaldsen. The sea itself in its fury spared his “Venus with the Apple;” for the beautiful statue rose in safety from the surf, after the melancholy news of the sinking of the ship on its voyage to England had been announced. The rumour of the recognition of Thorwaldsen’s genius reached Denmark, and awakened interest and joy. He was named a member of the Royal Academy of Art, and received orders for the palace and senate-house. Glorious statues were now produced; new works of art, new commissions, followed. Years fled by. Our reigning monarch, then Prince Christian, wrote for him, and Thorwaldsen expressed his joy and his desire to return, but various works detained him for some time in the city of the Pope.

All was rejoicing and activity in Rome. An imperial palace was to be erected on the Quirinal Hill, and artists and workmen were busied multifariously, for it was to be ready in May, 1812, to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms where spaces were left on the walls for bas-reliefs. No one thought of Thorwaldsen’s assistance—he was returning home to the north. Time pressed, and the work must be completed. The architect, Stern, who directed the whole, happened accidentally to sit next Thorwaldsen at

the academy of St. Luca, and proposed to him to execute a frieze in plaster, twenty-nine Danish ells in length, which must be completed in three months. Thorwaldsen promised, and kept his word: he completed a *chef d'œuvre*, "the Triumph of Alexander."\* Its fame reached all countries; Denmark was excited to enthusiasm. Sums were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorwaldsen remained in Rome, and new works were executed. We will pause to consider two of the year 1815.

Weeks and months had elapsed without Thorwaldsen's having produced anything. He wandered about, sunk in inexplicable sadness. Early one summer's morning, after a sleepless night, he placed himself before the moist clay, and in a moment formed his celebrated bas-relief, "Night;" and as he worked, the dark cloud vanished from his soul—it was day, clear, sunny day; he gained a cheerful peace which ever after did him homage as the self-conqueror. A Danish friend found him before the finished bas-relief, sporting gaily with a great cat and his dog Teverino. The modeller came the same day to bring it to be moulded, and Thorwaldsen had already "Day" in hands, and said, "Wait a little, and we can have this cast at the same time." In one day were two immortal works completed.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in the morning, he commenced his journey homewards, in company with Count Rantzau zu Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. He reached Copenhagen on the 3rd of October, by Schleswig, Als, and Fünen. Twenty-three years had elapsed since he was last here. It was destined that his parents should not see him—his mother should never press her beloved Bertel to her heart, nor hear the homage paid him, nor see the rejoicings which greeted his return; they had long since departed—but from heaven they looked upon him—from

heaven they followed him on his path of earthly triumph. The tears of a mother upon earth, her prayers in heaven, are blessings. In all the Italian and German towns, both rich and poor approached him with tokens of reverence; and many a young and enthusiastic artist hastened to the town, which he knew Thorwaldsen would pass through. At one of the last stages towards Stutgard, a traveller stopped the carriage in which Thorwaldsen was, and requested permission to go on in it; it was granted, and he told how he had come a long way, in order to see the great artist, Thorwaldsen, in the town where he was expected. Thorwaldsen made himself known—it was one of the most delightful moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a triumphal procession; his arrival was not less so. See! how old and young press around him! A hearty shake of the hand—a kiss—is Thorwaldsen's "good day." All this worldly exaltation and honour did not spoil his upright mind, and simple manners. A dwelling is allotted him at Charlottenburg; his eye seeks, amongst the crowd who surround him, one old friend. The old porter stands modestly at the door in his red coat—the old man of his youthful days. Thorwaldsen throws himself into his arms, and kisses him heartily.

Festival followed festival in honour of Thorwaldsen. The most brilliant was that given by the students of the university, and held on the royal shooting-ground. Oelenschlager made an oration, at the conclusion of which the poet demanded that he should represent one of the old gods of the north. Songs were sung, cannons thundered, toasts were drank—one for Thorwaldsen's "Graces" in the toast to "Danish Maidens."

He soon craved employment. The atelier was arranged, and every one flocked to it to see him at his work; to most of the people of Copenhagen, it was a new art. A beautiful woman

There are four different editions of the "Triumph of Alexander."

I. That in the Quirinal, which may be considered as a sketch.

II. Somariva's copy, which has various additions.

III. The complete copy, enlarged with several designs, which may be regarded as the perfect one.

IV. The copy at the castle of Christiansburg, at Copenhagen, which was accurately executed from the latter in 1829-30.

asked him naively, when she saw him modelling the soft clay with his fingers—

“You do not do this work yourself, when you are in Rome?”

“I assure you,” replied he, good humouredly, “this is the most important part.”

About a year afterwards, he left Copenhagen.

It is pitch-dark night—a dead calm—and an open boat lay quietly some miles beyond Laaland. The seals howled on the banks; the sailors sat listening doubtfully in the stern, and knew not what to do; the mirror of water is ruffled already—a storm is gathering—it comes with whistling wings; the waves rock the light boat—there is death in the fearful abyss, but death mows with his scythe only the foam from the high waves. Thorwaldsen is on board; his mission in the kingdom of art on earth is not yet fulfilled. At dawn, the Sootse comes to their help, and they reach Rostock. Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,\* and Vienna, he journeyed to Rome, his second home—in every town homage and admiration meeting him. The Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Francis received the artist with distinction; the journey added to the triumph of his life. Here again he stood, in his creative power, in his airy, Roman atelier. Roses clustered in at the open windows; the yellow oranges shone in the warm sun; immortal works sprung up beneath his chisel. “Christ and the Twelve Apostles” were modelled; “Copernicus” sat there in strength and greatness.

It was the last day of Lent, 1823; bells were ringing, and fire-arms resounding. Thorwaldsen’s landlady had a little son. After the meal on Good Friday, the boy begged him to lend him his pistols. He went into his bed-room, where they hung as they were left after the journey, to fetch them. Thorwaldsen took one down, and tried it at the open window. The boy, meanwhile, had seized the other—it went off, and Thorwaldsen fell to the ground. The boy sees blood, and utters a shriek; but the ball had flattened within his clothing. The loading was

not sufficient to develop its murderous power, and the blood flowed only from two wounded fingers; his preservation filled the Roman people with the belief, that he was under the especial protection of the Madonna.

Yes! here, as ever, Heaven watched over him. Behold! it is dark night—stillness in the streets of Rome—stillness in Thorwaldsen’s dwelling. Two well-armed fellows glide in—open the door with false keys—place themselves within on the stone stairs, and await him; for they know that he is gone out, and will return late and alone. No one dwells in the house but the landlady and her little son at the top, and a young foreign artist. The murderers sit quietly; the key turns in the door—they listen—ho! it is not Thorwaldsen—it is the younger artist who returns. He springs lightly up stairs, and his hand has touched the hair of one of them in his passage. He knows that some one sits there—knows they await Thorwaldsen; he is astonished to see light through the key-hole, and opens the door. Thorwaldsen is at home; the house has an entrance from the other street, and Thorwaldsen has been obliged to come through it this evening, because he has lost the key of the accustomed door, and—he is saved!

“Heaven watches over him!” repeat the Romans. They saw the Holy Father himself visit him; they saw him extend his hand to him, that he might not kneel at parting. The execution of the monument to Pius the Seventh was entrusted to the Lutheran Thorwaldsen.

Foremost in the ranks of eloquence stands the daughter of inspiration—the improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. The assembled multitude hang upon her burning words, and applaud enthusiastically. Her task is, “*I Progressi della Scultura*,” her eye glances over the audience, and discovers Alberto, him to whom Denmark has given birth; in the soaring of her song she described him, and so forgot the things of earth, as to call Alberto, in the city of the pope, “*Figlio di Dio*.”

“The king and the poet shall wander together,” says the ballad; “the

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\* Thorwaldsen had received considerable orders from Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander happened to be there at the time, and sat to the artist for his bust.



harp of David and the crown of the king accompany one-another." In the streets of Rome, king Louis of Bavaria, and the poet of sculpture, Bertel Thorwaldsen, walk arm in arm; a tie of friendship was formed between them. Thorwaldsen ever expressed himself warmly towards the King of Bavaria.

He had been now forty years in Rome; rich and independent, he lived and worked in the hope of returning at some time to Denmark, and closing his days in peace. Unaccustomed to great luxury, like many rich artists he lived a bachelor's life in Rome. Although his heart, after the first farewell in Copenhagen, opened no more to love, a thousand beautiful loves in marble tell us how warmly this heart beat. Love belongs to the mysteries of life. We know that Thorwaldsen left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged;\* we know, too, that more than one lady would willingly have bestowed her hand upon the great artist. As he lay sick at Naples, the year before his first journey to Denmark, he was nursed by an Englishwoman, who conceived the most ardent affection for him, and avowed it, and in an instant of awakened gratitude he pledged to her his troth. Afterwards, when he recovered, and came to Rome, this promise distressed him; he felt himself unsuited to married life—perceived that gratitude was not love—and, after an inward struggle, he announced to her his determination. Thorwaldsen was never married.

The following trait is characteristic of his heart, as well as of his whole bearing. There came to him one day, in Rome, a poor countryman, an artisan, who had been for a long time ill, to bid him farewell, and to thank him for the subscription which Thorwaldsen had added to the gifts of other fellow-countrymen to bear his expenses home.

"You will not walk the whole way?" asked Thorwaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man, "otherwise the money will not suffice."

"But you are still too weak to walk," said he; "you cannot bear it, and must not do it."

The man explained the necessity. Thorwaldsen opened a drawer, took out a handful of scudi, and offered them to him, adding, "Now drive the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that what he had given would not carry him further than to Florence. Thorwaldsen clapped him on the shoulder, went a second time to the drawer, and took out another handful. The man was thankful to the highest degree, and was going away. "Yes, now you can drive the whole way, and do it in comfort," said he, leading him to the door.

"I am very glad," said the man; "God bless you for it! but to go the whole way—that would require a fortune!"

"Well, tell me how much you can do it for?" asked he, and looked at him. The man modestly named the necessary sum, and Thorwaldsen went for the third time to the drawer—counted out the sum required—accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand, and repeated, "But, now drive, for you have not strength to walk."

Our artist did not belong to the class of talkative people; in a narrow circle only could he be induced to narrate, but then he did it with humour and vivacity. A few energetic expressions have been recorded, one of which we will repeat. A well-known sculptor one day entered into a contest with Thorwaldsen, and rated his own works above those of the latter.

"You may bind my hands," said Thorwaldsen, "and I will bite the marble better with my teeth than you can hew it!"

Thorwaldsen possessed copies of all his works, in plaster. These, with the rich marble statues and bas-reliefs, which he executed for his own pleasure, unordered, and the numerous pictures which he purchased, every year, from young artists, formed a treasure which he destined for his native place, Copenhagen. When, therefore, the Danish government

\* She married, in 1832, the Danish Chamberlain Poulson. In the following year a son was born, who received in baptism the name of Albert Thorwaldsen Ludwig. In 1842, she visited Thorwaldsen, at Copenhagen, with her husband and child; here she became a widow. She now resides in Rome.

sent ships of war to the Mediterranean, in order to bring back the works which were executed for the palace and the churches, he always sent a portion of his property with them. Denmark was to inherit it. The wish to see these treasures collected in a place worthy of them, aroused the desire of the nation to build a museum. A meeting of Thorwaldsen's Danish admirers and friends issued an invitation to the people, to bring each their mite towards it. Many a poor servant girl—many a peasant—gave theirs; and the required sum was soon collected. Frederic VI. gave the site; and the work was entrusted to the architect Bindsbøl. All thoughts were occupied with Thorwaldsen and his works. The frigate "Rota" was to bring a cargo of them; and Thorwaldsen was coming with it, perhaps to remain for ever in Denmark.

For a long period there had not been seen such beautiful northern lights, as in the autumn of 1838. Red and blue flames played in the horizon—the clear, brilliant nights of Iceland had visited our green island—and it seemed as if Thorwaldsen's ancestors, veiled in the splendour of the aurora borealis, hovered around to greet their descendant. The frigate "Rota," with Thorwaldsen on board, approached the verdant Danish coast. As soon as the ship was descried sailing from Helsingör, the Danish flag was hoisted on the tower of St. Nicholas; but it was a foggy day—the ship was close to the town before it was perceived. All was bustle and excitement. The people streamed through the streets to the custom-house. What a picture! The sun breaks suddenly through the clouds; the proud ship is there! The heavens have thrown a splendid rainbow over it—"A triumphal arch for Alexander." Cannons thunder—the vessels hoist their flags—the sea swarms with gaily-decked boats. Emblematic flags waving, announce that in this boat are painters—in that, sculptors; here, poets—there students. Here come well-dressed ladies, but the eye glances hur-

riedly at them, and is fixed upon the great boat, which rows rapidly from the ship. There sits Thorwaldsen, with his long white hair falling on his blue mantle. The song of welcome resounds.\* The whole strand is crowded with people—hats and handkerchiefs wave; it is a festival of the people—a festival of enthusiasm. The people unharness the horses, and draw him to his abode at Charlottenburg, where the atelier is decorated with flowers and garlands. In the evening there is an entertainment—torches burn in the garden, and the artists serenade him.

Thorwaldsen lives in the heart of the people—in their thoughts. Gala follows gala. We will notice two of these, the most remarkable. One, a sort of poetical and musical assembly, where poems appropriate to the occasion were recited by the authors themselves, or set to music, and performed by amateurs.† The great hall, and every little ante-chamber, were filled—every one wished to participate in the gala, which concluded with a banquet and a dance, in which Thorwaldsen led a Polonaise. The other entertainment was given in the Students' Club, into which he was received as an honorary member. During the banquet here, the growing Museum was apostrophised in a cantata by H. P. Holst, and the lower part of the Hall opening, the Museum was seen as it would be when completed. Speeches and songs followed each other alternately. However this homage and enthusiasm might gratify him, it became at length oppressive. Admiration was the air he daily breathed, and yet he thought so little of it! When he was drawn to his dwelling by the people, he was unconscious of it, and said, "We are going quickly!" As he was coming one evening from church, at Rothschild, and the streets were illuminated in his honour, he remarked, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"

Near to the bay of Prästo, surrounded by wooded hills, lies Nysö, the estate of the Barony of Stampenburg, a place which Thorwaldsen has rendered

\* A very beautiful song by Heiberg.

† The authors who recited their poems were, Oehlenschläger, Grundtwig, H. P. Holst, and H. C. Andersen. The words of the songs performed were by Heiberg, Overskou, Hertz, and Christian Winther; and the address by Claussen.

famous in Denmark. The open strand—the fine beech forests—even the little country town amongst its orchards, a few hundred yards from the grounds, render the spot worth visiting, for the sake of its genuine Danish aspect. Here Thorwaldsen found his best home in Denmark; to this spot he seemed to cling; here a number of his later bas-reliefs and statues were produced. Baron Stampe possesses one of the noblest natures; his hospitality and the affectionate attention of his wife, made for Thorwaldsen a happier home than any other in the world. The energetic character of the baroness excited his activity; she tended him with a daughter's care, and forestalled every wish. On his first visit to Nysö, she arranged an excursion to the chalk cliffs of Möens; and during the days that were spent there, a little atelier was erected in the garden at Nysö, close to the canal, which half surrounds the principal building. In this, and in a little corner room of the first floor, looking towards the garden, the greater part of Thorwaldsen's later works have been executed—the “March to Golgotha,” the “Entrance into Jerusalem,” “Rebecca at the Well,” his own portrait statue, and the busts of Oelenschlager and Holberg. The Baroness Stampe bore him company, helped him, and read aloud to him from Holberg's works. Excursions were arranged, and in the evenings they played at his favourite game, a lottery; when, with a bag of numbers in his hand, he would become quite excited, and utter many a jest. He has represented the family in two bas-reliefs: in one of them are the mother, her two daughters, and the youngest son, with the artist himself; in the other, the father and his two eldest sons. Every circle in society sought to draw Thorwaldsen within it; he was to be seen in every large company, at every entertainment, and every evening at the theatre beside Oelenschlager. As a young man, he had scarcely possessed the imposing beauty of his later years; and combined with this dignity there was a gentleness and placidity, which was peculiarly prepossessing to strangers who approached him for the first time. His atelier was daily visited, and he therefore felt himself more at ease at Nysö. The family accompanied him in 1841, when he again visited Italy. The whole jour-

ney through Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, the Rhine country, and Munich, was a continued triumph. An acre of ground might have been covered with the poems addressed to the fêted artist. The winter was spent in Rome with Baron Stampe, and all Danes found there a home to which they might resort. The following year saw Thorwaldsen again in Denmark, and at his beloved Nysö. On Christmas-eve he modelled a beautiful bas-relief—“Christmas Joy in Heaven,” which Oelenschlager has consecrated by a poem. The last birth-day which he outlived, was celebrated here by the performance of a vaudeville, written by Heiberg, to which his friends were invited; but the pleasantest hour was in the morning, when the family, and the author of these pages, who had written a comic poem, still wet upon the paper, assembled before the artist's door, and with a fire-tongs, a drum, and a bottle, rubbed with a cork, for accompaniment, sang it as a morning greeting. Thorwaldsen, laughing, opened the door in his dressing-gown, waved his black Raffaele cap, took a fire-tongs himself, and accompanied us, dancing about, and crying out with the others “hurrah!” A beautiful bas-relief, the “Genius of Poetry,” was just completed—the same which Thorwaldsen, on the last day of his life, dedicated to Oelenschlager, saying, “That might be a medal for thee.”

On Sunday, the 24th of March, a party of friends were assembled at Baron Stampe's. Thorwaldsen was unusually gay, told stories for their amusement, and spoke of the journey to Italy which he proposed making in the course of the summer. At the theatre, Halm's tragedy of *Griselda* was to be performed for the first time. Tragedy, indeed, was not his favourite dramatic style, but comedy, especially the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new, which he must see, and it had become almost a habit to spend the evenings at the theatre. The overture had commenced. On entering, he shook hands with some friends, took his accustomed seat, rose again to let some one pass, sat down again, bowed his head, and—expired. The music continued. The person next him thought he had fainted; he was carried out, but he was numbered among the dead.



The intelligence ran through the town like an electric flash; his room at Charlottenburg was crowded; the Baroness Stanpe was deeply affected. A few days before she had lost a dear sister; the heart of a child lamented the great artist.\* It was found on examination that his death had been caused by an organic complaint of the heart, which would have occasioned dropsy. Few have been so happily released by sudden death: Thorwaldsen was fortunate even in death. His countenance retained its usual expression—like a noble bust the great artist lay, in his long white drapery, with a fresh laurel wreath around his brow. He died at the commencement of Passion week.

He lay in an open coffin in the sculpture-hall of the Academy; tapers burned in the candelabras. It was exactly fifty-one years, the previous day, since he had received, on the same spot, the medal of the Academy.

The funeral oration† was spoken, and the artists bade farewell to the great master—

“ With bitter, bitter tears,  
We bear the pride of Denmark to the grave.”‡

The Crown Prince, as president of the Academy, followed nearest the bier. It stopped again in the court, and from the atelier resounded a Latin *Miserere*.§ The procession began. It was a grey day; not a sunbeam shone. The corporation, in civic costume, all with crape round their hats, had formed in ranks, arm in arm; and where the long line ended, came the people—even ragged boys—holding each other by the hand, and making a chain—a chain of peace. Near the church of Notre Dame, the procession of students began. It left the house of mourning at half-past one o'clock, and reached the church at a quarter before three. It was

led by two artists, at the head of a number of sailors; next came nearly eight hundred students—after these, the Icelanders—then artists of all classes, who changed places alternately—and then the body; after it, the Crown Prince, with the members of the Academy, the military, persons in office, and citizens.

All the windows, walls, trees, and even many roofs were crowded. What a silence! See! all heads are bared, as the bier approaches—the flower-decked bier, with palm branches strewn on it—with Thorwaldsen's statue resting on Hope. Amongst the many garlands on the pall, two are worthy of note. The queen herself has woven one of the loveliest flowers of the season; the other is of silver—the children of several schools in the town have each contributed a mite from their pocket-money towards it. See! in all the windows, ladies clad in mourning—flowers are showered down—bouquets fall upon the bier—all the church-bells ring. It is a solemn procession; the people accompany the king of artists! Never will that moment be forgotten. As the bier reached the church-door, the last of its followers left the chamber of mourning. The choir performed a funeral march (composed by Hurtman), deep and impressive, as though the dead themselves were joining in the ranks, led by the tones resounding from the organ and trumpets. The king met the bier, and fell into the file of mourners in the church hung with black, where Christ and his apostles stood in the glimmering light. A cantata echoed from voices and organs; the last chorus sounded.¶ Then followed an oration by Provost Tryde, and the mourning festival concluded with a “*Schlaf wohl*” from the students, who had formed a circle round

\* In his will, dated December 5th, 1838, he desires that all the objects of art in his possession should be given to the place of his birth, Copenhagen; that the Museum should bear his name, and leaves 25,000 rthl. towards it. Konferenrath, Kollin, Justizrath Thiele, the Professors Claussen, Schouw, and Bissen, with a number of the magistracy of Copenhagen, were named executors. The completion of his works was entrusted to the sculptor Bissen, as well as the artistic superintendence of the Museum, the expense to be defrayed from the funds of the Museum.

† It was delivered by Professor Claussen.

‡ A poem by H. P. Holst.

§ It was performed by the Italian opera-singers; the music was composed and arranged by the Capelmeister Perate.

¶ The queen, the crown princess, and several ladies of the royal household, had placed themselves on one of the lower benches, near the coffin.

the bier. Thus ended, upon earth, the triumphant course of Bertel Thorwaldsen's glorious life. The life of no artist has been richer in the sunshine of fortune and renown than his. The nobly born were proud to welcome him in their circle—him, decked with orders, courted by princes, world-famous. The citizen knew that he was born in his own sphere—sprung from his strong race; and he raised his head proudly towards him, regarding his honour and good fortune as his own, seeing in him one chosen of God.

Even by his death, he seemed to bring good fortune to the poor. In "Nyboder,"\* where Thorwaldsen was well known, and where they knew that his father had belonged to their class, and worked in the dockyard, they took, as numbers in the lottery, the figures of his age, and the days of his birth and death; and these actually came up—to them no small proof of his greatness.

The melancholy news of his death spread throughout the country. Through all countries, funeral songs resounded. Mourning festivals were held in Berlin and Rome. On the Danish stage, where his soul had departed, a festival was held; the place where he had sat, was decorated with crape and laurel wreaths, and a poem, by Heiberg, was recited, recording the manner of his death and his greatness.† In the saloon of the Academy, "the Student's Society" held a festival, in commemoration of him, with cantatas by Hertz and Hartmann, an oration

by Holst, and poems by Ploug and Oelenschlager. The fame of Thorwaldsen resounded in words and music.

The mason-work of the tomb had just been completed the day before Thorwaldsen's death. He wished to rest in the court of the Museum, and had asked as his monument a marble railing, and a few rose-trees and flowers. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his country, is become one monument. His works are to be placed in the rooms decorated in the style of Pompeii, which surround the court. His arrival in the Roads, and his funeral—the two striking occurrences of his life—are to be represented in painting under the windows;‡ and above, on the ceiling of the Museum, the Goddess of Victory "Holds her flying car, and lingers with him to the end."

For centuries shall pilgrims flock to Denmark—not attracted by our cheerful green island, with its fresh beech forests—but to see these works and this grave. The stranger will seek another spot—the little space at Nysö where the atelier stands—where the tree bends its branches towards the lonely swan that he used to feed. It, too, has bowed its head and died; but in "The Swan Song of Eternity" resounds the name of Thorwaldsen. It echoes in England from the statues of "Jason" and "Byron"—in Switzerland from his "Dying Lion"—in Rothschild from the form of "Christian the Fourth." It finds an echo in every breast where art has kindled its holy flame.

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\* A quarter of Copenhagen, built by Christian IV., inhabited by sailors.

† The poet's wife, the distinguished Danish actress, Madame Heiberg, recited the poem, after which Oelenschlager's master-piece, the tragedy, "Hakon Jarl," was performed. Their majesties, the king and queen, and all the spectators, wore mourning on that evening.

‡ The decorations have been entrusted to the painter, Constantine Hansen.

*Hush-a-by Baby.*

A LULLABY, FROM THE IRISH OF OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN, AS SUNG BY HIM TO HIS CHILD.

## I.

O, hush-a-by Baby! Why weepest thou?  
 The diadem yet shall adorn thy brow—  
 And the jewels thy sires had long agone  
 In the regal ages of Eoghan and Conn  
     Shall all be thine!  
 O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!  
 My sorrow, my woe, to see thy tears  
 Pierce into my heart like spears!

## II.

I'll give thee that glorious Apple of Gold  
 The three fair Goddesses sought of old—  
 I'll give thee the diamond Sceptre of Pan,  
 And the Rod with which Moses, that holiest man,  
     Wrought marvels divine!  
 O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## III.

I'll give thee that Courser, fleet on the plains,  
 That Courser with golden saddle and reins  
 Which Falvey rode, the Mariner-lord,  
 When the blood of the Danes at Cashel na n-Ord\*  
     Flowed like to dark wine,  
 O! hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## IV.

I'll give thee the dazzling Sword was worn  
 By Brian on Cluan-tarava's† morn,  
 And the Bow of Murrough, whose shafts shot gleams  
 That lightened as when the arrowy beams  
     Of the Noon-Sun shine,  
 O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## V.

And the Hound that was wont to speed amain  
 From Cashel's Rock to Bunratty's plain,  
 And the Eagle from gloomy Aherlow,  
 And the Hawk of Skellig—all these I'll bestow  
     On thee and thy line,  
 O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

\* Viz. Cashel of the Orders, or Friars.

† *Cluan-tarabh*, i. e. Clontarf.



## VI.

And the Golden Fleece that Jason bore  
 To Hellas's hero-peopled shore,  
 And the Steed that Cuchullin bought of yore  
 With matala\* and torquest† and golden store,  
     And meadows and kine,  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## VII.

And Connal's unpierceable Shirt of Mail,  
 And the Shield of Nish, the Prince of the Gael,  
 These twain for thee, my babe, shall I win,  
 With the flashing Spears of Achilles and Finn,  
     Each high as a pine—  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## VIII.

And the Swords of Djarmid and fierce Fingal,  
 The slayers on heath, and—alas! in hall—  
 And the charmed Helmet Osgar wore  
 When he left Mac Treóin to welter in gore,  
     Subdued and supine—  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## IX.

And the Jewel wherewith Queen Eefa proved  
 The valor and faith of the hero she loved  
 The magic Jewel that nerved his arm  
 To work his enemies deadly harm  
     On plain and on brine!  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## X.

And the wondrous Cloak, renowned in Song,  
 The enchanted Cloak of the dark Dubh-long,  
 By whose powerful aid he battled amid  
 The thick of his foes, unseen and hid.  
     This, too, shall be thine—  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## XI.

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my Son,  
 Shall be the glittering Glaive of O'Dunn;  
 The gift from Aongus's powerful hands,  
 The hewer down of the Fenian bands,  
     With edge so fine!  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

## XII.

And a Princess, too, transcending all  
 Who have held the hearts of men in thrall—  
 Transcending Helen of Iistorie—  
 Thy bride, in thy palmier years shall be;  
     Thy bride and thy heroine,  
     O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine!

\* Cloaks.

† Neck ornaments.

## XIII.

Even Hebe, who fills the nectar up  
 For Jove, in his luminous crystal cup,  
 Shall pour thee out a Wine in thy dreams  
 As bright as thy poet-father's themes,  
     When inspired by the Nine.  
 O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine !

## XIV.

And silken robes and sweet soft cakes,  
 Shalt thou wear and eat beyond thy mates.  
 Ha, see !—here comes thy mother, Moreen—  
 She, too, has the soul of an Irish Queen—  
     She scorns to repine !  
 Then, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, child of mine—  
 My sorrow, my woe, to see thy tears,  
 Pierce into my heart like spears.

J. C. M.

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*Unrest in the Grave.*

(FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF SEVAKOWSKY.)

## I.

The barley-grass was growing  
     In Rezéskkala's field ;  
 But the bleak winds were blowing,  
     And the black rain was falling,  
 And the maids who were mowing  
     Sought the shelter that the hedge-trees might yield,  
     And they scarce heard me calling—  
 “ Know any of the work-lasses here,  
 Where dwelleth my Beloved, the child of Zhareer ? ”

## II.

But, one at length—for weeping  
     She barely could speak—  
 Made answer, “ She is sleeping  
     Where the black rain is falling  
 And the grave-worm is creeping.  
     Her spirit was, alas ! over-weak,  
     And her servitude was galling.  
 She was buried moons ago ; and there bloom  
 No longer any blue-bells or lilies round her tomb.”

## III.

—“ Then, though I were to clamber  
     The steep hill beyond,  
 By the moon's lamp of amber,  
     Or to pierce through the valley,  
 For her dark burial-chamber,  
     I must seek it, or my soul will despond ! ”  
 —“ Seek it not ! Thou wilt rally.  
 A strange voice of wailing, they say,  
 Is heard around her tomb, not by night alone, but day.”

## IV.

—“ Nay, therefore will I thither—  
 So say where she sleeps;  
 I will hie me back hither,  
 Stretch my way ne’er so darkly.  
 Sweet flower! young to wither!”  
 —“ Her tomb lies among the grassy heaps  
 In the churchyard of Markli.”  
 “ Ah, Markli! I know it—it is far,  
 But as yet in the blue Heavens hath not risen moon or star.”

## V.

’Twas twilight ere my travel  
 Had well reached a close;  
 Then perforce must I unravel  
 Each labyrinthine turning  
 Of the place. A heap of gravel,  
 Blent with clay, wherein the blue-bell and rose  
 Had faded, lay inurning  
 The relics of the maiden I had loved,  
 As a wooden cross anear with her name upon it proved.

## VI.

And I heard a voice of wailing,  
 Like wind from a cave—  
 “ It is vain and unavailing!  
 Plant the blue-bell and the rose not  
 Over me! But one unfailing  
 Way of stilling my laments from my grave  
 Can be found. I repose not  
 Till my mother give away to the Poor  
 Every gift that my lover ever brought unto my door!

## VII.

“ Now, now, they but torment me  
 Here under this mould!  
 Let the gems and gold he lent me  
 Be shared among the Needy,  
 Then will Heaven’s rest be sent me—  
 They burn me, those gems and that gold!”  
 —I heard, and from that weedy  
 Place of graves was not slow to depart.  
 But Avarice was dead evermore within my heart!

J. C. M.

**Lament of Seanchán for the Death of Dallan.\***

(FROM THE IRISH.)

## I.

Dear, dear unto me...is his body in the winding-sheet,  
 Ullu! Ullalu!  
 Gigantic he was, yet an active man, alert and fleet,  
 Ullu! Ullalu!

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\* Chief of the Irish Bards in the fifth century.



Light in frame, he yet dealt heavy blows ;  
 Mortal man could not resist his blows ;  
 He sang sweetly, too, as when the south wind blows.  
                     Ullalu ! Ullalu !

## II.

A fine host and brave...was he Master of and Governor.  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 We, thrice fifty bards, we confessed him Chief in Song and War.  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 Had we all been ten for every one,  
 He could still have taught us, every one.  
 Praise, and Fame, and Glory daily ever he won !  
                     Ullalu ! Ullalu !

## III.

O ! like was this man to the Deluge in the days of Noh,  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 O ! like to the roar...of the cataract of Assa-roë,\*  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 Like the thunder and the stormy sea,  
 Cowering those who would put out to sea,  
 O ! like an embodied hurricane to see !  
                     Ullalu ! Ullalu !

## IV.

Search worlds upon worlds ; pass the Universe's outer sphere,  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 And none shall you find...like to him whose bones are buried here.  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 Kingly was he in both speech and mien,  
 Much abhorring all things false and mean.  
 What *he* spake, *that* truly ever did he mean.  
                     Ullalu ! Ullalu !

## V.

O, chant, all, for him...a lament in deep and solemn tone !  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 Such wisdom as his...was possessed by CHRIST the GOD alone !†  
                     Ullu ! Ullalu !  
 Never yet saw Earth a grander bard—  
 Never a sublimer warrior-bard—  
 Yet his last low bed-room's door, alas ! is barred !  
                     Ullalu ! Ullalu !

J. C. M.

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\* *Eas Ruadh*, the Red Cataract; viz., Ballyshannon Waterfall.

† The reader will excuse the apparent profaneness of this line. He will kindly look, as I, in translating it, have looked, merely to the mind and spirit of the poet, who thought and wrote, no doubt, pretty much after the fashion of our ancestors, before, as Swedenborg would say, "light came into the world as a consequence of the Last Judgment."

## THE AFRICAN WANDERERS.\*

NEXT to the Sacred Scriptures, we have been told, and we believe with truth, that Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," are the works of the greatest popular interest, which have been most generally read, and most frequently translated. That the latter should ever remain a standard book—the charm of youth, the solace of age, the most delightful of companions, and inculcating one of the finest moral lessons of the time—we are not surprised. Oh, for the days of our boyhood—for the happy hours spent with "Sandford and Merton"—for the long summer days we lived upon that desolate island in the Caribbean Sea with our man Friday, our dog, and goat, and gun—albeit, the same island was a "town garden," with a dead wall eight feet high around it, and a few sickly nevergreens, some consumptive dahlias, and a row of dingy Portugal laurels, and rusty oleanders, in old palm-oil jars, with sundry superannuated mignonette boxes, its chief interest and adornment. With what delight we rehearsed that wondrous drama—what dreams of goats in dark caverns, and black naked cannibals, we experienced after our first perusal of that book!

Imitations of an author, his subject, or his style, are no mean proof of that author's excellence. Robinson Crusoes, old and new, have often appeared, but fell so far short of the original, as scarcely to be readable, even by a child who had ever perused a page of De Foe's work. We have, however, now before us a charming little book, bearing the title which heads this notice, and which, while it is perfectly free from all affectation, or attempt at imitation, possesses in its narrative—in the simplicity of its style—in its graphic description of scenery—in the amount of information which it affords, and in the moral

lesson which it teaches, all the fascinating power of the Selkirk story.

The authoress of the "African Wanderers," although, perhaps, not well known to the novel readers and crochets-manual students of the middle of the nineteenth century, has long been known, and her works estimated as they deserve, by the learned of Europe. In the museums of natural history, in the cabinets of the Jardin des Plantes, in the bibliotheks of Germany, and in the boudoirs of Russian naturalists, the efforts of Mrs. Lee's pen and pencil are to be found. Biographies of the living, even were the materials for such available, are not always satisfactory to the persons they describe, nor of much interest to those for whose reading they are compiled. We must, however, inform our readers who this lady is, whose work we press upon their attention.

Mrs. R. Lee, formerly Mrs. Bowdich, accompanied Mr. Bowdich, the naturalist, on his mission to the Gold Coast, and afterwards in his embassy to Ashantee, where he was sent as a diplomatic agent in order to avert the war threatened by the courageous king of that country, against the English settlements in Africa. Mr. Bowdich concluded, as is well known, a treaty favourable to our interests in that country, and on his return to England, parliament voted him a small sum of money as a reward and indemnification for the loss of health and property which he had sustained in his arduous undertaking. Both travellers were smitten with a desire to lay the unknown treasures of Africa open to the world, and longed to benefit its degraded population by making its true condition known to the British public. They, therefore, determined to qualify themselves as *scientific* travellers, and go out again to explore the burning regions of the tropics. As soon, there-

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\* "The African Wanderers; or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio. Embracing interesting descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the natural productions of the Country." By Mrs. R. Lee, formerly Mrs. I. Bowdich. London: Grant and Griffith. 1847.

fore, as the "Mission to Ashantee," a work in which Mrs. Bowdich bore her part, was published, they proceeded to Paris, where they remained nearly three years;—Mr. Bowdich, devoting himself to the mathematical and other exact sciences, while his lady laboured at the natural sciences. She there, also, became the pupil and constant companion of the great father of modern zoology, the Baron Cuvier, whose memoirs she produced shortly after his death. Of the manner in which she accomplished this task, and of the merits of this production, it is enough to say, that it was immediately translated into French, and has remained the standard biography of that great man. With an enthusiasm and love of science, with which all that moved within the sphere of Cuvier became infected—possessing great powers of artistic delineation, a knowledge of comparative anatomy and zoology, which very few ladies have ever acquired—endowed by nature with an ardour and perseverance in the pursuit of truth—and adding to these qualifications a noble, disinterested zeal in the welfare of our kind, and particularly in those races which have for ages lain under the ban of slavery and demoralization, she accompanied Mr. Bowdich upon his second African mission with talents both natural and acquired, which admirably fitted her for that arduous task. Sir Charles M'Carthy, then governor of Sierra Leone, made arrangements with Mr. Bowdich to join him on the African station, and the travellers immediately proceeded to Lisbon, where being detained some time, Mrs. Lee translated and compiled from unpublished records, a history of the Portuguese discoveries in Southern Africa, which was published afterwards by the African Association. From Lisbon they voyaged to Madeira, where she assisted her husband in the illustrations to his work upon that beautiful island, the gem of the ocean, the Hesperides of the invalid. While they were in the Gambia, the commandant wished for a survey of the river, and Mr. Bowdich offered to do it, but, alas! the effort proved fatal. In those pestilential regions, by the swamps and mangroves of Western Africa, where so many brave spirits have sunk for ever, her husband died, and our authoress found herself, with three infant

children, in the neighbourhood of Cape Coast Castle, far away from all society and those comforts which such a moment required.

Mrs. Lee has published a work on Taxidermy, which has run to five editions, and which should be in the hands of all young naturalists. She is also the author of the "Elements of Natural History," the only work of the kind, except that of Mr. Patterson, which has ever been adapted to the capacity of the young student in these countries. It is a familiar abridgment of the *Regne Animal* of Cuvier, and in familiar phraseology and popular language, together with a fund of anecdote, without which few books on natural history are acceptable to the young, presents to us the four classes of vertebrate animals, mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes, in a most comprehensive and attractive volume. In this we find not only the elements of natural history and zoology, but an amount of anatomical and physiological knowledge such as we believed only belonged to the teachers of those sciences. The work is also copiously embellished with wood engravings, characteristic of the different classes of animals of which it treats.

Mrs. Lee's great labour, however, is her work upon "British Fishes," which she commenced after her return from Africa. Some idea may be formed of the labour and skill necessarily devoted to this work, when we inform our readers that, independent of the letter-press descriptions, not only was every specimen originally drawn by the author, but absolutely multiplied into the number of copies required. Yes, with her own hand, during months of labour and anxiety, and while suffering almost daily from the effects of her African residence, did this lady toil till she succeeded in painting an edition of "The British Fishes"—the finest work of the kind extant. Besides the books already mentioned, Mrs. Lee has published a charming little book, called "Stories of Strange Lands," and also a multitude of papers, in the periodicals, on literary and scientific subjects.

During her sojourn in Africa, this lady not only increased her knowledge of the natural sciences, but, possessing great shrewdness of observation, she became intimately acquainted with the



customs, habits of life, and general natural history of the swarthy tenants of that burning region; and with this knowledge, and with those recollections, she brought to the task of the present work qualifications which few could now be found to combine.

To say that we have read the "*African Wanderers*" with very great pleasure, and derived from it considerable amusement, while we were carried along the course of the narrative, without experiencing the least interruption to a lively interest in all its details, would be but very inadequate praise. The object of the talented author is much higher, much nobler, than that of merely adding another item to the amount of amusement and entertainment already in the world. Her design was, by drawing attention to the condition of the aborigines of Africa, the genuine negro population, and by a fair representation of their natural qualities, their many talents and capacities for improvement, their comparative superiority in benevolent feeling over all other known savages, their ready reception of Christian and missionary instruction, to move the heart of Christian England in their behalf, and urge on the promotion of every movement for their civilization and conversion from idolatry.

We say the fair author has performed her task right nobly; she has uttered to the British public an appeal that will not and cannot pass away in vain.

In the first place, the work itself possesses such intrinsic excellence, so much to captivate and attract attention, that it is sure to meet with universal consideration. Again, it abounds with authentic information, derived from the very best sources, on the natural history of Africa; and this information, extending over almost every department of science, is communicated to the general reader in the least difficult and most pleasing manner. Finally, the representation of success which has already attended some benevolent efforts to reclaim the negro race at Koornassie, and also on the western coast, to raise those who have been from time immemorial "servants of servants to their brethren" to the happy condition of civilization and Christianity—this representation, we must say, is so ably and truthfully made, that nothing more is wanted to

constitute a persuasive to pious and generous co-operation in whatever can conduce to the amelioration of the natives, by British exertion.

In the preface, the author modestly professes to attract attention to only one district of the great continent, bordering on the river Gaboon; but her acquaintance with the country has been so extensive, her personal observation so exact, and her appeal to the publications of other credible authorities so full and so faithful, that we think she has made her case good in behalf of all Western Africa.

Over and above all its intrinsic merit, we pronounce this unassuming volume an important aid to Christian benevolence; and as such we congratulate the kindly and talented author on the truly valuable work which she has performed; and most heartily wish her every gratification of those desires which have formed themselves round her heart for the relief of our poor African fellow-creatures.

The narrative is remarkably simple. An English officer picks up two deserted children upon a battle-field in Spain, whom he carries with him to England, and rears as his own children. Henry, the eldest, is of a quiet, reading disposition, while his brother, Carlos, possesses, to the fullest extent, the love of adventure, the restless energy, and the constant desire of change, which constitutes the rover. He takes to the sea, and becomes the hero of the piece. Light-hearted, generous, but hot-tempered, yet withal brave and good-natured, no better model of an English seaman could be found. His vessel is bound for Africa, where the usual mortality in such cases awaits the crew. A mutiny occurs among the seamen, and Carlos, with a companion, Antonio, are deserted upon the coast. During several months they wander amidst the deep-tangled forests; by the slow, sickly rivers of that land,

"Where Africa's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,"

where, in imagination, we follow the track of Mungo Park, of Clapperton, the Landers and Allans—the country of lions and rhinoceroses and ourangs, of palm-oil, and king jacket-of-brass; of fetters and fever; where the mottled snake glides through every

thicket, and monkeys, lizards, and chameleons dispute the leafy world with parrots, love birds, and the millions of feathered creatures which swarm in that sultry region; a land where the face of a white man is a wonder; the country of fetishes, slaves, and idolatry; the land which, from the days of Solomon to the present, has been a wonder to the traveller, and to the merchant the source of the greatest and most lucrative traffic; the mine of the precious stone, the treasury of gold dust, the market of "ivory, apes, and peacocks."

In their wanderings through this country, their hair-breadth escapes from the cruelty of the natives, the insidious attacks of disease, and the jaws of the ravenous beasts of the forest, as well as their various shifts and struggles to meet the numerous privations which they daily experienced, are graphically and feelingly narrated; and while we follow them in their wanderings, and listen to their observations upon the various objects of animate nature by which they are surrounded, we gradually and imperceptibly imbibe a large amount of this very useful description of information.

Having lived for several months in the woods, they at length arrive at one of the Moorish settlements, where they are laid violent hands upon, and sold as slaves, and here they reside for some time among the Moors, who carry on the traffic in human kind in this part of Africa. They at last make their escape to a missionary settlement, from whence they finally reach the coast, and proceed to England.

The following extracts and brief summary will serve to illustrate some of the foregoing opinions. To be at all understood, however, the book must be read.

The wanderings of Carlos, and his companion Antonio, are most interesting, and their adventures passing strange. Living upon fruits, which they gathered on their way as they advanced through that part of the western coast of Africa, known as Ashantee and Dahomy, the latter notorious as the head quarters of slavery, the beauty of the scenes they passed through are eloquently described, and the ac-

count filled with notices of the vegetable world that surrounded them, told with a simplicity that shows Mrs. Lee mistress of the subject.

"As the travellers advanced, their admiration was changed into wonder; and both were struck with the admirable beauty of the scene on one side, and its awful grandeur on the other. To the high rocks of sand, streaked red, orange, and yellow, were attached innumerable creepers, some of which hung in festoons, and ropes, covered with blossoms, or occasionally floated into the air; and among them lizards, like sparkling gems, darted along, creating a flash of light; butterflies, of every varied hue, sported in the life-giving sun; now with long feathery fringes to their lower wings, and now with pieces like glass and silver set in them; while innumerable tiny creatures, sparkling with jewelled throats and breasts, pursued them from twig to twig. On the tops of the largest trees were grey parrots, screaming and flying at each other, or defying the numbers of monkeys which climbed the trees in pursuit of them. Sometimes the latter succeeded in snatching the red feathers from the parrots' tails, who, in their turns, pecked at the droll animals with their strong beaks; and then ensued such a squeaking, chattering, and screaming, as to deaden all other sounds. But, what a contrast was offered by the opposite side of the creek! It was a forest in a swamp; immense trees, bare of branches to a great height, stood in a thick, black, stagnant liquid: nothing else seemed to be alive in it; even the trees themselves appeared to be pillars of stone; and, as their naked trunks became gradually lost to sight from the gloom and the distance, they looked like the receding columns of an edifice too vast for human hands to have erected. And truly, so it was: those glorious trees, in their silent majesty, bespoke the matchless power of the Creator, and reared their gigantic heads, as if to say, we live in splendour and beauty, where man cannot even breathe."

After being most hospitably entertained in a village at which they arrive, they have pointed out to their notice one of those curiosities of the African continent, so often alluded to by travellers—a white negro. We are told that the projecting muzzle, large mouth, flat nose, and retreating forehead, the characteristics of the race, were much exaggerated in him; his crisp, woolly hair, however, was almost



yellow, his eyes were of a dark blue, and from seeing imperfectly in the day-time, they were continually blinking, and had a remarkably vacant expression. His skin was of a reddish white, and there were a number of blotches on various parts of his body. The travellers found him an excellent performer on a harp of his own construction, whose strings were made of the runners of trees, and he was also an improvisatore, as well as an imitator of the voices and notes of the wild birds of the forest.

The two travellers, after a short sojourn with their kind entertainers, are obliged to make their escape from the village, and once more enter the forest in their route towards a seaport; here they are overtaken by one of those dreadful tornados, the precursors of the rainy season, which, sweeping over the land, leaves the scene, before so beautiful, a chaos, a wilderness, and a desolation.

"The whole forest seemed to be alive with creatures which hid themselves by day; and Antonio, as the fire shed its gleams on all around, could not help exclaiming, 'This puts me in mind of the plagues which beset my patron saint.' The serpents crept for shelter under the beds of fallen leaves, or disappeared among the bushes, hissing as they went, and coiled themselves up as closely as possible; the smaller animals crept into holes; the monkeys huddled together on the neighbouring trees; the sloth, unable or unwilling to move, uttered loud cries of distress; the rhinoceros grunted loudly, as he forced his way into the thickest part of the jungle; the panthers, leopards, and hyænas, crouched down; the lion walked uneasily from place to place; and all, in the common danger, seemed to forget to be at enmity.

"As they looked down, they thought they saw, by the continuous lightning, a little old man striving to mount the tree where they were. 'There is some one coming after us,' said Antonio, 'up the tree. Shall we spear him?' 'No! no!' hastily uttered Carlos; 'suppose it should be a human being; let us use the handles of our spears, and not the blades.' They pushed the intruder down, and neither saw nor heard him again, for the rain began to fall in torrents, and completely blinded them to everything. It seemed as if all round them were enveloped by one broad sheet of water. They grasped each other tightly with one arm, and with the other embraced the nearest bough; for their shelter

rocked to and fro with the wind. Giants of the forest, which had stood for ages in stately magnificence, were torn up by the roots. The travellers could not hear each other speak; they could not hear themselves; for the one mighty and rushing sound seemed to occupy the whole sense of hearing. At length, the lightning fell upon a tree not far from them, and a large portion of it was separated from the rest, carrying with it fragments of its neighbours, and scattering their and its own denizens all around. Some were crushed by the fall; others crawled or fluttered away. The poor Europeans had not a dry thread about them, notwithstanding their buffalo-skins; and, thoroughly chilled, sat shivering on their perch, but not daring to leave it till daylight came, even though the tempest gradually passed away, and all was still below."

The poor old man they discover to be a Chimpanzee seeking shelter. They now prepare themselves to pass the wet season in the forest, by building a tent, and storing it with fruit, plantains, cassada, roots, kolla-nuts, limes, sugar-canes, custard and pine apples, roasted birds and honey; but when all is prepared, Carlos takes fever, and is attended by Antonio, until he, too, is struck down by the same disease. How long they lay insensible they never knew, but at last Carlos recovers his senses, and is enabled to assist Antonio, until both are restored to health. They now have a narrow escape from a pair of Ingenas, who had built a hut close to the back of theirs.

They continue their route to Naango. Everywhere they meet with traces of the sanguinary slave-trade, from the dead and dying negroes left behind by the bands of dealers, as unworthy further trouble, to the prison-houses for their collection in the several villages. Every man's hand, in this unhappy country, seemed against his fellow, and all sorts of stratagems were resorted to for the continuance of the horrible traffic. Even in their battles, they have this in view, for it is their object to take as many prisoners alive as possible, that they may sell them into slavery; and not only this, but when the kings are short of the number they require, their servants and people are sacrificed to maintain the trade. Modern authors have done much to show how inadequate the efforts of the British govern-



ment have been to extinguish this trade—how little good is done by cruisers upon the coast, to seize the slave-ships—how often a vessel is given as a *ruse*, to enable the others to pass through the lines. It is through the natives alone that any permanent reformation can be effected; it is but the progress of civilization that can give the death-stroke to this blot upon the civilized nations of the world.

We have, however, tarried too long upon the path of the travellers; but not as long as the witchery with which Mrs. Lee invests the subject would induce us to linger—for adventure presses upon adventure, and the travellers are scarcely relieved from one dilemma until they are plunged into another. To proceed, however, Carlos and Antonio are taken by a predatory band, and sold as slaves to a wealthy Moor, who makes every effort to induce them to embrace Mahometanism, but without effect. Attached to his suite, they create great astonishment, by their musical and mechanical abilities; and are conveyed, in his company, to Yahndi, a flourishing and populous town, of which the following description is given:—

“The houses of Yahndi were most of them extremely well built, and consisted of various apartments round a series of courts, the principal entrance to which, being the usual open reception-room, faced the street. The lower and outer portions of these rooms were constantly

washed with red ochre; the upper were covered with the most elaborate patterns, formed in relief with pliant wood, and washed over with white clay. The roofs, supported by square pillars, were sloping, made of palm leaves, and having rafters of bamboo inside, which were blackened and polished. The street-rooms were halls of audience for men of consequence; the doors within were richly carved, and coloured with various pigments, procured chiefly from vegetable substances.”

Carlos and Antonio, during the confusion of the preparations for an impending war, contrive to make their escape from Yahndi, and fly to Koomassie. Upon arriving at the outskirts of this town, they are attracted by the regular tolling of a bell, which they discover proceeds from a Wesleyan chapel. They enter, and once more hear the glad sounds of a preacher's voice, conveying instruction to an attentive congregation. The minister receives them hospitably, and informs them that letters had been forwarded from England, descriptive of their persons, to all the kings, consuls, missionaries, and persons likely to meet with them, as they were supposed to be wandering about the settlements. From this they proceed to Cape Coast, where they meet with every attention which sympathy can dictate; and end their wanderings by embarking for Liverpool, where they arrive without further adventure.

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## THE USURPER.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

*(Suggested by seeing a beautiful child, a friend of the author, playfully ascend the Throne, in the Presence Chamber, at Windsor Castle.)*

Fair child! why art thou there?  
 Poor dove, by chance flown to the eagle's nest!  
 Is it that young ambition fires thy breast,  
     Empire usurped to gain;  
     Or, as the wise declare,  
     The instinct of the fair  
 To reign—for evil fate or good, to reign?

Right royally attended—on thee wait  
 Thy heaven-born ministers—youth, beauty, health.  
 Crowned art thou with unpurchasable wealth  
     Of joy and innocence;  
     Rarely hath earth-born crown,  
     Bowing the wearer down,  
 Gems priceless, like to these, thy glory and defence!

Nor garter, star,  
 Nor cloth of gold or purple need'st thou wear—  
 Can ermined pomp with thy white soul compare,  
     Or gems impart  
     More real majesty  
     Than has been born with thee?  
 Thou, nature all, how great—and these, how mean, all art!

Greater art thou than queens!  
 God's image by God imaged, nor outworn  
 With royal cares, or royal passions torn—  
     To sorrow, sin, unknown;  
     Thee might we fondly dream  
     To be that thou dost seem,  
 The visible angel of a good queen's throne!

Nor art thou empireless—  
 Love shall enthrone an empire in thine eyes,  
 To tame the fierce, to triumph o'er the wise,  
     The free to bind;  
     Man's misery or happiness  
     To make or unmake, ban or bless,  
 Still to subdue, and conquering, save mankind!

Thou shalt not ever know  
 The sorrows of that state thouapest now—  
 Queens are like those who, from the mountain brow,  
     Command afar and near  
     The valleys' leafy sheen,  
     And happy homes between,  
 While all around is dark, and desolate, and drear!

Could'st thou but dream  
 The mingling hopes and fears of worst and best,  
 Have shared that glittering seat of proud unrest,  
     And bitterness and woe ;  
 For many a queenly one,  
     *Above* all, and *alone*,  
 Guileless usurper, thy young tears would flow !

Thou lookest around  
 With glances innocent of pleased surprise,  
 Drinking these storied splendours with thine eyes—  
     These tricks of art.  
     Alas ! can gilded toys  
     Or over-arching canopies  
 Gild the departing hour, or canopy the heart ?

Can *these* avail ?—  
 The high-throned mountain and the mirror lake,  
 Where the blue heavens a heaven reflected make,  
     Short while reprieve  
     Man, made to mourn,  
     Still to return  
 Earth-born, o'er earth-born miseries to grieve.

Put not thy trust  
 In palaces whose gorgeousness is dust.  
 Thou queen, be to thy God-given kingdom just—  
     Thy immortal part.  
     Build thee a tower to rise  
     Within thee, to the skies,  
 Dig deep its firm foundations in thy heart.

Let me dethrone thee !—  
 Descend, my queen, descend, yet keep thy state,  
 For thou art destined to a royal fate,  
     When thou art seen  
     Enthronèd in the heart  
     Of him whose choice thou art—  
 Thou of that happy heart, the proud domestic queen !

Then shalt thou truly reign,  
 While round thy knees thy little lieges play ;  
 With laws of love, and fond maternal sway,  
     Their young hearts brought  
     To dignify thy throne,  
     And render thee thine own,  
 Unsworn allegiance, fealty unbought.

Thine be a reign of peace,  
 And loving-kindness, and affection sure,  
 The queenly will to do and to endure—  
     The rich excess  
     Of love—thy treasury  
     Of heart and eye,  
 Which, squander as thou may'st, thou never canst make less.

And as thou dost decline  
 In years, thou growest in empire, and lay'st down  
 The sceptre of thy virtues, and thy crown  
     Of earthly mould  
 In boundless realms of joy,  
 Once and eternally

TO REIGN WHERE EMPIRE DIES NOT, NOR GROWS OLD !



## FOREST ECHOES.

"Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem  
(Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus."

VIRG. *GEN.* lib. viii. 350.

The woodman's axe is ringing, ringing  
From sylvan thicket, sharp and clear,  
And Autumn's glowing skies are flinging  
A purple radiance far and near.  
Hark! did you hear that crashing sound,  
The rushing fall, the quick rebound  
That shakes the mountain side?—  
'Tis o'er!—the old ancestral oak  
Lies low beneath the woodman's stroke,  
It falls—the forest's pride!

It falls!—but hush!—what wailing, wailing,  
Floats on the gushing western breeze,  
From where yon snow-white swans are sailing  
Beneath the shade of stately trees;  
And lo! from out the sylvan cave  
Whose mossy sides the waters lave,  
His devious pathway wending,  
Who comes with slow and solemn mien?  
'Tis he—the genius of the scene,  
In sorrow lowly bending.

"Ah, woe is me!"—thus sighing, sighing,  
Vented his grief the sage so hoary—  
"Around me see the fragments lying  
Of what was once the forest's glory!  
What sacrilegious arm dare fall  
These stately elms, these pines so tall,  
That count a century and more?  
Alas! that ruthless hand should dare  
From out its parent soil to tear  
My own, my beauteous sycamore!

"And yonder limes! where flowing, flowing,  
Springs from the tranquil lake the stream—  
How oft, when earth and air were glowing,  
And down from cloudless skies the beam  
Was flashing, have I sought thy shade,  
And wooed the cool thy branches made,  
And slumbered to the sound  
Of bees that clustered 'mid thy bowers!  
Alas! no more thy honied flowers  
Shall waft a fragrance round!"

Aghast—appalled—in deep despair  
He flies!—the wreck his soul amazes.  
"Where are my trees," he cries, "oh, where?"  
And echo answers, "Gone to blazes!"  
Nay, reader, start not—it is true,  
Safe in the cellar stored, for you,  
They lie, and all kind friends.  
For thus the tree, a summer shade  
In vigour yields—when low 'tis laid  
The genial fire it mends!

H.

## A DEATH PRAYER.

BY A DREAMER.

["‘The circumstances of death,’ he used to say, ‘weighed with him even more than death itself.’ He had a horror of dying at night, amidst the gloom that is made visible by the glimmering taper. Awful as darkness is, enveloping one, as it were, with a dense pall—yet, ‘the gloom created by sealing up the eyes’ (I quote for you his own expressive words), ‘never has the same sensation as that produced by blackness falling on the opened eye-balls. We stare into the vacancy, forming out of it images of fear; but, with the closed lids, come visions of peaceful security alone.’ Nor would he die in the dreary season of the year, when the birds were gone, and flowers were dead; for, he could not have his favourites near him then, to take of them his last adieu. And the Saviour’s precept, ‘*Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter,*’ seemed to him, he would say, to acquire a depth of tender meaning, from remembering this feeling of his own. But, he would fain depart on a calm evening of summer, and fade away with the waning Sunlight. And his prayer was granted. At such a time, with the last beams of day streaming through his opened casement, full of tranquillity and joyful hope, he ‘fell on sleep.’”—*MS. Letter, detailing a friend’s decease.*

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Not in the hours of Night;  
 Not in the darkness of the silent room,  
 Where shadows stretch across the mantling gloom,  
     And dread shapes awe the sight,  
 Thronging around, as if to chide delay,  
 Would my fond lingering Soul from this world flee away.

The quivering taper’s beam—  
 The still’d and lonely house—the absence drear  
 Of those whose voices’ fall, the longing ear  
     Heard in a blissful dream—  
 All were too crushing in that time of woe,  
 For mortal heart in sympathy with heaven to flow.

Nor in sad Winter’s reign;  
 When leafless branches wildly toss above,  
 And the mute songsters shiver in each grove,  
     And frost-rime sheets the plain;  
 Would my worn spirit take its upward flight  
 To realms unpierced by man’s short-glancing sight.

No: burdened in that hour  
 Of Nature’s wretchedness, I could not find  
 The hopeful stay whereon to rest my mind;  
     While murky tempests lower,  
 Heaven would seem shut against me, as in wrath,  
 And, mournful, I would wander forth with Death.

But, let bright Summer wreathe  
 Its flow’rets ’round me, when I pass away;  
 Let the warm south-winds, as they hither stray,  
     In soothing whispers breathe;  
 Then will each silent thought within me be  
 Link’d with Earth’s blessed time of calm tranquillity.

And let the rippling sound  
 Of mine own streamlet break on my weak sense,  
 (As SCOTIA'S Minstrel heard, with love intense,  
     His soft Tweed murmuring round,\*)  
 That home, and friends, and gone-by days may come  
 To shield and save me in that hour of gloom,

Then, in the sighing breeze  
 That gently steals adown that western hill,  
 Where the rich sunshine lingers deep and still,  
     Gilding its thick-crowned trees,  
 Will speak sweet accents of angelic love,  
 And holy communings from heaven above.

\* \* \* \*

Yet, for the time and place  
 I care not, O my God, if Thou stand by,  
 And, when the death-damps and the Agony  
     Thick gather o'er my face,  
 But tell me of Thine own Redemption's power—  
 Thy willingness to save in that same dreadful hour.

North Esk, 22nd October.

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\* "About half-past one, P.M., on the 21st of September, 1832, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and, so perfectly still, that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible, as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed, and closed his eyes."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN.

[See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. ii, p. 46, Octavo edition.]

'Twas dawn upon the Capitol,  
    Italia's glorious dawn,  
And into living crimson light  
    Its shadowed steps were drawn ;  
And through the marble pillars  
    Shone down the fervid ray,  
And the brassy gates and roofs of gold  
    Were flashing in the day.

And hark ! a sound of voices,  
    A murmuring, distant sound,  
And a swell of far-off music,  
    Low lute-notes, floated round ;  
Till loud it spread, and louder,  
    From palace, court, and dome,  
And throngs on rushing throngs proclaimed  
    The triumph hour of Rome.

And then the pomp was opened,  
    And royal tigers came,  
And elephants whose haughty crests  
    Seemed cowering there for shame ;  
Mute dwellers of the forest,  
    Of every clime and hue,  
From east and west, and north and south  
    Were banded there to view.

And then the outcast men, whose blood  
    In sport was doomed to flow,  
The numerous gladiator files,  
    Came moving strong and slow ;  
And pride was in their bearing,  
    While with fearless glance they viewed  
That triumph of their master-lord,  
    That pageant multitude.

And Asia's wealth and splendour  
    Gave lustre to the time ;  
And arms and ensigns glittered there  
    From many a conquered clime ;  
And Araby's and Persia's shore,  
    And India's rich domain,  
Had sent their badged ambassadors  
    To grace the servile train.

And crowns of gold, the offerings  
Of cities sacked and saved,  
And warrior-bands of every tribe,  
That wounds and war had braved ;  
And women too, not silken things,  
Not fragile, weak, and fond,  
But dauntless hearts, who knew no fear,  
And scorned to bear the bond.

And the fallen chief of Gallia,  
The father with his son,  
Dressed in their saffron tunics  
And purple robes, came on.  
Roma's lofty senator—  
He of the daring brow—  
In ignominy, gyves, and brands,  
Is bending prostrate now.

But in the crowd of captives—  
Goth, Syrian, Frank, and Gaul—  
All hearts and eyes were turned  
To one amidst them all—  
The late-crowned queen of kingdoms,  
So beautiful and free ;  
Zenobia—oh, Zenobia—  
Well may they gaze on thee.

The fetters circling round her  
Were cast in purest gold—  
The chain that clasped her shining neck  
A slave was near to hold.  
As she onward, shrinking, trode,  
Where crowds her passage hem,  
Breathless, and fainting with the weight  
Of many a jewelled gem.

And following closely after  
That noble lady-queen,  
The chariot of the conqueror  
In glistening pomp was seen ;  
And the foremost stags nigh touched her,  
As they curved their antlers down,  
O'er her dark floating tresses,  
And o'er her princely crown.

And, seated in that chariot,  
Th' Illyrian peasant came ;  
He who for years had only known  
Barbarian name and fame—  
The stripling, Sirmium savage,  
From his wild Dalmatian home—  
The conquering chief of earth and sea—  
The diademed of Rome.

And haughtily the Emperor  
Threw round his kindled glance  
On all that thronging multitude,  
That lined his slow advance,  
And where his armed legions,  
With javelin, crest, and sword,  
Bore the victorious eagles high,  
And hailed their dauntless lord.

And long that state procession  
Was in pomp and joy displayed,  
As on it passed in varied lines  
Through arch and colonnade.  
The dawn was on its opening,  
And when the night came down,  
The shouts that rent the Capitol  
Might sway the conqueror's crown.

And ne'er had Roma's city,  
The Tiber's seven-hilled shore,  
The mightiest of the mighty ones,  
Such triumph seen before.  
And ne'er, mid all her warriors,  
Her cohorts firm and tried,  
Was one like him, the victor King,  
From the Danube's winding side.

And days and nights passed over,  
And still Italia's sky  
Illumed the gold-roofed capitol  
With hues of heavenly die ;  
But oft the dreaming worshippers,  
Within that glorious fane,  
Sighed for Aurelian's triumph-day,  
And blessed Aurelian's reign.

R.



## THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE.\*

THE study of Scripture topography possesses more than an antiquarian interest; we may not say that it tends to the aid of faith, which is a principle divine in its origin, and independent, but we can, without a fear of heresy, aver, that it is well calculated to corroborate the sacred narratives, and to enable us to realize the scenes which they describe. It would startle any one who has not paid attention to the subject, to learn how numerous are the places which have been identified with those mentioned in the Bible. Almost every locality of any importance, in what is now vaguely called Syria, has been made out; and places only incidentally noticed, are still to be seen with the names they bore in the days of Joshua. There are leading features which the least-informed must recognise; and thus, as Chateaubriand observes, the ground about Jerusalem is a monument of itself. The hill upon which the city stands, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Mount of Olives, remain unaffected by time, ignorance, and superstition, the great destroyers. No traveller could miss the Dead Sea, or the River Jordan; and other places, the identity of which is not, at first, so palpable, may be found enshrined in their Arab names, in general but slightly altered, and sometimes altogether the same, the Arabic nearly resembling the Hebrew. In proof of this we may mention, that Doctor Robinson counted from one spot the following nine towns, having obviously their Scripture names—Main, the *Maon* of Nabal; Semua, corresponding with the ancient *Eshtemoth*; Attir, with *Jattir*; 'Anab, with *Anab*; Shaweikah, with the *Shocoh* of the mountains of Judah; Yattá, with *Jattah*; and Karmal, with *Carmel*. To the mode of investigation suggested by language, have been added those derived from geology and surveying; and men versed in almost every department of knowledge have applied their talents to the

examination of the geography and remains of the Holy Land, until each spot of consecrated fame, its every ancient building, well, and fountain, have been scrutinized with a minuteness and precision, only to be accounted for by the deep interests with which it is for ever connected. Of the many able men who have travelled, with a view to the illustration of the Scriptures, not one, we are disposed to think, has gone forth so well accomplished for the task as Dr. Wilson. He appears to combine the acquisitions of Burckhardt, in languages and acquaintance with Eastern manners, with the Biblical learning of Dr. Robinson; and he undoubtedly exhibits the perspicacity and patience of research which pre-eminently marked these his highly distinguished predecessors. Dr. Wilson was for fifteen years a missionary of the Church of Scotland in India, from which country he approached the "Bible Lands." He had the advantage of letters from the Bombay government to the authorities of the countries which he was about to visit, together with introductions from influential Jews and Armenians, which afterwards proved extremely useful to him. The lands referred to in his title-page are, Egypt, the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, Arabia Petræa, and Syria; and, after visiting Cairo, Petra, Jerusalem, and Damascus, and permeating Palestine, he proceeded by Constantinople and the Danube, westward home. We can hardly think of a track of more abounding interest; and, independently of the value of his researches, the traveller's personal narrative will be found to reward the reader's trouble.

On the 2nd of January, 1843, Dr. Wilson left Bombay, embarking on board the ill-fated Cleopatra steamer for Aden and Suez. He was accompanied by a young Passi, who was his first convert from the faith of Zoroaster to Christianity, and by two Abyssinian youths, who had resided with him for

\* "The Lands of the Bible." By John Wilson, D.D., F.R.S., 2 vols. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co. 1847.

some years, and were returning to their native land. In eight days, that is, on the 10th of January, they landed at Aden, our oriental Gibraltar, distant 1,643 miles from Bombay. Instead of the Sabæan odours which Milton is pleased to ascribe to this region, their attention was most of all engaged by the frantic energies of the negroes engaged there in coaling the East India Company's steamers. The over-work and excitement which the poor creatures undergo, costs, it appears, one life for every hundred tons of coals put on board a vessel! Several of these wretched people dropped down from exhaustion in their sight, and a surgeon declared that, but for his interposition, some of them must have died. Sir William Harris,\* when at Aden, noticed the same cruel exhibition; and we now draw attention to it, in the hope that the East India Company may correct the evil, and introduce regulations more becoming the character for benevolence which they have hitherto maintained.

On the 11th of January, they again left Aden, and soon after entered the strait, long written corruptly on our maps as Babelmandel, but now known as Báb-el-Mandeb, or "The Gate of Tears." On the next day they had a good view of the town of Mokhá, with its houses, minarets, and grand mosque, built in honour of Shádé, who is regarded as the founder of the town, and supposed to have brought the coffee-plant into that neighbourhood, about the fifteenth century. It is, as is well known, a place of considerable commercial importance, although its harbour is difficult of access. The foreign trade there is chiefly in the hands of Hindoos, and there can be no doubt that, in a few years, our Arabian settlement at Aden will supersede it, as the *entrepôt* for the coffee and drugs of Arabia Felix, and of the African coast. On the 14th, they were out of sight of land, and continued so for some days. Had the steamer stopped at Jeddah, it was our author's intention to have attempted the journey to Mecca, and thus test the accuracy of the information he had received from an officer of the Indian navy, who was assured by the Turkish governor of Jeddah that the

Arabs at the "sacred city" would now make no opposition to an European traveller proceeding from the coast to visit it. We think it would have been worth his while to have had some better assurance of the fact than that of the Turkish governor, before he perilled his life in the experiment. On the 20th of January they landed at Suez. The most interesting object in the neighbourhood of this town, is the ancient canal leading from the Nile to the Gulf of Suez, and the remains of which are distinctly traceable for many miles, although much choked up by the sand of the desert. It is supposed that it could be re-opened at a small expense, and with much advantage both to the irrigation and trade of the country. Suez wants some such impulse; it derives a little animation from its connexion with the transit to India, but has no internal resources, and wears at present a languid, dying look. While paying his respects to the governor of the place, our author was much surprised at being addressed in good English by an Arab, robed in Turkish costume, who proved to be one of several whom Mahommed Ali had sent to England to be educated. This young man had spent nearly eight years in Great Britain, and principally at Glasgow, where he had been led to embrace Christianity, and had ever since held fast the profession of the faith. The circumstance which induces us to mention this incident, is the fact, that this young Arab represented the Pasha as decidedly tolerant to those who are disposed to embrace Christianity, and as determined not to allow the Mussulman law to be enforced, which dooms all converts to our faith to death.

There are several routes across the desert from Suez to Cairo; that called the *Derb-el-Hamárah*, is the one usually taken by our transit vans, the distance being about seventy-nine miles. The seven station-houses on the route are named numerically, beginning at Cairo. The vans are drawn by four horses, and they take four-and-twenty hours to make the journey. The desert in this direction is described as "of loose sand, covered with millions of jaspers, chal-

\* "The Highlands of Ethiopia," 2 vols., by Sir W. C. Harris.

cedonies and agates, and small fragments of petrified wood, mostly in the form of jaspers and agates." The only vegetation is an occasional tuft, or a camel-bush, usually in the hollows, where water may collect. In this route, our author observed the mirage, far more distinctly than he had ever noticed it in the provinces of Káthiá-vád, or Kach, in India, which yet would appear to be favourable to it. He afterwards often witnessed the phenomenon in its highest perfection, in the journey through Arabia Petræa.

"Nothing," he says, in describing it as seen on these last occasions, "but a knowledge of our locality, and an experience of its deceitfulness, could have induced us, at a little distance from it, to believe that it was anything else than an extensive sheet, or copious lake of water, of crystal purity, reflecting the forms of the mountains, and the surrounding objects; and even the clouds of heaven, sometimes in their proper position, and sometimes reversely."

The word "mirage," appears to be taken from the Sanskrit poetical name for the phenomenon, *mīrgatrish*, which means the "thirst of the Antelope."\* It was dark when they reached Cairo, and the first thing that attracted their attention, was the loquacity of the dogs. These animals have been at all times noticed in the East, for their watchfulness by night; and Dr. Wilson was now forcibly reminded of the quietness represented as prevailing in the abodes of the Israelites, on the awful night described in the eleventh chapter of Exodus, where it is said: "But against any of the children of Israel, shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast."

The impression made by the massive and crowded city of Cairo, is much increased by the contrast it presents to the loneliness of the desert through which it is approached. To the traveller from India, its narrow streets, extensive bázárs, its minarets and domes, and oriental costumes, have no look of novelty; but he soon perceives very well-marked distinctions between the Egyptian and an Indian city. The houses are, as Dr. Wilson remarked, higher, larger, and of more

durable material, more crowded together, and more shaded with overhanging upper stories. Its bázárs and shops are fitted up with more of taste and order; the men are more substantially and more gracefully clothed, but are less cleanly in their persons. The women, enveloped in shapeless covering, are not seen to the same advantage as their sisters of India; and though, thanks to the rule of the present Pasha, no one is now insulted in the high-ways, the European from India misses at once the deference which is shewn him by the courteous and peaceable Hindú. We transcribe Dr.

Wilson's account of a panoramic view of Cairo, which, he says, is to be best had from its citadel, placed on an eminence, opposite to a height called Jebel Mukattem, which completely commands the citadel, and for which reason, Napoleon's officers proposed removing it altogether:—

"The *tout-en-semble* of Cairo and its environs, as seen from the citadel, is very striking and imposing. Turning from the bare and barren Mukattem, which is removed from the citadel by a defile of no great breadth, and overlooking Misrel-aútik, improperly called Old Cairo, and embracing the view to the south-east, we have the muddy Nile, winding its way through its lovely valley of emerald green, with the Pyramids of Sakkárah and Jizah, and the Lybian Desert, in the distance. Turning still farther to the west, we have the city before us in its greatest breadth, with Rodah, and the adjoining islands of the Nile, with their rich gardens and orchards. To the north, we have the body of the city, in about its greatest length, appearing to advantage, from its extent and general picturesqueness; the uniformity of the private dwellings being nearly concealed by the lofty and graceful minarets and domes of the mosques and other public buildings. And, over the city, we have a prospect extending as far as the apex of the Delta. The shape of the city and the course of its walls, however, cannot here be ascertained, although it is evident, that in length it does not lie close along the banks of the river, but strikes away in a north-east direction, keeping near to the desert, and leaving the ground, intermediate between it and the Nile, free for horticultural purposes. It is to the south-west that the Khatij, or great canal, leaves the Nile, half-way

\* "Bible Lands."—Vol. 1., p. 47. n.



between the town and Misr-el-'aátiik. The city, altogether, appears to be of such extent, that I can easily conceive that its population may amount to 250,000 souls, as in the lack of a regular census, to which the Mussalmans greatly object, it has been loosely estimated. The post of Bulák is partly seen to the north-west. The celebrated tombs of the Mamlúks, are to the south-east of the city, on the borders of the desert. Mantariyah, the ancient Heliopolis, lies to the north-east, but at a greater distance from the Nile."—vol. 1, pp. 56, 57.

It was in the citadel of Cairo, on the 1st of March, 1811, that the massacre of the Mamelukes, by the present Páshá, took place. There is every reason to believe that these brave chiefs, intolerant of subjection, were conspiring to effect the overthrow of their ruler, whom they regarded as only an usurper. Mahomet Ali, or, as Dr. Wilson writes the name, Muhammed 'Alí, assured Dr. Bowring, that their correspondence fell into his hands, and proved their plots; that even after this, he made several attempts to induce them to settle in Upper Egypt, and offered them lands, provided they would take themselves away from the capital, which they refused to do.\* The Mameluke Beys, together with the other chiefs and courtiers of the Pasha, were invited to be present at a high ceremony in the citadel, from which, as the Beys were retiring in a body, they found the gates closed; while a fire of musketry was opened on them from every side. They fell to the number of three hundred and fifty—all, save one, perished. Emir Bey recollected a part of the wall, where, although the height on the other side was fearful, a heap of soft rubbish had accumulated at its base. Here he leaped his horse over; the animal was killed at once, but the rider escaped, and, aided by some soldiers who were near, made his escape to Constantinople, where he lived for many years, the sole survivor of those proud military chiefs. Close to the citadel, stands the Pasha's palace, to which, it appears, admittance is easily gained, and which is furnished partly in the European, and partly in the Eastern manner. Near

this, on the site of what was once called Joseph's Hall, Muhammed Ali is building a magnificent mosque, supposed to be destined for his tomb. Like the mausoleum of the Medici family at Florence, it is remarkable for the beauty and variety of the material, the rarest and richest marbles; but, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson thinks, is likely to owe its effect mainly to this. The most conspicuous of the public buildings in Cairo, is the Jámáat-Es-Sultán-Hasan, or mosque of the Sultan Hasan; and it is indicative of the tolerance of the government, that our travellers were allowed to enter and inspect it, even in their European dresses. Another, and a very gratifying proof of the advancement made through the influence of the Páshá, is to be seen in two well-arranged hospitals at Cairo; and there are others, in different parts of Egypt, formed under the directions of Clot Bey, a French physician. Amongst the Páshá's useful efforts, we must not omit noticing the establishment of a printing-press, and his scheme of public instruction, well framed to raise the character of his people. The government press has already brought out about a hundred works in Arabic, Turkish, and Persian; and amongst them, an edition of the "Arabian Nights," in Arabic, which Mr. Lane has taken as his standard for the original text; "being," as he says, "greatly superior to other printed editions, and probably to every manuscript copy. "There are many scientific works, translated from the French; histories, too, and books of biography and travel. The system of public instruction in Egypt embraces, primary, preparatory, polytechnic, and special schools. The first amounting to four in Cairo, and one in Alexandria, have two hundred pupils each; and there are forty-five in the provinces, having 100 each; making in all, 5,500 scholars who are instructed in reading and writing Arabic, the first rules of arithmetic, and "religious" instruction. The second class of schools are, as yet, only two, one at Cairo, with 1,500—the other at Alexandria, with 500 pupils. The course occupies four years, and embraces the Arabic, Turkish, and Per-

\* "Report on Egypt."—p. 145.

sian languages; arithmetic, elementary geography, calligraphy, and linear design and drawing. The course in the polytechnic schools, embraces three years, and is directed to elementary geometry, algebra, rectilinear and spherical trigonometry, descriptive geometry, statistics, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, mechanics, geodesy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, architecture, geology, construction of machines, drawing, engineering and mining. Each of these classes of schools, receives its pupils from the preceding one. "The polytechnic pupils," we are told, who finish their curriculum satisfactorily, become sub-lieutenants in the army, at the call of the Páshá; and those who are rejected, become non-commissioned officers. The object of the special schools is, to train persons for the different branches of the public service, the army, the medical department, for translators, monitors, &c. And the standard of proficiency in all is said to be most respectable. The pupils are generally taken by conscription, but some are volunteers. Besides the government schools, Dr. Bowring estimates, that there are about 15,000 children educated in the mosque-schools throughout the country; and about 5,000 in the capital; but the instruction thus given is of the lowest character.

"The grand defect," says Doctor Wilson, "of the system of education pursued by Muhammed Ali, is a fundamental one, which cannot, however, be expected to be remedied by a Muhammedan ruler. It is the exclusion from his seminaries of that Christian instruction which alone produces that righteousness which 'exalteth a nation.' 'It has been well observed,' says Colonel Howard Vyse, 'that the ancient system of Egyptian superstition survived the repeated conquests to which the country was subject, and at last, yielded only to the Christian dispensation; and it may be doubted whether the present degraded and miserable condition of these people can ever be effectually improved, except by the same beneficial influence.' The knowledge and belief

of Christianity is needed by the Egyptians, as by all other people, for a higher object than that of national reform and advancement. 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life,' said Christ; 'no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.'—Vol. I., pp. 73, 74.

We forbear to touch on our author's account of the magnificent remains in Egypt, further than as they are connected with the object of the present work, the illustration of the Bible; they have been already brought before the public in almost every form, and, lately, in a publication which has well deserved its very extensive circulation, we mean "Chambers's Miscellany." Dr. Wilson, whose levity is ponderous, and humour grave, taunts Lord Lindsay, for regarding the head of the sphinx as that of a woman, and cites the authority of Colonel Vyse, by whom the beard of the monster was found buried in the sand before it. There can be no doubt that this statue has a beard, not only from the discovery of Colonel Vyse, but from the circumstance, that, on a tablet near the altar of the sphinx, a king is represented as making an offering to it, and the figure of the sphinx is there given with the beard. But, it must be remembered that the sphinx is a fauciful animal, a monster, purporting to combine beauty, intellect, and god-like power. The beard is the attribute of a god. There is not the least inconsistency in supposing the face to be that of a female, as it is usually spoken of. Pliny, in describing the sphinx, treats it as feminine.—Plin. 36, 12.—"Ante hos est sphinx, vel magis *miranda*, &c." Heliopolis, the site of which, with some few remains, is some seven miles distant from Cairo, is well made out to be the city of "On," the daughter of whose high-priest was married to Joseph. Josephus, and the septuagint translators of the Scriptures,\* identify it as such, as well as with the *Aven* of Ezekiel, which is the same as "On."† "The ancient hieroglyphical name of this city," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was Re-ci, or Ei-ree,"

\* Gen. xli. 45; Exod. i. 11, in a clause, says Dr. Wilson, which does not occur in the original Hebrew.—"Bible Lands," Vol. I., p. 95.

† Ezek. xxx. 17. Sir Gardner Wilkinson says, that the word "On" is written "*Aven*" in our version, owing to our putting useless vowels into Hebrew words, and mistaking vowels for consonants.—"Modern Egypt," Vol. i., p. 296.

“the house, or abode of the sun,” corresponding to the title given it by the Jews, of “Beth-Shemesh,” or “house of the sun,” and which, in Scripture, and in Coptic, is called “On,” and of which “Heliopolis,” it may be observed, is merely the Greek translation. It is of this place that Jeremiah (xliii. 18) says, in the name of God, “He shall break also the images of Beth-Shemesh, that is in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall be burnt with fire.” The obelisk at Heliopolis is the most ancient known, and bears the name of Osirtasen the First, in whose reign, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson supposes, Joseph came into Egypt. It is dedicated to Phre, or the Sun, from whom the town of Heliopolis derived its name. The Flaminian obelisk, at Rome, was taken from Heliopolis by Augustus, and is of the time of Rameses the Great. The only objects of interest at Heliopolis, besides the obelisk, are some mounds, the remains of the ancient city—a well, called the ‘Ain-Esh-Shems,’ or fountain of the sun, some broken pillars and mutilated sphinxes, and the sycamore-tree, shown as that under which Joseph and Mary, with the infant Saviour, rested, during the flight into Egypt. The mounds, which are the remains of the walls of Heliopolis, show that, though it may have been a place of sanctity and importance, it could not have been the capital of Egypt. Dr. Wilson agrees with Niebuhr and Major Rennell, that the land of Goshen was in this district. Niebuhr, in reference to this, says, that, “At the distance of two German leagues from Heliopolis, to the north-east, are seen the ruins of a large and ancient village, which the Arabs now call Tell-el-Jhud, or the tombs (hill) of the Jews,” and the traditions of the Jews and Mahomedans of Egypt accord with this. Goshen must have been near the capital (Gen. xlv. 10), and, on the road from it to Canaan—for Joseph, residing in the chief city, “made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel, his father, to Goshen” (Gen. xlv. 29). In both these respects, the neighbourhood of Tell-el-Jhud connects very well with the site of Memphis, supposed to have been the metropolis of the Pharaohs in the time

of Joseph, and at the period of the Exodus. The mounds, which indicate the site of Memphis, are some ten miles distant from Cairo, to the south-west, and on the other side of the Nile. Memphis is the Moph of Hosea, and the Noph of Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. These names are traced to those which it bore in the ancient hieroglyphics. *Mane Phthah*, the “abode of Phthah,” or Vulcan, who had there a vast and magnificent temple; and Pa-Nuph, or Ei-Nuph, which, Plutarch says, “some interpret the harbour of the good, or the sepulchre of (the good god) Osiris. Its Coptic names are *Memphi*, *Mefi*, and the Arabic *Memf*. Memphis is, as we have said, generally supposed to have been the capital of the Pharaohs, and is spoken of as such by Strabo, the most painstaking of the ancient geographers, although this distinction is also claimed for Zoan, called by the Greeks Tanis, and the modern Sav, at some distance to the north of it on the Nile. The main argument in favour of Zoan is, that “the field of Zoan” is expressly named by the psalmist (Ps. lxxviii. 12) as the spot where the miracles of Moses were performed. On the other hand, the fact that Pharaoh was relieved from the plague of locusts by a strong *west wind*, which carried them into the Red Sea, applies well to the site of Memphis, but not at all to that of Zoar. The latter was plainly a city of importance and of great antiquity, for Moses, speaking of Hebron, says, that it was built “seven years before Zoan in Egypt.” It may be that there were two capitals, Zoan being at times the more favourite residence of the court; and the supposition is countenanced by a passage in Isaiah, contrasting the princes of Zoan and the princes of Noph. (Is. xix. 13.) Memphis suffered much from the invasion of the Persians under Cambyses, and went finally to decay, when Alexandria rose to prosperity under the Ptolemies. Diodorus Siculus represents the circuit of Memphis as one hundred-and-fifty stadia, or about seventeen English miles. In the time of Albufeda, A.D., 1342, the remains of this city were still extensive; they are now reduced to a few mounds and foundations, a colossal statue of Rameses the Great, who is supposed to have been Sesostris,



three statues in red granite, and a limestone-block on which the god Nilus is sculptured.

In Cairo, Dr. Wilson was joined by his friend, Mr. Smith, of Bombay, who was to be afterwards the companion of his travel; and having made their arrangements, and returned to Suez, they, on the 13th of February, 1843, left this latter place, and commenced their progress to Arabia, looking to the convent on Mount Sinai as the terminus of their first journey.

Laborde says that there are but two methods of travelling in the countries we are about to enter on—either to go attended with a retinue, *en prince*, or to adventure alone as a mendicant, and, like Burckhardt, to drive a donkey. Our travellers adopted the former mode: they agreed with a sheik of a branch of the Tawarah Arabs—the same tribe which had furnished Niebuhr with a guide—to conduct and escort them to Mount Sinai, supplying them with camels, and they found their own tents and stores, including skins of water for a fortnight, which last item took four camels to carry it. They had in all upwards of forty camels. At a short distance beyond Suez, is shown the part of the gulf where the Israelites are said to have passed, when pursued by Pharaoh. It is now a shallow ford, which the camels cross in bringing water to Suez from the fountains on the Arabian side. The appearance of the ground about it indicates that the water was formerly deeper; but we agree with Dr. Wilson, that it does not appear to have been at any time deep enough to correspond with the language made use of in many parts of the Scriptures in reference to it. Niebuhr, Laborde, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and Dr. Robinson, support the view that this passage at Suez was the spot where the Israelites crossed. Their chief reasons appear to be, that the road from what they take to be the defile of Migdol, where the Israelites turned off, leads to it. That it is the part of the sea most likely to be affected “by a strong east wind;” that the depth of the sea in other parts would be too great to allow of its being compared, when divided, to “a wall” on either side; and that the breadth of the sea in other places is too great for the time which seems to have been occupied in the passage.

We do not at all like this mode of dealing with a Scripture miracle—that is, the endeavour to lessen the marvel—not, indeed, denying it, but representing it as less an interference with the laws of nature than a miraculous adaptation of them to a particular purpose. An east wind would not, in fact, under any supposed natural circumstances, produce the effect ascribed to it on this part of the sea. It should be a north-east wind, as Dr. Robinson admits, and taking very great liberties with the text, tries to make it out. When these very clever travellers, in support of their view, laid so much stress on the word “wall,” they forgot that there are other expressions used which are, of themselves alone sufficient to negative the idea of the passage having been made at Suez, it not being possible to conceive that the depth of water there was ever great enough to accord with them, as for example—“The floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea,”—the word “heaps” here being the same that is used in describing the similar miracle, in arresting the torrent of the Jordan; also, “They sank as lead in the mighty waters; the depths covered them; they sank into the abysses as a stone.” (Ex. xv.) “That led them through the deep.” (Isaiah lxiii. 13.) As to the breadth being too great in other parts, and the time to be allowed for the passage too short, it is to be observed, that the part of the Red Sea opposite the Wádi Tawárik, which Sicard, Shaw, and Dr. Wilson suppose to have been the scene of the passage, is, according to a recent survey published by the East India Company, no more than six and a-half geographical miles in breadth; and that the host of the Israelites might, without allowing much for the exciting circumstances in which they were placed, have easily crossed in one whole night a distance of, at the utmost, fifteen miles. The Egyptians were not destroyed, as Dr. Robinson assumes, *before* the morning; but according to the text, “Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength *when the morning appeared*, and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the

sea." Such traditions as remain among the natives of Suez, indicate, as Dr. Wilson observes, that the Wádi Tawárik was the place of the encampment of the Israelites immediately before their miraculous deliverance. They call the valley Wádi Musá, or the "Valley of Moses," and it is thus named in Moresby's chart. There is another tradition on the subject. The Arabs maintain that the Israelites crossed the Red Sea at the eastern end of the Wádi-el-araba, so called, they say, from the Egyptian chariots. The precise spot is between Jebel Zaferánah, the "Mount of Saffron," on the Egyptian coast, and the Hammám Pharaón, Pharaoh's baths—named from the fate of Pharaoh—on the Arabian side. Sir Gardner Wilkinson\* objects that the breadth of the sea here is too great for the time of the passage. Whatever may be the force of other objections, this has clearly none, for the distance across is here only twelve miles.† The appearance of the water at this spot is well calculated to affect the imagination. Dr. Wilson represents it as almost constantly troubled by the force of the wind passing between the heights on each side, aided by the strength of the tides, acting the more powerfully, from the very circumstance of the sea being, in this part of the Gulf of Suez, much narrowed.

Our travellers, as we have said, commenced their journey on the 13th of February, and their first station was at the Ayán Musá, or Wells of Moses, where, and at the neighbouring spring of 'Ain Nábà, the Israelites are supposed to have supplied themselves with water after crossing the Red Sea. There are a few palm-trees here, and seven wells, with a considerable supply of somewhat brackish water. On the next day they crossed what Lord Lindsay describes as "a boundless plain of desert, white, and painfully glaring to the eye;" it is called El-ati, and Dr. Wilson concurs with that nobleman in holding it to be the *Eltham* of Scripture. On the 15th, travelling in the direction of Hammám Faránn (or Pharaón) already mentioned, and which Captain Moresby found to be 1,500 feet above the level of the sea,

they reached 'Ain Hawérab, or the "well of destruction." As Dr. Wilson was about to taste the water, the Arabs exclaimed loudly, "murrah, murrah, murrah,"—"It is bitter, bitter, bitter;" and while the words were ringing in his ears, he felt satisfied that it was, as Burckhardt and every succeeding traveller held, the *Murah* of the Bible. Its site answers the description of the text, that they "went three days in the wilderness and found no water," and there is no other constant spring in the route between it and the 'Ayán Musá. The Arabs would not touch the water. The tree which Moses was directed to cast into the water to make it sweet, is supposed by Burckhardt to have been the Gharkad of the Arabs, the *Peganum Retusum* of Forskal (Flor. Ægypt. p. 66) which grows near this spring, and seems, like the palm, to do well in saline soils. But the Arabs of these deserts ascribe no such virtue to the plant, nor do they know of any mode by which the well could be rendered sweet. Even if the juice of the Gharkad-berries could qualify this nauseous water, where, asks Dr. Wilson, and very sensibly, "would it be had in sufficient quantities to make a million or two of gallons drinkable for the hosts of Israel?"—and Dr. Robinson, who treats the supposition with more respect than it is entitled to, admits, that as the Israelites broke up from Egypt on the morrow of Easter, the season for the berries could hardly have arrived. The reasonable supposition is, that the healing virtue of the tree, whether it was the Gharkad bush, or any other, was miraculous.

Our travellers were accompanied from Suez by the chief of the whole body of the Tawarah Arabs, who was on his way to the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, where his tents were pitched. Dr. Wilson describes him as a fine-looking man and well dressed, with a rich Kashmir shawl round his turban, and another over his shoulders, and tied round his waist; he was addressed as the Sheik el-Kebér, or the great Sheik. The following extract describes the occupations and mode of progress of a day:—

\* "Modern Egypt," Vol. ii. p. 400.

† "Bible Lands," Vol. i. p. 178.

"I have now become quite in love with our desert life, notwithstanding the exposure and fatigue which are inseparable from our movements. We are generally awoke in the morning, about day-break, by the cheerful and melodious voice of Mr. Waters, the African servant of Mr. Smith, whose extraordinary musical powers charm not only ourselves, but the wildest Arabs of our Kafilah, who remain in the silence of enchantment until he has finished his performance. This faithful attendant, whose duties are principally confined to the morning watch, is sure to have a cup of coffee ready for us, before we can leave our sandy couch. Anon, recovering from the entrancement into which they affect to be thrown, the Arabs begin to stir and to chatter around us. Their first concern is their camels, which they recall from their wanderings, if, as is most commonly the case, they have not collected them together before committing themselves to sleep at night. A piece of bread generally serves those simple and hardy people for their morning meal; and they make all due haste in its mastication, that they may have a little time to luxuriate among the fumes of the pipe, which they consider indispensable to their existence. On sallying forth from our tents we seek to enjoy the 'cool,' if not the fragrant and the 'silent hour' 'to meditation due,' and take a general survey of the scene around us, visiting all the spots of interest in our neighbourhood, and examining, as far as possible, the geological structure of the country, a work comparatively easy in these barren regions, where rock, and hill, and mountain, are everywhere laid bare to the student. The picture stretched out before us is but rude and sombre; and in all 'the melancholy bounds, rude ruins glitter.' While my friends are occupied in taking down the tents, and superintending the loading of the camels, I am generally busy with my note-book. Our breakfast we soon discuss, either seated on our camp-stools or standing around the humble board on which it is spread. It consists of bread or biscuit, hard as the stones of the desert, of the best tea which the Bombay bazar could afford—some of us having received due warning against the collection of bitter and narcotic leaves, which passes under the name in Egypt—and of preserved meats, the fragments of our dinner on the preceding evening. Our commissary of stores furnishes us, in addition, with certain provender for the day, of eatables and drinkables, including water, the most valued of all, to be slung over our camels, and to be ready at hand, to meet

the demands of keen appetite and fiery thirst, which fresh air and copious exercise, and a scorching sun, fail not to encourage and produce. When our camels get in motion, we generally follow them for a mile or two on foot, before we mount them; and we often give them a similar relief at noon, and just before the conclusion of our march for the day. We go very quietly on our way, averaging about two geographical miles in the hour, except when we make digressions from the main body of our company, when we continue to trot along at about double this speed. We have become quite reconciled to our rolling and pitching on our lofty conveyances, and can dispose ourselves so conveniently upon them, that we can write, and even rudely sketch with our pencils. The conversation among ourselves consists of demonstrations and commentaries connected with the objects which pass under our notice. I have very often our sheikh as my companion, and my own Badani attendant; Ibrahim, of our Kareishi, from whom our sheikh has hired a number of our camels, is a perfect model of care and politeness, not only in tending the animal on which I ride, but in handing up to me stones and plants, and whatever else I may choose to inspect. Both these persons are fond of being examined about the notabilities of the road, and the manners and customs of the tribes to which they belong."

When the Arabs meet one another, their first question, after their salutation, is—"How are your camels?" thus evincing the value they attach to them. "I can scarcely," says Dr. Wilson, "reconcile the sympathy which they justly bore to them, with their proneness to devour them, when dead; and, independently of religious grounds, I admire that Divine wisdom which interdicted them to the Jews as articles of food."

The next halt of the party was in the Wâdi Waseit, which they conceived to be the *Elim* of Exodus. There are many palms there; and, as to the twelve wells, they were, probably, such springs, then open, as are now easily to be obtained by digging. In the course of their march, on the following day, they reached a rocky barrier, which compelled them to choose either of two routes—one to the right, which took Laborde, and, afterwards, Dr. Robinson, to Mount Sinai; the other, to



the left, which Dr. Wilson and his caravan now followed, and which led them again to the Red Sea, and to an extensive plain near it, in the Wádi El-Markháh, or the "Valley of Ease," which they entertain no doubt is the station where the Israelites, after leaving Elim, again "encamped by the Red Sea." From El-Markháh they pursued the only route to Mount Sinai, passing through chasms and valleys of great interest, as the Wádi Lagám, or the "Valley of the Bridle," and one which Burckhardt names "Wádi Shelláh," "The Valley of the Cataracts;" but this is a mistake; there are no cataracts there, and the true name is (as the Arabs say) Wádi Shilál, or the "Valley of the Camel-drivers." It is described as a romantic pass. Soon afterwards they reached a locality for which they had been anxiously looking out, that is the Wádi Mukatteb, or the "Written Valley," celebrated for inscriptions found, on both sides of the valley, on the smooth, perpendicular cliffs of the new red, or variegated sandstone, the strata of which are of great thickness. Most of them are in an unknown character, supposed to be the ancient Nabathean, a few are in Greek, and one or two in Latin. Besides the literal inscriptions, some are hieroglyphical; or, as Dr. Wilson is more disposed to class them, pictorial. The latter vary in size, from half-an-inch to six inches. The figures are very rude:—

"They are those of men with shields, and swords, and bows and arrows; of camels and horses, both with and without their riders, seated or standing by their sides; of goats and ibexes, with large curved horns: of antelopes, pursued by greyhounds; of ostriches and geese, and unknown birds, indistinctly represented; of lizards, tortoises, and other creeping things; and of diverse quaint phantasies which cannot be characterised."

They are first mentioned by Cosmos Indicopleustes, A. D. 536, who supposes them to have been written by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness, and have since been noticed by many travellers. The occurrence of the cross, in some, indicates that such may be attributed to early Christian pilgrims who passed this way to Mount Sinai.

Specimens of these Sinaitic inscriptions have been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, and in some French works. After having long exercised the ingenuity of the learned, they have been lately deciphered by Professor Beer, of Leipzig, who conceives them to be Nabathæan. The alphabet, as made out by him, is given in the appendix to Dr. Wilson's second volume. The inscriptions, rendered by Beer, contain merely the names of individuals, with a prayer for peace or remembrance, as—

"Peace be upon Kelabu, the son of Zeru Zar."

"Remember Aben Kuin, the son of 'Amru Zar."

The name "Zar" is, in another inscription, given in the alternative form of "Zeir." The names, as Dr. Wilson observes, are mostly Shemitic, and well suit the Nabathæan, the ancient inhabitants of the country. These writings, with "the graving of an iron pen," and their permanence, recall the wish of Job for the record of his sorrow. The inscriptions are not peculiar to this valley, although most numerous there; they are found in many parts of the Arabian peninsula, as well as on the Egyptian side of the Red Sea.

Leaving the valley of Mukatteb, Dr. Wilson, and his friend, Mr. Smith, adventured on, to examine a range of red granite mountains, which seemed to be very near them, but which it took them two hours of hard work to gain. Their labour, however, was rewarded, for here they found the plain traces of ancient mines, which, probably from being out of the track, do not appear to have been noticed by any previous traveller. They were led to approach them, from the aspect of their naked flanks, ribbed with dark, metallic veins, or basaltic dykes, running up to their summits.

"On a hill, in front of them, which we had to surmount, before we could get to their base, we were surprised to see immense quantities of debris and slag, with fragments of stone mortars and furnaces, which, we doubted not, had been used, in the remotest antiquity, for the pounding and smelting of ore.

When we actually reached the mountains, we found they had been picked and excavated, to a great extent, where the veins and dykes had occurred; and that only their coarse contents had, in some places, been spared. Numerous grooves and channels seemed to have been cut, in the extraction of the ore, from the very top to the bottom of the mountains, even where they were most perpendicular; and the mountains are completely spoiled and stripped of their treasures. How they were wrought—whether by the aid of scaffoldings, reaching from the bottom, or by supports, let down from above, by ropes or chains, it is impossible to say. Great must have been the exposure and the waste of human life in the working of them. We looked upon them with much interest; and we could account for the fact, that they have hitherto escaped the notice of travellers only by the circumstance that they are out of the way, and that the wonderful inscriptions in the Wade Makatteb here, naturally enough, monopolized their attention. They formed to us a most striking and valuable illustration of the ancient processes of mining; and the enterprise in which they originated, is referred to in that sublime and interesting chapter, the twenty-eighth of Job.”—Vol. i., pp. 187, 188.

The stone is of felspathic porphyry, with a dark coating which indicates the presence of copper; but Dr. Wilson thinks the mines may have contained gold, for he found what seemed to him to be particles of that metal in the sands near. Supposing that these mines were worked contemporaneously with those visited by previous travellers, near the Wádi Maghârah, at Sarâbut el-Khâdin and Wádi Nasb, there is some reason to believe that they may have been wrought before the time of Job, or even before that of Abraham. The mines last named were, in all probability, worked by the Egyptians, whose tablets and tombs are found in the neighbourhood; and, comparing their hieroglyphics, as given by Laborde, with Sir Gardner Wilkinson's tables, some of them are found to be of the date of Osistâsen I., who is supposed to have been the reigning Pharaoh when Joseph first came into

Egypt, and some of Cheops, the founder of the great pyramid.

The Tarfâ, or *Tamarix Gallica Mannifera*, which Burckhardt and Laborde represent as the plant which produces the manna of Scripture, grows in these deserts. What they call the manna, is found in shining drops, about the size of a pea, exuded on the twigs and branches, in consequence of the puncture of an insect known as the *coccus manniparus*; it is sweet, and has the appearance of gum. Burckhardt admits that the produce of this plant is uncertain, that the quantity collected in the most favourable seasons is but trifling, and that it is so rare that he never saw it among the Arabs. It is quite manifest that it cannot be the manna of Scripture. The Tarfâ is, as Dr. Wilson remarks, indigenous in Egypt, and the Israelites would at once have known it; yet their manna, we are told, received its name from the very circumstance that they did not know it, and asked—“What is that?”\* Had it not even been native in Egypt, it is not easy to conceive that a plant growing wild in a country so near them, would be wholly unknown in their multitudinous host. But the manna of the Bible narrative is described as the size of coriander-seed—as falling every morning, except the Sabbath, and only about the camp of the Israelites—as falling punctually on a particular day in double quantities, and that not for a particular season of the year, but for the whole year, and thus continuing to fall, without fail, for the forty years that the Israelites required it—and, finally, as having always descended in such quantities, that the whole body of the Israelites, amounting to about two millions and a-half of souls, were abundantly supported by it, almost exclusively. It is painful to see such men as Burckhardt and Laborde dealing thus carelessly with Scripture. There are many plants which yield the substance now called manna, and that produced by the Tarfâ of the Arabian deserts has no doubt acquired the repute of being the manna of Holy Writ—“The bread from heaven,”

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\* Exod. xvi. 15.—The name, in the old Hebrew in *men*, or *min*—“what;” and Arabic name for the substance is *men*.—Wilkinson's “Modern Egypt,” vol. ii. 401.—and “Ancient Egyptians,” vol. iv. p. 62.

the "angel's food," from the single circumstance, that the Arabic name for it—*mann*, resembles the Hebrew word, the fact, in all probability, being, that this Arab name was given to the substance from a supposed resemblance to the true manna, which is described as sweet.\*

Our travellers advanced through a valley of great beauty, the Wádi Feirán, supposed to be the Paran of Scripture. The Arabic and Hebrew names seem nearly identical; but, as observed by Dr. Wilson, Paran is often mentioned in Scripture as designating not merely some particular part or parts of the desert in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, but sometimes a large district of Arabia Petræa. The Wádi Feirar is an oasis—the paradise of the Bedouin, or, as Dr. Wilson more Arabically writes the name, the "Bedaíun." A pure stream winds through the most part of the glen; date and nebk groves and gardens abound there, and gigantic mountains, of the boldest forms, surround it. Lord Lindsay describes its beauty, and the deep impression which it made upon him, with much grace. Passing on through narrow defiles, and mountain valleys, difficult of ascent, they gained, at length, their first view of the awful mountain, which was the great object of the first part of their journey.

"On a sudden, when we had deflected a little to the left hand, a broad and triangular plain, but of much greater length than breadth, lay before us. It is bounded, at its farthest extremity, by a mountain of surpassing height, grandeur, and terror: and this was the very 'mount of God,' where he stood, where he descended in fire, and where rested the cloud of his glory, from which he spoke all the words of the law. The plain itself was the Wádi en-Ráhab, the 'Valley of Rest,' where stood the whole congregation of the sons and daughters of Israel, when gathered together before the Lord. As of old, the everlasting mountains by which it was bounded on every side, were the walls, and the expanse of heaven the canopy, of this great temple. Entered within its court, so sacred in its associations, we felt, for a time, the curiosity of the traveller lost in the reverence and awe of the worshipper.

Never before, perhaps, were we so strangely affected, as in this wondrous locality. Our emotions were then incapable of analysis, as they are now of description. I trust they were more than excited by the contemplation of past realities and enduring solemnities—that they were directed Godward by the great Spirit of Truth himself."—Vol. i. pp. 210-11.

The mountain is of a deep red granite, and rises almost perpendicularly from the plain just referred to, to the height of about 1,500 feet. The monks call it Jebel Horeb, and the word "Horeb," which in Hebrew means "dry, desert, desolation," is characteristic of the scene. Jebel Katherin, the twin-sister of Horeb was next observed; but, as first seen from the valley, it is less imposing. Entering a narrow defile, called the "Valley of Jethro," they saw before them, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, the convent, or fort, for such it is, and has need to be, of St. Catherine, with its rich gardens, in which were the fig-tree, the pomegranate, the gopher or cypress-tree, the almond, and the vine. The monks received them with a cordial welcome, assuring them, that "they had been waiting all the day long, to leap into the arms of their affection." Their mode of entrance into the monastery was, however, somewhat singular. A rope was thrown out, with a loop at one end, by which, with the aid of a windlass, they were hauled up in succession, like so many sugar-hogs-heads; after dangling for a while, at the height of some thirty feet, they were helped in through a projecting window. The convent gate, which it appears has been built up for more than a century, for fear of attacks, is never opened, except on the occasion of a visit of their titular archbishop, from Constantinople. Here then, on the 20th of February, they terminated the first stage of their arduous journey, having, as we have seen, left Suez late in the day of the thirteenth.

On the following day, they ascended to the Jebel Musa, the highest peak of Horeb, regarded as the spot where Moses had communion with God. The

\* See on the subject, "Bible Lands," vol. i. p. 193, n.



mountain is described as being, like almost all the heights about it, of a deep red, or flesh-coloured granite; at the summit, however, it terminates in white granite, extremely fine in the grain, and with comparatively few particles of hornblende or mica. "It is thus," says Dr. Wilson, "literally, as well as poetically, the 'grey-topped Sinai' of Milton." When first seen, it seems destitute of vegetation, but on a closer inspection, plants and bushes are discerned on its surface. The summit is but of a few square yards in extent, and a hollow in the rock is shown, as that into which Moses retired.

"Happily," says Dr. Wilson, in describing the view from it, "we had a perfectly clear atmosphere, when we stood on *Jebel Músá*, and there was nothing round us, except the higher peaks of *Jebel Kátherin*, and the ridge of which it is a part, to the south and west of us, to interrupt our view. It was terrific and sublime, beyond all our expectations. We were on the very axis, as it appeared, of the most remarkable group of primitive mountains in this remarkable peninsula. In the stability of their foundations, the depth of their chasms, the magnitude and fulness of their masses, the loftiness of their walls, and the boldness of their peaks, we have the architecture of nature revealed to us in all its grandeur and majesty. The general impression of the scene was so overpowering, that it was exceedingly difficult for us, for some considerable time, to fix our attention on its component parts. Still we made the effort. Looking to the northward, we saw a small portion of the Sea of Suez, at the base of the mountains *Derag* and *Atakah*, on the Egyptian side; and near to us, in the same direction, part of the peaks and shoulders of *Serbal*, and other mountains contiguous to *Wadi Feiran* and *Mukatteb*. To the north of us, overlooking the sandy plain of *Ramlah*, or *Hadrah* (*Ilazereth*), we had the long range of *Jebel Tih*, with its dark summits and white flanks crossing the peninsula, and sending out several secondary ridges into the great and terrible wilderness, in which the children of Israel so long wandered, under the curse of the divine displeasure, but miraculously supported by the divine grace and bounty. To the south-east, we had before us a portion of the sea of *Akabah*, with its deep blue surface, with the island of *Térar*, the largest in these

parts, and some of its neighbours, of smaller dimensions, lying at its entrance. Beyond these we had the lofty mountains of Arabia, near and above *Mowélah*, bounding our horizon. Restricting our vision, we had, apparently quite close to us, *Jebel Kátherin*, with its two conical summits resting on a considerable platform, and outpeering the eminence on which we ourselves stood, as well as all the neighbouring heights. Looking over the gash in our own mountain, in which stands the chapel of *Elijah*, which we had noticed in our ascent, we had a very distinct view of the hinder parts of the remarkable peaks which we had seen fronting the valley of *er-Ráháb*, on which the Israelites were encamped before the Lord. In the direct line, they seemed to be not more than a mile distant from us. No part of this valley itself is visible; but the opening formed for it by the mountains which surround it, and the summits of those mountains, were perfectly discernible. We looked down distinctly on *Jebel ed Dar*, close on the convent, and the *Jebel Salib*, on the summit of *Monájab* behind, surmounted by the cross. Of many striking objects, and configurations of rock and mountain in this wonderful panorama, our guides were unable or unwilling to tell us the names."—Vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

From such attention as we have been able to give to the point, we are disposed to think with Dr. Wilson, that there is no sufficient reason for disputing the ecclesiastical and local tradition of about fifteen centuries, that the summit *Jebel Músá* is the very spot where the Lord condescended to commune, face to face, with his servant Moses. We cannot pursue the argument in which our author combats the position of Dr. Robinson, that the peak of *Safsáfab*, and not *Jebel Músá*, was the mount of communion. There are two short observations which seem enough to decide the question, as between these rival peaks. Moses, it is said in the text, was called up to the *top* of the mount. Now, *Jebel Músá* is the highest peak of *Horreb*, and, we may add, it is the most accessible. Further, on *Jebel Músá*, Moses would have been, in accordance with the narrative, out of sight of the camp, and beyond the reach of its idolatrous shouts; while at *Safsáfab* he could have been both seen and heard. There is some indistinctness in the application of the names *Sinai*

and Horeb. The latter is spoken of in the sacred text distinctively as "the Mount Horeb." Sinai is also called "Mount Sinai." The mountain called by these names was, at all events, as Dr. Wilson remarks, one mountain, however the names may have been afterwards extended to the district in which it lies.

The rock shown as that which was smitten by Moses, is in the track to the summit of Mount Catherine. It is described as "about twelve feet in height, of a cubical, or rather an irregular shape, with various apertures or fissures, partly natural, partly artificial." Maundrell speaks of it as connected with the miracle in the beginning of the fourteenth century. In the sacred text it is called "*the rock in Horeb*." The Israelites were supplied with the water while in the valley of Rephidim, at some miles distant from the rock, which might easily occur, the water flowing as winter torrents now do through the wadis or valleys of Arabia; and from the language of the Psalmist, as cited by Dr. Wilson, this seems to have been the case. "He clave the rock in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rocks, and caused waters to run down like rivers." In this way, the water flowing from a great height, may have continued to supply the Israelites during their first journeyings "from Horeb by the way of Mount Seir and Kadish-Barnea." A supposition which, as our author suggests, casts a new light on the figurative language of the Apostle, when he speaks of the "rock following the Israelites" (1 Cor. x. 4).

The monastery of Mount Catherine is said to have been built by the Emperor Justinian, A.D. 527, on the petition of Christians who had settled in cave-rocks, or lived in tents about Mount Sinai, and who complained of the vexations to which they were exposed from the Arabs. Dr. Wilson says that the drawing of it in Laborde is correct, and that the view of the interior given by Roberts is, like all his sketches in the Bible lands, most accurate. Burckhardt informs us that the library of the convent contains fifteen hundred Greek volumes, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts, and the examination of these would,

no doubt, reveal a great deal of interesting information; but the monks now there, are, according to Dr. Wilson's report, wholly illiterate, none of them being ecclesiastics, and they pay no attention to their library. We must add that our travellers found them extremely amiable. After resting at the convent for four days, Dr. Wilson and his friend again mounted their camels, and commenced their longer and more painful journey to Petra. The nearer course is that which was taken by Dr. Robinson in 1838, by 'Akabah, at the northern extremity of the gulf of that name; but the sheik of the district had lately begun to make exorbitant demands for his convoys, and our author thought it proper to resist the exaction, and take another route. He accordingly proposed to cross the Tih range, and to make their way to Petra, through the centre of the great desert, a plan which, in addition to the promise of more adventure, presented the charm of novelty—a great portion of that vast region being altogether unknown to Europeans. On the 24th of February, they left the convent of Mount Sinai, and entered on their arduous undertaking, making, however, but little progress on the first day. On the 27th, after ascending long through winding valleys and deep defiles, they crossed the table-land of the Jebel Tih, and on reaching the desert on the other side, they saw, scattered on its surface, fine specimens of petrified wood, which, on examination, proved to be of the same species as that found in the neighbourhood of Cairo. The tribe, whose tread they were now crossing, did not appear to be much regarded by their Arab attendants, who, in describing them, said, "The Heiwât Arabs are great cowards—they build houses." The scornful imputation is, however, undeserved. The Heiwât Arabs would, like their brother tribes, prefer the tents, but they are too poor to obtain them, and are compelled to live in caves or huts as best they can. On the 1st of March they reached the Derb-el-Haj, or great pilgrim tract, from Suez towards Medina, the pilgrimage to which place is, as is well known, one of the five works of merit of the Mahomedans, and entitles those who accomplish it to the title of Hâjî, much respected in the East. This route was marked by about

twenty or thirty distinct camel-tracks, as well as by the bones and skeletons of animals which had perished there on the journey. On the 5th of March they encamped on the Wádi Kareishí, a valley where there was a good deal of vegetation, and some large and beautiful specimens of the Ratham, or white broom of the desert, so often referred to in Scripture. It was under this Elijah sat, when he sat down and requested for himself that he might die (1 Kings xix. 4, 5); and Job refers to its roots as affording food in times of scarcity. It is the *Genista Prætum* of Forskal, and the Bedouins are much employed in collecting its brushwood and thick roots, which they burn into charcoal for the Cairo market. Another of the few sources of industry in these solitary districts, is the collecting of the gum arabic from large acacias, named by them the Talh trees. At sunset, on this halt, the Bedouins spread their mats, and turned their faces towards Mecca, the only act of devotion which they were seen to perform in all the journey; and their unwonted piety was accounted for by their alarm at "a sign in the heavens," to which they pointed; it was the comet of 1843, which, Dr. Wilson conceives, the perfect clearness of the atmosphere enabled them to see, before it was discerned in any other part of the world. On this day, too, they came upon a small Bedouin encampment, and thus describe an Arab tent:—

"We entered the best of these tabernacles on the invitation of its owner, a venerable old man, apparently of some consequence among his fellows, and whom Sheik Husseir introduced to us as his uncle. It did not differ from the others beside it, except in size, it being a little larger. It was 'black, like the tents of Kedar,' in fact, like all the tents which we noticed in the desert—consisting of cloth of goat's hair, stretched longitudinally on three small poles, at each of its ends, and supported by three poles in the middle. It consisted of two divisions. In that allotted to the females, and called the Haram, we were forbidden to look. We were squatted on a rug, spread for our accommodation over the men's apartment; and some milk, which we found most refreshing, was served up in wooden dishes, or troughs, about a foot long, and six inches broad, with an extended

mouth-piece at each end, to facilitate the operation of drinking. We entered into a peaceful, and, in truth, a profitable conversation with the sheikh. It aroused the curiosity of his lady, and she was not long in coming forth from her obscurity. By way of concealing, as she thought, her own intrusion upon us, she dragged in her affrighted children, and presented them for our blessing. We made each of them a little present, and were speedily friends. We explained to the sheikh the reasons of our travelling; and, unexpectedly to us, he appeared at once in some degree to comprehend them. Such honor as our visit paid him, he said, he had never received; and it was his wish that the English, in all times coming, should go straight through his country, from Egypt to Jebel Hároun, on the Mount Aaron, and the Wadi Mása. There was a degree of frankness, and sincerity, and kindness about him, which we much liked, and which strongly contrasted with the rudeness and bluster of our guides."—Vol. i. p. 278.

At length our travellers entered the broad valley of the Wádi 'Arabah—from ten to eleven miles in breadth—and journeying through it nearly the whole of a day, they, early on the next, the 8th of March, reached the city of the Rock—the wondrous Petra. The word "Petra" is but the Greek translation of the Hebrew "Selah," the name by which the city of the Edomites is called in Scripture (2 Kings xiv. 7). Burckhardt, who had heard from the Arabs of the marvels of this mysterious city, may be said to have been the first who discovered it; and it was, at that period, as little known to Europeans as were Pompeii and Herculaneum, when first uncovered in modern times. This was in the year 1811, and in 1818, when Captains Irby and Mangles applied at Constantinople to have it inserted in their firman, the authorities answered, that "they knew of no such place within the dominions of the grand seignor." Laborde reached it in 1828, and subsequently Stevens, Lord Lindsay, Mr. Kinnear, Dr. Robinson, Messrs. Bonnar and M'Cheyne, and Lord Castlereagh have visited and described it. It has also been made in some degree familiar to the public by the popular work of Dr. Keith, as well as by the magnificent drawings of MM. Leon De Laborde and Linant, and, more



recently, of our own Roberts. We, therefore, deem it unnecessary to describe it in detail. We may form some imagination of the beauty and magnificence of its remains, when we learn that Laborde regards it as more striking than Palmyra; and are assured by Dr. Wilson, who is no enthusiast, that "even the drawing of a Laborde and a Roberts convey no adequate idea of its features, and that however high the expectations of the traveller may be, he experiences no disappointment." The singular effect of its temples, tombs, and private dwellings, excavated from the rock, of its staircases, aqueducts, and colonnades, is much heightened by the bright tints and rich colours of the rocks. These rocks are all of the new red, or variegated sandstone, "presenting," says Dr. Wilson, "almost every variety of colour and hue on which the eye can rest." Messrs. Irby and Mangles name some as of pale blue, streaked with red, or shaded off to lilac or purple, some of a salmon colour, veined in waved lines and circles, with crimson and scarlet, while in other places stripes of yellow or bright orange, or strata of all the different colours are ranged side by side. The city is surrounded by precipitous rocks, varying in height from 200 to 1000 feet, except that towards the north they are somewhat lower than the former of the above numbers. It is impossible, we are told, by the traveller last cited, to conceive anything more awful or sublime than the approach to the city. It is through a frightful chasm, or ravine, the width of which "is not more than sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast; the sides being in all parts perpendicular, varying from 400 to 700 feet in height, and often overhanging to such a degree, that without their absolutely meeting, the sky is intercepted and completely shut out for 100 yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern." The effect of the picture thus presented to the traveller is aided by the screaming of eagles, hawks, and owls, while the oleander, the tamarisk, and the wild fig, hanging gracefully from cliff and crevice, tangle the roadway with their luxuriant growth. The

rapid outline of the first aspect of Petra is taken chiefly from the work of Captains Irby and Mangles, the accuracy of whose descriptions, and of those in Laborde, is attested by Dr. Wilson.

Petra is described by Pliny, and named as the chief city of the Nabatæi, and is mentioned to the same effect by Strabo, who identifies the Nabatæans with the Idumeans. Edom, of which it was the capital, received its name from Esau, who is the same person as Edom (as in Gen. xxxvi. 1., "Esau, who is Edom"), the son of Isaac. It is called in Scripture "the country of Edom," and also "the land of Seir," which seems to be its original designation, derived from "Seir the Honte,"\* who first dwelt there. It was marked as Idumea and Arabi Petræa by the Greeks and Romans. It was in early times the great centre of eastern commerce, supplied from Yemen, and the interior of Arabia, and from the Persian gulf. Its caravans communicated with Tyre and Sidon, and the commodities thus collected were distributed along the shores of the Mediterranean. We may observe that the first explicit reference to commerce, in the earliest of all works, the Old Testament, the first mention of "merchantmen" is in connection with an Arabian caravan, in Gen. xxxvii. 25, "a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt;" and in v. 28, they are called "merchantmen." Solomon afterwards availed himself of the commercial advantages of Edom, and established "a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom," that is on the branch of the Red Sea, now called the Gulf of Akabah. Eloth is the present Ailah, on the northern point of that gulf, and at the southern extremity of the wide valley of Arabah, which leads directly to Petra. The Edomites or Idumeans are first mentioned as Nabathæans, in the time of Antigonus, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, who invaded their territory, about B. C. 300, and the name is derived from Nebajoth, the son of Ishmael, who

\* Gen. xxxvi., compared with Deut. xi. 2, cited by Dr. Wilson, Vol. i. p. 723, n.

was their ancestor. In the times of the Greek emperors, Petra was a metropolitan see, and when the Crusaders first entered Idumea, A.D. 1100, they gave to Petra the name of Wádí Músá, or valley of Moses, by which it is still known. All intercourse with it had for long ages ceased, and its name was forgotten until Burekhardt adventured there, as we have said, in 1811.

Dr. Robinson, whose able, and, in general, careful work, has made him a high authority, had a good deal disturbed our impressions of Petra, by recording his belief that all its excavations are merely tombs. It is but an indifferent excuse for so rash a statement, conflicting with the published details of Captains Irby and Mangles, that his visit was a short one. We are glad to find this question put at rest by Dr. Wilson, who, after a minute inspection, confirms the report of the writers just cited, that great numbers of the excavated grottos were certainly not sepulchral, but the abode of the living. The form of the sleeping apartments, quite different from those fitted for the reception of sarcophagi, the presence of windows and doors, in some, of cisterns and ovens, and other circumstances, sufficiently demonstrate this. Dr. Wilson's opportunities enabled him also to institute a comparison between the excavations of India and those of Judea, which is too interesting to be omitted :—

“Referring, in general, to the excavations which we have now noticed, I may be excused from hinting at a comparison of them with the rocks of a similar character in the west of India. As efforts of architectural skill, those of Petra, undoubtedly, excel those of Hindus, which they also exceed in point of general extent, if we except the wonderful rocks at Verula and Ellora. In individual magnitude they fall far short of many of the cave temples, collegiate halls, and monastic cells, of the farther east. Their interest, too, is wholly external, while that of those of India, with the exception of the great Brahminical temple of Kailes, and the practices of the Buddhist Vitars of Sashte and Kailes, is principally in the multitudinous decorations and fixtures, and gigantic mythological figures of the interior. The sculptures and excavations of Petra have been principally made by

individuals, in their private capacity, for private purposes; and the comparatively limited amount of workmanship about them, has permitted this to be the case; while most of those of India, intended for public purposes, and requiring an enormous expenditure of labour and wealth, have been begun and finished by sovereign princes and religious communities. At Petra, we have principally the beauty of art applied, often legitimately, to subdue the terrors of nature in, perhaps, the most singular locality on the face of the globe, and the cunning of life stamping its own similitude on the mouth of the grave, to conceal its loathsomeness; but in India we have debasing superstition, enshrining itself in gloom, and darkness, and mystery, in order to over-awe its votaries, and to secure their reverence and prostration. The moralist, on looking into the empty vaults and tombs of Idumea, and seeing that the very names of ‘the kings and counsellors of the earth, which constructed these for themselves, are forgotten,’ exclaims, in the language which we have already quoted, ‘They are destroyed from morning to evening; they perish for ever without regarding it. Doth not their excellency in them go away? they die even without wisdom’—(Job. iv., 20, 21). In entering into the dreary and decaying temples and shrines of India, he thinks of that day when ‘man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they made, each one for himself, to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the cleft of the rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.’—(Isab. xi. 20, 21). Vol. i., pp. 325, 326.

Mount Hor, where Aaron died, and where his tomb is shown at the present day, is the most interesting of the localities in the *entourage* of Petra. The tomb, our author says, is “apocryphal, at least in its upper story.” The small edifice, as it now stands, is a Mahomedan mosque. “The Scriptures,” says Dr. Wilson, “afford no ground for supposing that a tomb, or any distinctive edifice was erected on the grave of Aaron.” But we may observe, that the silence of the Scriptures does not disprove the existence of a tomb. It may not even have been erected at the time of his death, or for a considerable period after; but the spot where he died being well known, it is likely that a tomb was, at some time, erected to his memory

there. The tradition of the Arabs and their deep veneration for the spot, may not be entitled to much respect, though, we think, it is not to be wholly disregarded; but Josephus, and our earliest authorities in ecclesiastical history, Eusebius and Jerome, speak of Aaron's sepulchre as being on Mount Hor. It may have been enlarged and altered to a mosque.

There seems, too, to be no doubt, that the Jebel Hárún of the Arabs—so called by all their tribes—is the true mount where the prophet died. It answers precisely to the mount described as such, by Josephus, and being the most striking elevation of the es-Shéráh, or Seir range, it seems to be that which would originally have received the name of "Hor-ha-Hor," or "Hor-the-Mountain," which, as Dr. Wilson observes, the Hebrew words convey.

Amongst the new matter collected by Dr. Wilson, on the subject of Petra, is some very curious information respecting the Felláhin or tribes who dwell there. Struck by their aspect and costume, he asked the Sheik and some of his dependants, whom he had invited to his tent, whether they were a distinct Arabian tribe, or a portion of any Arab community. "Their reply was," as he says, "startling."—"Lá, na, hnu aulád Beni-Isráyer;" "*no, we are the offspring of the Bene-Israel.*" and then followed a conversation, which we transcribe, as noted at the moment by Mr. Smith.

"TRAVELLERS.—'Who executed the tombs and dwellings of Wádi Músá?'"

"FELLAHIN.—'The Bene-Israel, the Turkmans, and the Nasráni—Christians, but applied to foreigners in general, such as the Greeks and Romans.'

"T.—'Where are the tombs of the Bene-Israel?'"

"F.—'The district (balad) of the Bene-Israel is in the corner yonder,' pointing to the series of tombs remarkable for their plainness at the north-west corner of the valley.

"T.—'Where are the Turkman tombs?'"

"F.—'They are near them.'

"T.—'Where are the tombs of the Nasráné?'"

"F.—'There they are,' pointing to the large excavations around us.

"T.—'Do you find anything in the tombs?'"

"F.—'Yes, we have found plenty of

skulls and bones, but the coffins are almost all empty.' In connexion with this remark, one of the Fellahir got up to the top of the rocks, and brought from a tomb an ancient urn of plain earthenware, for which we gave him a few piastres.

"T.—'Were all the excavations intended for the accommodation of the dead?'"

"F.—'No; they were intended for the living also.'

"T.—'Who were the first inhabitants of Wádi Músá? Tell us all you know about their history?'"

"F.—'This country was first in possession of the *Jahib* Kaum-el-Abd, of the "Ignorance of the People of the Slave." After them came the Bene-Israel, under Músá. After that the Bene-Israel became Mahomedans. The Fellahir battled with the Wáhabés, when the Sheikh's beard was just beginning to vegetate, when 170 Wáhabés were killed. None of us can read, and we have no records.'

"T.—'How numerous is your body?'"

"F.—'There are 500 of us able to bear arms, under Sheikh Suleiman; and 500, under Sheikh 'Aubed.'

"T.—'Do you intermarry with the Arabs?'"

"F.—'No; we intermarry with the Bene-Israel of the But-Shar.'

"T.—'Where do these people reside?'"

"F.—'They live in Jebel-Atlabek, and Jebel-es-Safah. Their Wádé is named el-Hamel. They come to us in the hot weather.'

"T.—'What are the names of men current among you? Mention them, omitting all your titles?'"

"F.—'Aesu (Esau), 'Aubed (Obed), Husein, Risalan, Salim, 'Aid, 'Alé, 'Umar, Músá (Moses), Shakné, Suleiman (Solomon), Hamad, Dáwúd (David), Yúsef (Joseph), 'Mahmud, 'Amar, 'Abd-el-Káder, Kásim, Mansur, Salámah, Ibráhim (Abraham), Nasr-Allah, Ishak (Isaac), Yákub (Jacob), Salih, Naüm.'

"T.—'Now mention the names of some of your women?'"

"F.—'Maryam, Fatimah, Salmah, Hamdah, Kasrah, Reygá (Leah?), Hájar (Hagar), Tamúm, Khaukhá, Wardah, Nejúm, Saleinah, 'Aidak, Rafiyah, Masidah, 'Aidhah, Kanurá, Watfih, Safir, Maridhahá, Safir, Halimá, 'Ayes Shah, Matshabah, Refká (Rebecca), Jafta, Hasbá, Latéfah.'"

This simple dialogue affords much material for conjecture in regard to the origin of this people, albeit that their acquaintance with history and chronology does not appear to be of a



more recondite character than that exhibited in our national ballad, "The Groves of Blarney." It seems that they regard themselves as distinct from the Arabs, and do not intermarry with them; and their appearance and costume, as we have already intimated, corroborate this. Dr. Wilson says that their features, their mode of wearing the ringlet of the hair above the ear, and even their dress, reminded him a good deal of the Jews of Yemen and Bombay. He thinks, however, that though they call themselves Bene-Israel, they possibly belong not to the family of Jacob, but to that of Esau, whose descendants, as Josephus tells us, embraced the Jewish faith, and that they are, in fact, the representatives of the ancient Idumeans. It is, as he observes, worthy of notice that the first-mentioned of their male names was Esau; and that Matshabah, one of the female names, seems, by an anagram common in the formation of Arabic words, to be derived from Bashemah, who was the wife of Esau. This may appear to be too bold an application of the expansive power of etymology, but it is quite plain that 'Aidah, among the female names, is identical with Adah, another of Esau's wives. The theory, however, may be regarded as conflicting with the language of Holy Writ, that "the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions, and there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau" (Obadiah, v. 17, 18). If, indeed, this prophecy is to be viewed as having already received its complete fulfilment, or if that fulfilment demands, not the ruin of the Edomites as a nation, but their utter extermination.

It is not our purpose, or perhaps our place, to dwell on the connexion of Petra and Edom with the subject of fulfilled prophecy; this task has been already performed by Dr. Keith, who having recently visited these re-

gions himself, will, we hope, extend his observations in a new edition of his able and popular book. Who, however, can read or think of Edom without calling to mind the graphic language in which she is addressed by Jeremiah, "Oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock"—and the denunciation so palpably accomplished—"I have made Edom bare;" "all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes." "Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished."\* Dr. Wilson announces the pleasant news, that he had entered into such an understanding with the sheikh of Petra, that travellers may hereafter approach his territory without a fear of danger. It would seem, however, from his own pages, and his own case, that the injunction—"none shall pass through it," is still in force. Looking from some rocks in the valley of Petra, he saw beneath him an Arab encampment, of about sixty tents, and perceiving that he was recognised by dogs and men, and that the Arabs seized their guns, and were about to load them, he and his companions made as precipitate a retreat as it was in their power, by any effort, to effect. He also admits that some English gentlemen who reached Petra since he left it, had experienced the vexations of which most of their predecessors had complained.

On the 13th of March, our travellers, turning their camels towards the Holy Land, left Petra; on the 20th they reached Hebron, in the south of Judah, and on the 24th entered Jerusalem. Here we must, at least for the present, leave them, as the remaining division of their journey demands all the attention of a separate notice. In conclusion, we gladly record our impression—our conviction—that "*The Lands of the Bible*" will be accepted by the public as a well-prepared and valuable work.

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\* These texts are all taken from a single chapter, Jer. xlix. There are others as striking in the same prophet, in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and many parts of Scripture.

THE  
CASE OF IRELAND  
STATED.

BY  
ROBERT HOLMES, ESQ.

“The liberty of man in society is, to be under no other legislative power but that established by consent in the commonwealth, nor under the dominion of any will, or restraint of any law, but what that legislative power shall enact according to the trust put in it.”

LOCKE.

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## P R E F A C E .

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WHILE the calamity in the failure of the potato crop of the last year, by which Ireland is afflicted, engages the sympathies and alarms the fears of every class, every sect, and every party in the country—while the physical cause of the disaster has been explored in vain, and inquiries have been made upon the subject, to which no sufficient answer has been given—it is impossible that other inquiries must not, at such a time, and under such circumstances, be forced upon the mind—inquiries deeply interesting, but more capable of solution, and to which more satisfactory replies may be returned. It may be asked, whence has it arisen that, in such a country as Ireland, the present calamity has been sufficient to disorganize the entire frame of society, and to set every sound principle of political economy at defiance? Whence has it come to pass that, while England is illuminated

by the glorious light of science, and the more glorious light of liberty—while England is blessed with knowledge, and strength, and power, and wealth, and happiness, Ireland is found still dark and desolate, not suffered to reflect the splendour, and profit by the bounty ? In answer to these questions, the writer of the following pages is excited by the crisis to state what appears to him to be truth. He writes not for political party or religious sect—he writes for the country, to which he is bound by birth, by duty, and by affection.

DUBLIN, *6th January*, 1847.

## THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED.

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THE state of Ireland, at a remote period, previous to the introduction of the English power, has been a subject of unmerited panegyric and unmerited abuse. The national vanity which emblazons doubtful pretensions in the splendid colouring of fancy, is not malignant in its origin, and is harmless in its effects ; but the deliberate calumny which blackens the character of the injured, in order to justify or palliate the wrongs of the oppressor, deserves the severest reprehension of every friend to humanity and truth. However, Milesian antiquity and Milesian fame are, to the Irishman of the nineteenth century, a barren boast, a melancholy alleviation of injustice inflicted, and insult endured. Literary curiosity may be instructed or amused, and national vanity may be gratified by the real or fancied attainments of primitive independence ; but in those events alone, by which his actual condition has been determined and must be affected, is man seriously concerned. The invasion of Ireland, by Henry the Second, is the first era in its annals which merits the deep recollection of the present times, and it is an era which must be remembered long. From



this period the series of events in Ireland may be traced and connected as influencing essentially the character, the fortune, and the hopes of the present generation, and it may be of many generations yet to come. These events are important, not only as illustrative of the actual state of things, but, perhaps, still more important, as pregnant with speculation on the future.

When Ireland was invaded by Henry the Second, she was in a state of internal disunion, disorder, and strife, most favourable to the success of the invasion. Had that invasion not taken place, order might have succeeded to confusion, liberty might have sprung from civil strife, and strength from weakness. Had Ireland—nearly girt by the Atlantic, and embraced within the sphere of European civilization and intelligence—been left as independent in will as in station, is it to be conceived that she would, at this day, exhibit the miserable contrast which she presents to the opulence, the power, and the polity of England? When England ceased to be a Roman province, though invaded successfully by the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, she still preserved national independence. Superior in natural advantages to the countries of the invaders, she invited their rapacity or ambition, and fixed their residence in her more eligible domain. The Saxons and the Danes were enterprising adventurers, seeking a settlement in a foreign land, not a provincial dependency to their own. William of Normandy was an adventurer of another kind. He aspired to the throne of an independent kingdom. The battle of Hastings made him king of England. By what is called the Norman Conquest, England only changed a monarch; her national individuality remained. But Ireland presented to the ambitious invader the sole idea of a desirable accession to a feudal crown, and the

success of the invader necessarily involved the loss of national independence to the vanquished. The principle of separate existence and individual growth was destroyed. No sense of common interest, no talents and fortune of the soldier, no wisdom and virtue of the sage, could be found to unite the scattered elements of the people. There is an interval of repulsion which precedes cohesion in political as in natural bodies. This interval is a moment of weakness. The opportunity was observed and seized. The native Irish—improvident, turbulent, and divided, brave in battle, but rude in arms—continually sacrificing to personal or family vengeance, every consideration of common safety and general good, became the prey of invaders less rude, and civilized enough to understand and employ the artifice of profiting by disunion and converting the separation of clans into national subjugation. *Divide et impera* is no refinement in the policy of despotism. Unfortunately for the cause of humanity, a sense of common good, and a wish for common liberty, are too easily counteracted by exciting or strengthening personal interest and jealous feeling. The selfish and the malignant passions are so powerful in man, that it requires no peculiar tact or skill, no master-strokes of genius, no great dexterity of management, to make them the instruments of his weakness and dishonour. The facility with which a number of Irish chieftains submitted to the first English invaders is not surprising, but it was fatal. An acquisition of territory, however small, and an acknowledgment of sovereignty, however partial, gained by Henry the Second in Ireland, were, under the circumstances, quite sufficient to secure to him, his heirs and successors, the vassalage of Ireland for ages. It is idle to dispute about the precise nature of the sovereignty with which the English monarch was invested. It is idle to appeal to early

charters, or to triumph in early parliaments. The appeal is delusive and the triumph vain. Charters and parliaments may be only the trappings of the slave. Evidence stronger than that of charters and parliaments—evidence, written in the tears and blood of the natives, exhibit Ireland, from the invasion of Henry the Second, as the pure acquisition of conquest, begun, completed, and retained by the sword. After the English had once secured a footing in the country, the annihilation of Ireland, as an independent state, was inevitable. The subjugation of the inhabitants was difficult and tedious. Long after the doom of their country had been fixed, the chieftains of some extensive district, or numerous sept, stung with insult, provoked by injury, roused by indignant feeling, tormented by the recollection of departed power, or impelled by the keen sense of self-preservation, fought for vengeance or for safety, and struggled for local independence, with a frequency and an obstinacy which prolonged common suffering, without the chance, or, indeed, the design of effecting common emancipation. From inability, ignorance, prejudice, or private interest, no vigorous, comprehensive plan of conquest and civilization was ever adopted by the invaders. Enough was done to secure provincial subjection, but not enough to make that subjection either profitable to the master, or comfortable to the slave. Crude, desultory, unconnected schemes succeeded or supplanted each other, according to the leisure, the resources, or the temper of the English Court, or the character and talents of its deputies, without a knowledge of the real value of the acquisition, or an enlightened and liberal view either of colonial connexion, or provincial dependence. The system of pale, and the vaunted system of plantation, were founded on the cruel expulsion of the



natives from possessions dear to them from habit, and necessary for the support of life. War created national antipathies, and national antipathies terminated in the more deadly, and more lasting antipathies of religion. Owing to a variety of circumstances, after the Reformation, the Protestant religion became the religion of a large portion of the people of England, and was established as the religion of the state. In Ireland also, it was established by law as the religion of the state, while the Roman Catholic religion continued there to be the religion of the great body of the people. One cause alone seemed adequate to produce this effect. From the first, the Protestant religion appeared in Ireland, not recommended by reason and persuasion, but imposed by force—imposed by a power whose progress “in the beneficial work of conquering, and thereby breaking a savage nation to the salutary discipline of civil order and good laws,” could be traced only by mangled corpses and desolated plains. The right of private judgment in matters of religion is the sacred and irrefragable principle which justified the Protestant in renouncing the tenets and authority of the Church of Rome. But this right, the clear vindication of his own conduct, the Protestant respected not in others. The profession of Popery became highly penal. Hence arose a new and more permanent basis of English power in Ireland. By means of this division into two great religious sects—the Protestant comprising many subdivisions among its members—the English nation was more easily inflamed against the Irish people, and the Irish people more fatally armed against itself. The name of Papist became a sufficient apology for any act of injustice against the person who bore it, and the fury of bigotry was added to the desire of forfeiture in continuing a system of ruthless

plunder and extirpation. It has been the curse of Ireland to derive no benefit from the wisdom or virtue of English sovereigns, yet to be the peculiar victim of their follies and their crimes. Elizabeth is the pride of English annals. But the conduct of Elizabeth, and her deputies in Ireland, was savage and impolitic in the extreme. The continued and merciless fury of her commanders drove the miserable natives to despair. Clemency was held to be incompatible with the fiscal interests of the crown. The acts of supremacy and conformity were imposed upon the people by force or fraud, and its attachment to Popery was increased and confirmed by persecution.

James the First was pedantic, conceited, hypocritical, and arbitrary. His favourite scheme of plantation could be carried into effect only by injustice. Severities were renewed in order to produce new insurrection and consequent forfeiture. But, notwithstanding frequent provocation and favourable opportunities, no considerable commotion took place in Ireland during his reign; yet the nobility and gentry of Ulster were stripped of their possessions without proof of treason; and in the other provinces the design was commenced, which was afterwards faithfully prosecuted, of seizing on estates under pretence of judicial inquiry into defective titles. The penal statutes were rigorously enforced by his express directions, and a barefaced course of oppression and extortion was practised, without control, in the ecclesiastical courts.

The character and conduct of Charles the First, marked by duplicity and arbitrary acts, were calculated to deceive the Roman Catholic, and to excite suspicion and distrust in the Protestant. His deputy, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, haughty, despotic, and systematically faithless,

laid the foundation of the ills which followed. Parsons, and Borlase, connected with the parliamentarians, then the prevailing party in England, aggravated the complaints of the Roman Catholics, and, influenced by the most corrupt motives, endeavoured to provoke a general insurrection. The cause of the Roman Catholics, as a religious sect, contending for the free expression of those doctrines which they professed, and the free exercise of that mode of worship which they preferred, was founded on the rights of conscience. As Irishmen, provoked by wrongs, and contending for the independence of their country, their cause *might* have been founded on rights as sacred and as clear. But their views were sectarian, not national. Their connexion with Charles the First, either as negotiating insurgents, or as allies, was wholly incompatible with the idea of national emancipation; and their interests, even as a party, were destroyed by their own dissensions, and the interference of a vain, turbulent, and bigoted foreign ecclesiastic. The attachment of the Roman Catholics to Charles the First arose chiefly from their dread of the puritanical party in England and Scotland, which seemed to threaten their religious tenets and worship with a severer persecution than they had previously experienced. That their views and conduct should be sectarian, and not national, is not surprising, but their insurrection terminated, as all former insurrections had done, in the extending and confirming of the English power in Ireland. In this respect it was more ruinous in its effects than any that had preceded it, by laying the deep foundation of that religious animosity, and mutual intolerant bigotry, which well nigh destroyed the natural sympathies and benevolent affections, by which men are held together in society.

Hypocrisy, genius, and courage raised Oliver Cromwell



to command—appointed chief of the parliamentary forces in Ireland; his conduct there was marked by vigour and by cruelty. The strength of the Roman Catholics was entirely broken, and their discomfiture was followed by an inhuman proscription of their entire sect, in person and property. In the progress of events, the Roman Catholic cause had become identified with the royalist. The royalist cause embraced, at first, a number of Protestants as well as Catholics, but the two sects had never united with mutual confidence and affection. The Protestants were, without difficulty, detached from the king's party, and joined to the parliamentarians. Hence, the Roman Catholics (who composed the great mass of the Irish people) alone sustained the ruthless vengeance of Cromwell and his army. From the commencement of this insurrection to the restoration of Charles the Second, Ireland exhibited a scene of complicated woe. Whatever government prevailed in England, the great body of the Irish people were sure to suffer indignity and oppression, being constantly considered by the English nation as a conquered, dependent people, suspected, hated, and persecuted. Upon the restoration of Charles the Second, the Roman Catholics naturally expected an alteration in their favour. In this, however, they were disappointed. The administration of Irish affairs had always been considered in England a matter of temporary expediency only, never of justice. Whatever kind of policy seemed at the moment best calculated to secure the subjection and continue the weakness of Ireland, was adopted, without any regard to the rights, or any feeling for the sufferings of the natives; and upon this occasion it appeared politic to permit the mass of the people to remain, as they were found, plundered, oppressed, and degraded.

From the character of James the Second, Ireland was doomed to experience new calamities. His conduct in favour of the Roman Catholics there did not arise from the just policy of extending the benefits of legislation and government to all his subjects equally, without any distinction caused by difference of religious belief; it arose from a bigoted attachment to the Church of Rome, which he had displayed in an intemperate zeal for the re-establishment of Popery in England also, an attempt connected with his design of subverting the constitution and liberties of that country. His cause was espoused by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, not because he was a bigot, and wished to be despotic, but from a variety of motives, religious and political, independent of his mere personal character. Some of these motives influenced them in common with the Jacobites in England, who then composed no inconsiderable portion of that nation. Other motives arose from their particular situation, from a feeling of civil and religious degradation, and the natural desire of regaining the rank and property of which they deemed themselves unjustly deprived. But, whatever was its origin, the attachment of the Irish Roman Catholics to James the Second was unfortunate, in every view in which it can be considered. Success in the cause of such a man could not have effected any good national purpose for Ireland, and defeat more than ever fixed and confirmed the power of England in this country. The contest increased religious antipathies—victory inflamed the desire, supplied the means, and sanctified the continuance and extension of religious persecution; and the union of a people, whose only chance of independence rested on a combination of common feeling for a common purpose, seemed more impracticable and hopeless than at the time when Ireland

was divided into a number of petty sovereignties and discordant septs.

The will of the people is the only rightful foundation of government. On this foundation the British constitution has been raised. The revolution of 1688, in England, derives its unanswerable vindication from this principle. To the practical application of this principle England is indebted for the liberty, the power, the wealth, and the glory which she enjoys. But the principle, its application, and its fruits, she has reserved to herself—her happiness has been incommunicable. The system of supporting English power, and administering English government in Ireland, has ever remained essentially unchanged.

The Revolution of 1688 gave or restored to England liberty and a constitution. The consequences of that revolution to Ireland were of a very different nature. To the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish people its consequences were disastrous. With respect to them, the Revolution of 1688 was followed by an increased penal code, unjust, oppressive, and impolitic in the extreme. In times of profound tranquillity, without the provocation of insurrection, or the pretence of conspiracy, laws of unexampled severity, affecting the Roman Catholic in mind, person, and property, attached to and entailed upon his religious belief, were rashly accumulated and rigidly enforced. Such a proscription of the great majority of a people is incompatible with the legitimate ends of civil association. Yet this proscription lasted long. It could not last for ever. A gradual relaxation in the penal code took place; entire emancipation was not effected till 1829. But, to relieve a sect from persecution is not giving liberty to a people. The Protestant and the Roman Catholic may possess equality of civil rights, and at the same time



share a common lot of political degradation. The civil rights of person and property have been, and may be, possessed, under domestic tyranny or foreign domination; they may be possessed, but they cannot be *secured*—they may be possessed, but they cannot be *enjoyed*.

Religious dissension has often disturbed the peace of nations. It has been the bane of Ireland beyond every other country in the world. In contemplating this affliction, all consideration of the respective merits of contending parties is lost in grief for their common infatuation. Sad is the comparison which arises, not from the emulation of virtue, but from the competition of folly or crime. That such should be so long and so generally the state of man in every clime, may well astonish the recluse, and pain the philanthropist. Man, conscious of debasement, yet unconscious of his rights and his strength—sensible of injury, yet tamely submitting to wrong—spiritless and mean, incapable of understanding and asserting the high prerogatives of his nature—to be rational, to be moral, and to be free—and making his own base and malignant passions the instruments of his sufferings and his degradation.

The benefits resulting to England from civil strife, in the triumph of liberty and the extension of trade, were confined exclusively to herself. The shock of the conflict had extended to Ireland, but was felt there only by the havoc which it caused. Provincial dependence was the basis of her political existence, and every event in her history was assimilated to the life by which she grew. The disunion of her inhabitants was the cause of her original subjugation by England; and by the disunion of her inhabitants, her dependence has been perpetuated and secured. The disunion has continued; the causes of disunion have changed. The mutual jealousy of chiefs, the

blind vengeance of clans—hereditary feuds—distinction of colonist and native—English by blood and English by birth—had all their respective influence in the work of subjugation. But all these causes of evil were comparatively transitory and feeble; they had their day of desolation, and they ceased. The cause was forgotten, and the desolation might have been repaired. Religious bigotry succeeded, and remains. Potent and inveterate, blind and unforgiving, it embitters the present with the memory of the past—loads the living with the crimes of the dead—exalts creeds above practice—admits the evidence of mystery, rejects the evidence of fact, and prolongs hatred and hostility among those whom common suffering, common interest, and a common country, should unite firmly in sympathy, in affection, in object, and in action. The havoc of religious bigotry is worse than the havoc of war. The havoc of war is terrible, but temporary. It spreads destruction, but it does not annihilate the elements of reproduction; it violates the laws of humanity and the rights of nature, but it does not eradicate the principles upon which those laws and rights depend. It does not systematically corrupt the human heart; it rouses all its energies, and displays the heroism which saves, as well as the ambition which destroys. War has enthroned despots, but it has also given liberty to slaves. War is justified by self-defence against the wrongs of oppression. Religious bigotry is unmitigated evil.

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From a view of the desolation of law the mind turns for relief to a history of the law itself. That history is important. The early grants and repeated confirmations of

English law to the Irish people, and the privilege of a distinct legislature in Ireland, have been appealed to as proofs that early national independence was established there by *compact*. The existence of such grants, and of such distinct legislature, may be clear and indisputable; but the inference is absurd. Had such compact been really made between the English invaders and the Irish nation, the observance of the compact by England would have furnished a literary curiosity—a singular anomaly in the history of ambition—a contract between the victor and the vanquished, securing freedom and independence to the vanquished, and religiously kept by the victor. The connexion between England and Ireland exhibits no such extravagant romance. Whatever compact did exist, or whatever benefits English law and a distinct legislature might confer, were long exclusively confined to the English colonists who had not *degenerated* by intermarrying with the natives, or by adopting their customs and manners, and to a few Irish septs who had been *enfranchised* by special favour. It is the honourable testimony of Sir John Davies, that “there was no nation under the sun that did love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or would rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it were against themselves, so as they might have the protection and benefit of the law, when upon a just cause they did desire it.” Sir Edward Coke, an English chief justice, loaded with law, but not overburdened with liberality, also declares, “that there was no nation of the Christian world that were greater lovers of justice than the Irish, which virtue,” he adds, “must necessarily be accompanied by many others.” Yet, for the space of 350 years, at least, from the commencement of their subjugation, the benefit and protection of English



law were not communicated to the Irish, though they frequently desired to be admitted to that precarious privilege. The wish was counteracted by the English adventurers, in order that their cruelty and injustice to the natives might be indulged without restraint. The Irish were reputed aliens and enemies in their native land. It was adjudged no felony to kill them in time of peace. "The law did neither protect their life, nor avenge their death." When Henry the Second had once secured a firm footing in Ireland, whatever compacts he may have formed either with his own haughty and licentious barons, or with the native chieftains, can never be justly viewed in any other light than as the elements of a domination destined to comprehend both colonist and native in one common dependence. The most solemn engagements with the natives were sure to be violated, whenever the violation appeared necessary or useful to the extension of dominion; and, with respect to political privileges, the proud invaders soon became a feeble and dependent race. Charters and parliaments were to the Englishman in Ireland but precarious evidence of an unhallowed title to plunder and oppress. The insolent and rapacious foreigner was doomed eventually to feel, in common with the native, the humiliation which he caused; first the instrument, and finally the victim of conquest. Hence, in Ireland, internal distinctions among the people might be mutable in their nature, and controllable by events; but the external connexion with England was fixed and unchangeable—a necessary connexion of rule and dependency, of imperial authority and provincial subjection. On this relation between the superior and the dependent state, every change in the destiny of the dependent state immediately or remotely rested. Measures of legislation and measures of policy were either purposely devised for carrying out this prin-

ciple of imperial authority and provincial subjection, or naturally took their tone and tendency from its powerful impulse. The conduct of England towards Ireland, considered as a dependent state, was unwise, illiberal, and unfeeling; but it was uniformly the conduct of the master to the slave. To represent the existence of early parliaments in Ireland, as a proof of early national independence, is a mockery of sufferings unexampled in severity, duration, and extent. The statute of Kilkenny—said to be so long quoted with reverence on account of its salutary provisions—is a memorable record of the nationality of those parliaments which, instead of wisely and humanely embracing the colonist and native within the protection of equal law, studied to mark more strongly the fatal line of distinction between them. The desire of the crown to impart, and of the native to receive, the protection of English law, was long withstood by those parliaments. Yet the people, whom they refused to incorporate into the body of subjects, whom in peace they would not govern by the law, and in war could not root out by the sword, such was their matchless injustice, they endeavoured to prevent from seeking refuge in a foreign country from the miseries of their own. By a statute passed in the reign of Henry the Fourth, it was ordained that no Irish *enemy* should be permitted to depart the realm without special license, and the person and goods of an Irishman attempting to transport himself without such license, might be seized by any subject, who was to receive one moiety of the goods; the other to be a forfeiture to the king.

The distinction between the English by blood and the English by birth, in Ireland, commenced in the reign of Edward the Third. The English by birth—the later adventurers—as they successively came over, affected to

despise and endeavoured to degrade the descendants of the earlier invaders, or the English by blood. The English by birth were favoured by the crown, as being more immediately devoted to its interests. But the English by blood, from a long residence in the country, were more numerous and more powerful than their adversaries. The English by blood were attached to the house of York. They even warmly espoused the cause of the impostor\* Simnel, and afterwards showed a disposition to favour the pretensions of the impostor† Warbeck. But when Henry the Seventh had borne down all opposition to his claims, he took advantage of the dismay attending an abortive attempt and disappointed wishes. The parliament in Ireland had been heretofore too much under the influence of powerful deputies, and too much the instrument of turbulent factions, to be a ready and useful instrument of the crown and English supremacy. Henry the Seventh, therefore, determined to new-model this parliament. This politic prince determined to reduce all factions in Ireland to a state of common insignificance, and to simplify the exercise of foreign domination by making the Irish parliament a mere court of record for recording the edicts of the sovereign power. This was effected by the celebrated law of Poyning, which concealed its purpose under the fair appearance of correcting some acknowledged abuses, and did not disclose at once its full and decisive effect on the future power of the Irish parliament. Previous to this period, the Irish parliament, such as it was, had claimed and exercised the right of legislation, though interrupted by occasional interference on the part of England, in the same manner as the right of legislation was enjoyed by the parliament of that country. The Irish parliament passed

\* See Walpole's Historic Doubts.

† Idem.



laws for Ireland, with a negative power vested in the crown. But by the law of Poyning, made in the 10th year of Henry the Seventh, as afterwards explained and enlarged by the 3rd and 4th of Philip and Mary, the course of legislation was reversed. The original and efficient powers of legislation were essentially vested in the crown, and to the parliament was left a negative voice merely on the ordinances of the prince. Upon the construction of the statute of Poyning, and the explanatory act combined, neither the Lords nor Commons in Ireland had a right to frame or propose bills. The bill was first framed by the deputy and privy council of Ireland, was afterwards transmitted for approval to the king and council of England, who had a power of alteration, and of really making it a new bill, thenceforth unalterable, by sending it back under the great seal of England, and lastly it was presented to the Irish parliament, to which was left the single *privilege* of agreeing to the whole bill, as modelled and returned by the crown, or of rejecting it altogether, and thus remaining without any statute law whatever, except such as the parliament of England might think fit to impose. This practice was strictly observed until the reign of James the First, when the Irish parliament assumed a *privilege* of being humble remembrancers to the deputy and council in Ireland of what bills were proper to be transmitted to England. Hence arose the custom of framing, in either house of parliament in Ireland, what were called heads of a bill, which were carried up to the council there, from thence transmitted, if deemed fit by the council, and in the form of a bill laid before the king and council of England. Here it might be suppressed or altered at pleasure. If it was returned to the Irish parliament, the power of that parliament extended only to a sim-

ple acceptance or rejection of the bill, in the very form in which it came back, however changed from its original nature. Thus the high court of parliament in Ireland—the supreme *deliberative* assembly of the nation—was, in truth, little more than a public registry for the imperial rescripts of the English monarch and his privy council. The importance of Poyning's law as an instrument of provincial government, did not appear in full magnitude at once. The ministers of the crown in Ireland even contended on some occasions for a suspension of its provisions, as they happened to be influenced by a desire of extraordinary despatch, or some other temporary motive. And such was the miserable state of the Irish people, and such their dread of the power of a deputy, supported by a small parliament, composed of his own creatures, that every attempt on his part to dispense with this control over the parliament excited alarm, and a strict adherence to Poyning's law was long considered as the great security of the subject. But when—by the extension of the English conquest in Ireland—the business of parliament grew more weighty, and the number of the commons had increased, the ideas, both of the government and the people, changed. In the reign of Charles the First, the artful Strafford, who well understood the value of such an engine of power, admonishes his royal master that “the previous allowance of laws to be propounded in the Irish parliament, should be held as a *sacred* prerogative not to be departed from—in no point to be broken or infringed.” A prerogative held sacred by a Strafford could have derived its sanctity only from a profanation of the rights of the people.

In England, the crown and the people, equally oppressed by the tyranny of feudal lords, conspired for its destruction, and succeeded. Restrictions on the alienation

of property and feudal dependence were gradually abolished, commerce increased ; the commons rose, first, into wealth, and, finally, into power, which in its paroxysms subverted the monarchy, and in its more moderated energies established British liberty on the basis of the Revolution. But no change of circumstances could give useful life and vigour to the Irish parliament, as constituted by the law of Poyning. The commons might increase in number, wealth, and knowledge, but must still remain obscure and impotent. Such abject, mute submission to a foreign yoke debased their sentiments and paralyzed their powers. While that law remained, no permanent native vigour could ever mark the existence of that assembly. In England, with the Revolution of 1688, came liberty, and strength, and power, and science, and glory. The miserable province exhibited a sad and humiliating contrast of servitude and weakness—without a constitution, without trade—its people impoverished and divided—its parliament a motley compound of bigotry, pride, and meanness.

The law of Poyning may seem sufficiently to have marked the inferiority and secured the dependence of Ireland. It was an absolute surrender by her own parliament of its best powers. However injurious to the interest and degrading to the spirit of the people, it had become the rule of legislation in Ireland, and the acknowledged bond of her subjection ; but still it presented the idea of a distinct power, legislating for a distinct country, claimed as a right, and not held by mere sufferance. An explicit, open, undisguised declaration and exercise of sovereignty appeared necessary, fully to demonstrate the relation of imperial rule and provincial subjection. The policy of a Cæsar condescended to leave to an enslaved



people the image of a free constitution. The policy was prudent; it was a sacrifice of pride to wisdom. But the individual despot will sometimes stoop to appearances, to which the despot nation will not bend. England disdained to govern Ireland by a dissembled authority. That England should govern Ireland by the parliament of Ireland was not enough. It remained to close the scene of conquest by a mortification of the feelings, as well as a triumph over the liberties of the conquered. This was achieved by an express declaration by the parliament of England, "That Ireland had been, was, and of right ought to be, subordinate to and dependent upon the imperial crown of Great Britain, and that the King and parliament of Great Britain had, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws to bind the people of Ireland." Before this express declaration on the part of England, how did the matter really stand? The English parliament at a remote period had occasionally exercised the power of legislating for Ireland, particularly as to foreign trade, and some distinction had been taken, though it does not appear to have been practically attended to, between external and internal legislation. This occasional exercise of absolute legislative authority by England had generally been protested against by the Irish parliament as a usurpation. Indeed, the formal adoption by that parliament from time to time of laws previously enacted in England, and considered expedient in Ireland also, seemed to be a virtual admission that no law passed by the English parliament could, as such, have force in Ireland; and that, in order to give it validity there, the sanction of the Irish legislature was necessary; that the English parliament, though it might be followed as an example, was not obeyed as an authority. Thus much

may be stated as matter of fact with respect to any exclusive legislative power claimed in ancient times by Irish parliaments.

But, in examining the political relation between England and Ireland, we must not be led away by formal grants of liberty, by pompous claims of right, by solemn protests against wrong. A country continually suffering, and bemoaning and deprecating its sufferings in vain, furnishes a curious and extraordinary specimen of an independent power to be free and happy.

If it should be said that the invasion of Ireland by Henry the Second introduced into Ireland a distinct national legislature, mystically uniting it to the crown of England, and by that mystical union rendering it an independent kingdom, subject to the crown of England in the same way and to the same extent that England was subject thereto, and pursuing its own happiness according to its own will;—if this should be said, a man of plain understanding, acquainted with the relative condition of the two countries at the time of that invasion, with the opinion entertained by the invaders of themselves and of the people whom they invaded, and with the pious professions but real intentions of Henry the Second, might wonder exceedingly that such an admirable state of things should be the result of that invasion; still, however, though disposed to be sceptical, he ought to yield to the weight of evidence and the force of truth. Let a view then be taken of Ireland from the close of the twelfth to the middle of the nineteenth century. If, throughout the whole of that period, the conduct of England to Ireland shall be found to exhibit Ireland as a constant scene of calamity and debasement—if, during the progress of a long protracted conquest, of inglorious victories and disastrous defeats,

Ireland shall appear covered with blood and desolation—if, at the end of 150 years of undisputed subjection after that conquest finally achieved, Ireland shall appear impotent, yet turbulent, *victa non pacata*, with a people ignorant and impoverished in an age of science, and a land of fertile soil and genial climate—if such shall be the record presented by indisputable facts, the faithful historian will know how to appreciate the value of parchment franchises—he will find England actually exercising the pre-eminence of dominion, and Ireland enduring the wrongs and the contumely of oppression, and he will conclude that if Ireland cannot produce a better title than precedent to independence, she is of right enslaved.—But Ireland can produce that better title.—The title of man to liberty rests on the nature of man—it rests on the right of self-preservation, the first law of his nature. The right of self-preservation in man is not the mere right of preserving his animal life; it is also the right, the more precious right by far, of preserving his moral and intellectual life, of preserving the free exercise of all those powers and affections of soul which make his animal life worth the having. Man is endowed with reason and conscience, is made a moral being, and gifted with an immortal mind. By the glorious distinction of moral agency it is that man is raised pre-eminent above the brute. The moral nature of man is the source of his duties, is the basis of his rights. The duties and the rights of man are derived from heaven. To discharge those duties, and to enjoy those rights, man must be free; and no man can voluntarily become a slave without being guilty of a crime, a crime against that Providence which has made him the piece of workmanship he is, “noble in reason, infinite in faculties—in action like an angel, in apprehension like a



god." No man, therefore, who has power to be free should submit to be a slave. The indefeasible record of independence is written by Deity on the mind of man. A charter of liberty is but evidence of an agreement to enjoy liberty according to certain forms. It never can be evidence of the right to enjoy. Even as evidence of the agreement, it derives its whole authority from the will of the people, which prescribes or consents to the mode. The charter of King John to the barons of England, at Runnemede, was but a record of the manner in which they wished to be governed by their kings. Their title to liberty rested not on the charter—it rested on **THE RIGHTS OF MAN**. Yet man seems to consider his title to liberty like his title to an estate, and anxiously inquires if his ancestors have registered the deeds. Man looks to antiquity for a right to be free ; he might as well look to antiquity for a right to breathe. Man looks to antiquity for a right to be free, and is often a slave by precedent when he could not be made a slave by force.

But, be the precedents in favour of exclusive legislative power in Irish parliaments what they might, England respected them not. From time to time, as it served her policy, gratified her pride, or humoured her caprice, she legislated for Ireland. She regulated her trade, and disposed of her people and their property as she liked, regarding the Irish parliament as a subordinate assembly, subject to the interference and control of the superior state ; and in proportion as Ireland increased in importance to England by the completion of conquest, and in proportion as England succeeded in her own struggles for liberty, her direct and open exercise of dominion over Ireland advanced to its full assertion and formal avowal. The instances of this direct exercise of dominion, from 1641 to

the Revolution of 1688, were frequent and flagrant. Whether England was ruled by a king, a parliament, or a protector—whether her government was a government of prerogative, or of privilege, founded in right or in usurpation—her conduct to Ireland was the same; unvaried in the despotic principles from which it flowed, varied only by the difference of application which temporary expediency might suggest.

When, at last, by the Revolution of 1688, the political dangers of England seemed to be at an end—when her constitution seemed to repose securely after the tempests by which it was shaken, had subsided—when, after a long and doubtful struggle, the triumph of freedom in England seemed to be complete, when success in that glorious cause ought to have inspired the just and generous sentiment that liberty was as dear to others as to herself—a change of conduct with respect to Ireland might not unreasonably have been suspected. It might have been expected, not that England would abdicate her sovereignty, but that she would exercise it with more feeling and less injustice. That she would pay some regard to the wants, if not to the rights of the province, and advance its industry while she secured its dependence. It might have been expected that she would prefer the securing of that dependence through the indirect and less offensive means of an Irish Parliament, rather than by the haughty assumption of direct legislative supremacy, which insulted the slave, without exalting the despot. If such expectations were entertained by the sanguine or the credulous, disappointment quickly followed. The events which confirmed the liberties of England seemed to stimulate her desire, as they increased her power to oppress. The English Parliament continued to legislate for Ireland. It legislated for Ire-

land, and ruined Ireland by legislation. It assailed her manufactures and commerce, and, as it diminished the value, so, with perfect consistency, it also diminished the means of life.

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Not long after the Revolution of 1688 had seated William the Third on the throne of England, Molyneux, a member of the Irish House of Commons, roused by some recent instance of legislation by the Parliament of England highly injurious to his country, published his celebrated "CASE OF IRELAND." This work deserves deep attention. The author demonstrates that conquest could, on no just principle whatever, give to England a rightful dominion over Ireland. But England held Ireland by the *fact* of conquest, and cared little about the *right*. Molyneux, it is true, denies even the fact of conquest, but the denial is altogether unworthy of his talents and his cause. He defines conquest to be, "an acquisition of a kingdom by force of arms, to which force likewise has been opposed." This definition is plainly erroneous. It is not sufficiently comprehensive. Certainly, no peaceable acquisition of a country by the free and voluntary submission of its inhabitants is, in the present argument, to be defined a conquest. But the acquisition of a country by the terror of force, without the actual infliction of force, is just as much a conquest as an acquisition by force, to which force has been opposed. It would not be easy to distinguish between the acquisition of the robber who, with a loaded pistol at your breast, makes you deliver up your purse at once, and the acquisition of one who cannot compel you to surrender the booty until after a struggle in which



you have been worsted. Indeed, Molyneux himself put this very case.—“If a villain,” says he, “with a pistol at my breast, makes me convey my estate to him, no one will say that this gives him any right, and yet such a title as this has an unjust conqueror who, with a sword at my throat, forces me into submission.” The man who gives up his estate or his purse from mere terror, may have less gallantry than the man who fights for them and is beaten, but he is equally conquered and plundered.

Molyneux doubts not but the barbarous people of the island were struck with *fear* and *terror* of King Henry’s *powerful force*, and yet, according to him, all was conducted with the greatest quiet, tranquillity, and *freedom* imaginable. He represents as *easy* and *voluntary* the submission of the natives, though struck with *fear* and *terror* of a *powerful force*, and concludes that there was no hostile conquest, “for where there is no opposition, such a conquest can take no place.” But the error of Molyneux is not merely in his definition; his error is still greater in the application of his definition to historical facts. He admits that some of King Henry’s vassals, by his *license* and *permission*, but not by his particular *command*, landed *hostilely* in Ireland, vanquished the natives in several engagements, and by that means secured an establishment in the country, upon which Henry, though he had not *commanded* the expedition, yet finding that his subjects had made *a very good hand of it*, came himself into Ireland, with an *army*, where he received from his successful subjects the fruits of their very good handiwork. Then comes the *free* and *voluntary* submission of the kings, princes, chiefs, archbishops, bishops, and abbots of all Ireland, swearing allegiance, and submitting themselves and their posterity for

ever, to Henry, his heirs and successors, as true and faithful subjects; and here, according to Molyneux, terminates the acquisition of the entire kingdom with the greatest quiet tranquillity, and freedom imaginable. But what is the real case? Henry the Second, long before this magical acquisition of the dominion of Ireland, had meditated the conquest of it, and only waited for an opportunity and a pretence. When the pretence was afforded, being engaged in more urgent affairs himself, he permitted his subjects to embrace the opportunity which he had anxiously desired, and afterwards took advantage of their success obtained by actual force, to which force had unsuccessfully been opposed, and of the fear and terror caused by the presence of a powerful army, which he brought into Ireland with him. Had the matter terminated here, and had the acquisition been thus completed, it never could be considered as a peaceable acquisition by the voluntary submission of the natives. It would have been, to all intents, a hostile conquest. But the great perversion of facts consists in holding that the submission of the Irish chieftains, which Molyneux describes, is to be considered as a conversion of the entire body of the Irish people into liege subjects of the crown of England; that the scene of acquisition closed here, and that every subsequent conflict between the English invaders and the native Irish is to be viewed, not as a link in the chain of "acquisition of a kingdom by force of arms, to which force likewise was opposed;" but as a contest between a lawful prince and his rebellious subjects—subjects! whom the rapacious and sanguinary invaders for centuries denominated the Irish *enemy*—that the law might neither protect their life nor avenge their death—that they might be extirpated without restraint and without mercy; and so well was the work of

extirpation carried on, that, by the calculation of Molyneux himself, but a mere handful of the ancient Irish remained in his day—not one in a thousand; and Molyneux urges this very extirpation of the natives as an argument against the claim of any right by conquest over Ireland in his day, since thereby the great body of the people consisted of the progeny of English settlers, over whom, at least, England could have no lawful dominion by conquest, being the instruments of its attainments, not the objects of its inflictions. An attempt to prove that the subjection of Ireland to the English power has not been the effect of force, but the voluntary submission of its ancient people, is like an attempt to prove the non-existence of matter, the presence of which is evinced every moment of our lives by the testimony of every sense. No pompous or politic description of real or affected compact of submission—no misrepresentations of ignorant, weak, malignant, or prejudiced historians—no sophistry of argument advanced in the service of religious or political monopoly—no deliberate professions of the practical knave—no delusive misapprehensions of the honourable theorist, can ever repel or elude the irresistible conclusion from facts, that the dominion of England over this devoted land, is founded on a conquest as unprovoked in its origin, as hypocritical in its pretences, and, in its prosecution and completion as inhuman and inglorious, and in its consequences to the vanquished as calamitous, as ever stained the annals of ambition.

But, according to Molyneux, the victorious invaders and their posterity cannot be called a conquered people. They were not conquered by arms, but they were conquered by the force of moral causes. By the force of moral causes, the conquerors and the conquered were equally doomed to dependence. Their fortunes could not



be separated. The victorious invaders were undone by their own victory. They conquered not for themselves—they conquered for England. They made Ireland a province, and the province made them slaves. That Ireland, subjugated as she was, could have retained national independence was a moral impossibility; that she did not retain it, is an historical truth, irresistibly pressed upon the mind by facts which cannot be controverted, and by a character which cannot be misunderstood.

Read that character in the champion of her rights; read it in a member of her insulted legislature; read it in a descendant of the victorious invaders; read it in Molyneux himself, the friend of Locke, whose genius he could admire, but whose spirit he could not imbibe, for Locke had a country and Molyneux had none—read that character in Molyneux himself:—

“If what I offer herein” (his ‘Case of Ireland’), says he, “seems to carry any weight in relation to my own poor country, I shall be abundantly happy in the attempt; but if, after all, the great council of England resolve the contrary, I shall believe myself to be in an error, and with the lowest submission ask pardon for my assurance.”

What! appeal from the demonstrations of reason to prejudiced, interested, proud authority, and model his belief by the rescripts of a parliament which was robbing his poor country of her trade, and her legislature of what he considered its ancient rights. What! ask pardon for daring to utter the conviction of his understanding and the dictates of his conscience in a cause which he felt to be the cause of truth and his country. Yes, Molyneux did live in a *conquered* country. While he denies the conquest by his argument, he proves it by his example. Molyneux did live in a *dependent* country; and while he appeals to fan-

ced liberty, we may appeal in himself to actual servitude. Indeed he admits, in express terms, the servitude which he endured, and seemed content to suffer :—

“ Nor do I think,” he says, “ that it is anywise necessary for the good of England to assert this high jurisdiction (direct legislative supremacy) over Ireland. For since the statutes of this kingdom are made with such caution, and in such form as is prescribed by Poyning’s statute 10 Hen. VII., and by the 3rd and 4th Philip and Mary, and while Ireland is in English hands, I do not see how it is possible for the Parliament of Ireland to do anything that can be in the least prejudicial to England.”

Such is the reasoning of Molyneux ; and beyond all controversy, under the statutes to which he refers, it was not possible for the Parliament of Ireland to do anything that could in the least be prejudicial to England. He might have added, with equal truth, that, under those statutes, it was not possible for the Parliament of Ireland to do anything that could be in the least beneficial to Ireland, without the permission of the superior state. The supreme will rested then, as it still rests, with England. What then, it may be asked, does this celebrated work of Molyneux shew. It proves incontestibly that conquest can give no *rightful* dominion to nation over nation. It proves the early existence of a *distinct* parliament in Ireland. That this parliament claimed, and generally exercised, an exclusive power of making laws for Ireland, considered its sanction necessary to give to acts of the English parliament a binding force in Ireland, and affected to treat any presumption to the contrary as an infringement of its privileges. Molyneux admits many late instances of interference by the English parliament in legislating for Ireland, but insists that they were unjust innovations. He

proves the existence of early grants and charters of liberty to Ireland, and resists the claim of legislative supremacy in the parliament of England to bind Ireland by its laws, as contrary to precedent and principle. It rested with the minister of England to decide the merits of the question. The minister of England clearly saw that it was not a question of right, but a question of policy supported by power. He well understood the nature of that distinct parliament, for the privileges of which Molyneux strove. He well appreciated the boasted grants of liberty which Molyneux proclaimed. He well knew on whom they had been conferred, and for what purposes they had been employed. He well knew how little England need regard the instruments of conquest, after conquest had been achieved. He well knew that the work of extermination was but a work of substitution; that success had levelled all distinctions but those which power might deem it expedient to create or maintain. But the British minister did not wish to declare all those things. As England possessed the supremacy of strength, he determined that she should exercise the supremacy of legislation. But he did not choose to publish her real title; he deemed it wise to suffer that to remain concealed under the mysterious confusion of ideas which different intellects, prejudices, passions, and interests would be sure to throw around it. He resolved that the right of legislative supremacy in England should be assumed as something too evident to be disputed, or too sacred to be discussed. The British minister would, no doubt, have preferred precedent to mystery, and argument to assumption. But the precedents were against him. In argument, "*The Case of Ireland*" was unanswerable. It presumptuously assailed by reason what policy required to be held an incontrovertible article of



faith. “ *The Case of Ireland*” was committed by high authority, without trial, to the flames. Molyneux escaped !

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When the nature of the Irish parliament, as modelled by Poyning’s law, is considered—a parliament, impotent, abject, and composed of every element of dependence—an inquiry is naturally excited into the reasons why England should assume, and avow, and exercise the supremacy of direct legislation for Ireland. It seemed unnecessary for maintaining a supremacy of will, by which she could always govern Ireland through the agency of an Irish parliament, and secure dependence without offending pride, or seeming to trench upon real or fancied privileges. It might be unwise, by recent usurpation, to provoke an examination into ancient *right*, which might itself be found to be, in fact, but an usurpation of an older date. It might be dangerous to make dominion in its exercise too palpable to vulgar capacity, and too galling to be quietly borne by the tamest spirit.

For the slave without hope, it is enough to know that he is enslaved. To investigate the causes of his ruin would be only aggravating his sufferings, without suggesting the means of relief. But to the slave who may be free, and would be wise, a search into the motives of despotism,—which spring not from caprice, but design—not from accident, but system—not from temporary, but permanent causes,—ought to be interesting, and may be useful.

The greatness of England has arisen from liberty and from commerce. The free government and free institutions of England may be considered more peculiarly her own.

The commerce of England may, at first, have sprung from, and in its growth and progress may have been intimately connected with, her free government and free institutions. But the commerce of England is a source of greatness depending more upon chance, and less upon will, more upon others, and less upon herself, than her constitution, government, and laws. Commerce is a good, not absolute, but comparative and dependent. The relations of commerce are infinite. It is connected with, and dependent upon, not only the geographical position and internal physical properties of different countries, but it is also connected with, and dependent upon, the knowledge and the ignorance, the opinions and the prejudices, religious and moral, political and financial, of different countries. It depends much upon design, and much upon accident—much upon wisdom, and much also upon fortune. In contemplating the position of England, as well absolute as compared with other states, we are led to consider her chiefly in a commercial point of view. In estimating her character as a nation, we no doubt observe the constitution of her government, and the spirit and administration of her laws, as distinguishing her in an eminent degree above other nations. But it is in the influence which the constitution of her government and spirit of her laws may have had upon her general policy in peace and war, as connected with foreign powers, or her own dependencies, that those powers and dependencies are chiefly concerned. As an object of speculative inquiry, or practical imitation, the British constitution may be calculated to delight and to improve mankind, while British policy may have derived from that constitution but the motives and the means of injustice and oppression. It is not by her existing power merely that we are to measure the greatness of England,

but by that power compared with her native strength. England does not possess in herself independent greatness from extent of territory and fertility of soil, and consequent population. Her colossal power rests mainly on external commerce; and other nations are chiefly interested in her constitution and laws, as that constitution and those laws have been connected with her commerce, and as her foreign policy has been connected with all. "Perish commerce—live the constitution!" when applied to England, have been justly considered foolish words. And if the constitution and commerce of England have grown and must fall together, and if her policy rests the security of both upon unjust aggression and foreign domination, respect for her constitution will excite no sympathy in the diminution or subversion of her commercial greatness.

But our inquiry into the policy of England must be limited to a view of the nature and motives of her conduct to Ireland in the haughty assumption of a right to bind Ireland *directly* by her own laws, and an intemperate depression of the Irish people. The connexion between England and Ireland—always a connexion of rule and dependency—had been modelled originally by the circumstances of the times. It commenced in feudal times, and in its progress it exhibited the uncertainty which marked those times. The manner in which the conquest of Ireland was effected, by the intervention of English settlers, who claimed the privilege of carrying with them the rights of Englishmen, necessarily produced charters and parliaments and the forms of constitutional liberty in a country which experienced, in fact, the most humiliating servitude. The power of England, for a long time, comparatively strong, but really feeble, rendered a vigorous plan of conquest im-



possible. A conquest, prolonged from this weakness in England, through many years of calamity and disgrace, was subject to the vicissitudes of capricious, temporary, unconnected schemes. The original design of conquest, which might have been defeated by union among the natives, was unskilfully, but obstinately persevered in, and finally completed. It had been conceived in an age of rude, desultory warfare, in the mere spirit of acquisition, with a determination to subjugate the invaded country, but without any precise fixed object in the subjugation. Hence the idea of dependency was constantly connected with Ireland in the English mind. This must ever be the case between the victors and the conquered, when they continue after as before the conquest—distinct people in distinct countries. But though the idea of dependency was invariably associated with Ireland in the English mind, and this association led to an unqualified exercise of dominion on the part of England over Ireland, no clear and accurate idea appears to have been formed for a length of time by English princes or English statesmen of the manner in which this same dependency of Ireland could be best fashioned and administered for the benefit of the ruling state.

Before any precise notions of political liberty had been formed in England, the feudal barons, who came from thence to settle in Ireland, carried with them such notions upon this subject as then prevailed, and the *formal* basis of such a constitution as England then possessed. But after some time it was discovered that in this *formal* basis of a constitution, too much had been conceded to Englishmen in Ireland. When the English settlers had been so long and so firmly established in the country as apparently to secure the acquisition; when retreat seemed to be destruction to them, and their safety and continuance there.

absolutely dependent on England, it was then discovered that a parliament in Ireland, similar, even in form and figure, to that of England, was too formidable in faction to be useful to despotism. Poyning's law repaired this defect, By this law was introduced a settled form of subjection. and an established organ by which imperial will might communicate its mandates. But in the occasional paroxysms of domination, or in the confusion of troubled times, even this form of provincial government was violated. And at length the violation of principle, when that violation appeared conducive to the aggrandizement of England, came to be considered by the English parliament as itself a principle, or as grounded upon antecedent principle, which it would be presumptuous to controvert or even to doubt.

But whence arose this change in the policy of England? Whence did it arise that England, not satisfied with the *instrumentality* of the Irish parliament in ruling Ireland, assumed a power of direct, immediate, imperial legislation over it! This change arose from that revolution in the circumstances of Europe which substituted trade for chivalry, and commercial enterprise for feudal violence, but unaccompanied by a knowledge of the true principles upon which trade and commerce depend. When England, peculiarly fitted for commercial pursuits, and formed for commercial greatness, had directed her views to the attainment of this, her natural state, it seemed, according to the narrow trade-policy of the times, that a legislative body in Ireland, possessing even a negative voice on imperial regulations of the trade of Ireland, might be an obstacle to the unrestrained exercise of dominion which the interests of commerce might require. Were Ireland left to the free exercise of her native strength, no reasonable doubt could

exist of her success. The Irish parliament, it is true, during the continuance of Poyning's law, unless permitted by the English cabinet, could not encourage Irish trade, and promote Irish manufacture by active protection; but in general, perhaps, commerce flourishes most where least encumbered by legislative interference. Ireland certainly did labour under severe adventitious depression, and required the fostering care of a wise and patriotic legislature to assist in raising her to her just position in the scale of national existence. Still, however, such is the vital power of Ireland, that she must have advanced rapidly in growth and vigour, if her parliament, impotent to create, should not be active to destroy; but, by mere neutrality, leave her to the bounty of heaven, to industry, and to fortune. But, from Poyning's parliament neutrality could not be expected; and England, through that parliament, carried on active and deadly hostility against the manufactures and trade of Ireland, directly by commercial prohibition, indirectly by religious persecution. But even that parliament, though shackled and debased, formed some barrier against the unfeeling policy of another state, which viewed Ireland at once in the double light of a dependent and a rival. Even that parliament, from a sense of self-importance, from an identity of interest with the body of the people, would have been in some degree restrained from entering blindly into the views, and gratifying, without limit, the fears, the prejudices, the ignorance, and the avarice of the British manufacturer and merchant, and sacrificing to the ephemeral popularity of a British minister all the present good and future hopes of Ireland. An attachment to country will cling to and actuate the basest minds, unless overcome by powerful personal interest; hence would exist the troublesome and expensive necessity of constantly maintaining



this powerful counteraction. Or, perhaps, an attachment to country is, in sordid minds, but an attachment to self, to some personal advantage enjoyed from the country, unconnected with social feeling and public good. Such villainess must be bought, and self made to outweigh self. The parliament of Ireland, through which English rule in Ireland was to be maintained, appeared to be somewhat impracticable, with respect to Irish trade. The prejudices of this parliament were favourable to the British policy of sectarian division; but its interests were against the British policy of national impoverishment and depression. This parliament could be induced, without difficulty, to enact severe penal laws against the Irish Roman Catholics, but was reluctant to destroy the Irish woollen manufacture. This would not satisfy the policy of England, by which a double object was to be secured—keeping Ireland weak by the poverty of the people, and still weaker by their division. The first object could be most easily attained through the English parliament; the latter through a domestic legislature. The prejudices of the English parliament would be all in favour of British monopoly in trade, the prejudices of the Irish parliament in favour of the British policy of exciting the Protestant against the Roman Catholic, and thus debilitating both. Indeed, by this blind, intolerant spirit in the Irish parliament, that parliament was the instrument also of the commercial jealousy of England. If the religion of the Roman Catholic was really, with the Irish parliament, the only object of penal enactment against it, the industry of the Roman Catholic, though indirectly, was thereby much more fatally assailed. A rare and solitary convert might now and then proclaim the triumph of terror or corruption, while an ignorant, a bigoted, and a starving population exhibited the necessary, the con-

stant, and the permanent effects of an unjust and impolitic code.

Thus, by the assumption of legislative supremacy in the parliament of England, binding Ireland by its laws, whatever benefits to Ireland the Irish parliament might wish to spare or secure could be at once diminished or destroyed, and Irish talent and Irish industry crushed or directed, as should appear best calculated to promote the commercial views of England, however erroneous in commercial principle those views might be; while the parliament of Ireland would answer the subordinate purposes of provincial legislation, limited not only in its virtual, but in its formal powers; and exhibiting the appearance as well as enduring the reality of subjection, acting by a delegated authority, and, by the very abuses of that authority, securing the permanence of the dominion under which it served. This right of supreme legislation in England as the superior state, being once assumed, necessarily implied the right of exercising the power in any case, according to the impulse of ambition, the temptations of interest, the suggestions of prudence, or the whims of caprice; and the Irish parliament could be considered as existing by sufferance only, and permitted to continue in existence from policy alone. That parliament was destined, in one short hour of convulsive strength, in one short hour of passing glory, to humble the pride and alarm the fears of England. It was also doomed to perish for ever by the policy which it thus once dared to disappoint and provoke. But, before that bright hour of its triumph, and that fatal period of its doom arrived, England continued to employ the Irish parliament in the drudgery of domestic routine legislation, or in the more vigorous, but more disgraceful, office of civil and religious persecution.

But why should England thus labour to depress and impoverish Ireland so much more than seemed to be necessary for her own safety, and so much more than seemed to be consistent with her own interest? Would not wisdom prescribe a more enlarged and generous policy? Must not the extreme weakness and poverty of Ireland defeat the rapacity which demanded the sacrifice, and enfeeble the power which triumphed in the desolation? When England had subdued the country and formed the province, why could she not, like ancient Rome, govern with authority, but govern without fear—destroy independence, but not destroy the means by which the slave may be well housed, well clothed, and well fed? That England might by a wise and liberal policy have given to Ireland happiness and to herself strength, and exhibited the rare union of conquest and moderation, of power and justice, was within the limits of moral contingency. That England would have oppressed with a milder tyranny, might have been expected from the cold calculations of political prudence. But a comparison of the natural powers and capacities of the two countries, which strikingly indicated a competition of strength—the consciousness in England of accumulated wrongs—the dread of long-protracted vengeance—the pride of power—the jealousy of commerce, when its true principles were little understood—all conspired to produce on the part of England a policy, narrow, suspicious, selfish, and sanguinary. Ireland had been conquered without any settled statesman-like plan of conquest on the part of the victors, and, throughout the entire duration of her subjection, she has exhibited not only an opposition between form and reality, but the more extraordinary opposition of servitude and rivalry. By nature a rival, by fortune an appendage



to England, the bounty of nature has been her curse—the equal has been punished in the slave. A conviction of what Ireland might do, and ought to do, seems to have impressed upon the policy by which her destiny has been controlled a character of fear and severity, pride and meanness, jealousy and suspicion, unexampled in the annals of provincial administration.

The history of ancient Rome, from her humble origin to the zenith of her power, presents, with few exceptions, a scene of extensive and splendid conquest. The imagination is dazzled with the renown of high military achievement, and the mind is elevated by the contemplation of ardent devotedness to country. But we are not merely astonished with the number and magnitude of her victories, and charmed with the patriotism of her citizens—we are also instructed by the wisdom of her institutions, which gave proportion, and harmony, and strength, and permanence to the solid fabric of her greatness—and we ascribe the conquests of Rome not to fortune, but to genius. The Romans were trained to conquest upon a system uniform and comprehensive. The design of universal dominion could only have been gradually inspired by successive triumphs, but the policy which led to and long maintained that dominion was early formed and steadily pursued, and seemed to gain strength from occasional defeat. It was simple and grand, capable of universal application—not depending on individual talent, rarely occurring or capriciously applied, nor on the varying impulse of the people. Domestic struggles terminated in a well-constructed government, and domestic peace gave greater energy to foreign exertions, but the institutions more immediately connected with conquest continued their uniform operation, undisturbed by political storms.

The imperious policy of war controlled all parties and combined all talents. The unity of conquest was preserved entire. In maintaining the honour, enlarging the boundaries, and advancing the glory of the Roman empire, the efforts of the Roman people were common, voluntary, ardent, and persevering. As other countries were successively subdued by the Roman power, they were deprived of distinct national existence and national freedom; but, once deprived of independence, they were no longer considered distinct objects of apprehension or jealousy. By a singular and happy policy, universally applied to all parts of the empire, the fortune of the provinces was identified with the fortune of the ruling state; and Rome, with her original territory, and her acquisitions by war, seemed to be all blended together into one mighty mass of consolidated strength and greatness.

The provinces were, no doubt, enslaved; but Rome, with a wise and intrepid policy, permitted them to enjoy every advantage not absolutely incompatible with her views of universal empire, and freely imparted to them the benefits of her superior advancement in knowledge, laws, and manners, or freely borrowed from them the sciences, arts, or literature in which they respectively excelled. The provinces were degraded by subjection, and must have felt the degradation—they were oppressed, and must have felt the oppression; but that degradation and oppression were only such as seem to be inseparable from the loss of national independence—they were the necessary incidents of subjection, not the studied aggravations superinduced by jealousy and fear. The Roman province was not debased and impoverished upon system; the principle according to which it was governed was not a principle of deterioration. Independence was destroyed,

but the fountains of social happiness were not poisoned; industry was repressed by taxation, but not prohibited by law. Each province was held in obedience by the united force of the empire, and ruled by one common law of domination, applied without distinction and without distrust. The idea of jealousy, arising from rivalry or competition of interests, between the superior state and the provinces, could not exist. The despotism of Rome over her dependencies, was not the despotism of envy or suspicion; it was the despotism of a power which, having formed the design of universal conquest, was taught by success to consider itself irresistible, and which viewed every new acquisition as an accession of strength, not an object of apprehension. The vanquished countries, with their inhabitants, their wealth, their resources, and their capabilities, were embraced within the common circle of empire, interest, and protection. In the loss of independence they lost the ennobling consciousness of freedom of will, but the loss was not aggravated and embittered by the petty, vexatious, malignant hostility of a suspicious tyranny.

The subjects of a government absolute, but wise and fearless, consistent and temperate, the provincials were ruled, not persecuted; deprived of liberty, they were not also deprived of ease, they were permitted to enjoy, without envy and without restraint, all the happiness which could be enjoyed by men who had fought for and lost—but not ignobly lost—national independence. Rome and her provinces formed one consolidated body, and when barbarian hordes successively poured in upon, and finally broke to pieces the mighty mass, the provinces lay prostrate—the scattered fragments of departed greatness. Had the reduction of Ireland to the state of a Roman pro-



vince completed the extensive plan of Agricola, we might have been able to demonstrate, by the contrast of facts applied to Ireland herself, the difference between the condition of a dependency of Rome, and a dependency of England. By the melancholy comparison of the servitudes of Ireland herself, we might have been able to demonstrate the superior misery of being subject to a power sufficiently strong to conquer and oppress, but not sufficiently noble to be above jealousy and suspicion. It is a dangerous policy which, by the very means employed to enfeeble and debase, instructs its victim in the secret of his strength, and the remedy for his misfortunes. It is a dangerous policy which betrays the fears, while it inflicts the wrongs of oppression. By exposing the weakness as well as the injustice of despotism, the exercise of severity seems necessary to the preservation of the despot. When, in the history of his ruin, the slave has been taught a lesson of deliverance, the tyrant can see no safety but in increasing the weight of chains, the slave no relief from suffering but in death or emancipation.

Lord Littleton, in his history of Henry the Second, after mentioning an unsuccessful attempt of the conquest of Ireland, by Magnus, King of Norway, in the beginning of the twelfth century, makes the observation following—"If this enterprize had been wisely conducted, and the success had been answerable to what the divisions among the Irish princes and the inclination of the Ostmen in favour of a monarch, from whose country most of them originally came, seemed reasonably to promise, it would have erected, in Ireland, a Norwegian kingdom, which, together with Man and other dominions of Magnus full of shipping and good seamen, might, in process of time, have composed a maritime power capable of maintaining itself,

perhaps for ever, against that of the English, and disputing with them the sovereignty of the sea. It may, indeed, be esteemed most happy for this nation (England) that no King of Denmark, or of Norway, or of Sweden, nor any prince of the Ostmen settled in Ireland, ever gained an entire dominion of that isle, for had it remained under the orderly government of any of these, its neighbourhood would have been, in many respects, prejudicial to England." This work of Lord Littleton is said to have engaged his attention, and to have been under his revision for twenty years before its publication, and such is the conclusion which, after mature reflection, he draws from the relative situation of England and Ireland. Indeed, the formidable aspect of Ireland, presented to view as an independent state, appears to have made a strong and fatal impression on the counsels of England, at an early period. In the reign of Elizabeth, the infamous policy of ruling Ireland by means of her intestine divisions, her barbarism, and her poverty, was openly avowed by the ministers of that unfeeling princess.—"Should we exert ourselves," said they, "in reducing this country (Ireland) to order and civility, it must soon acquire power, consequence, and riches. The inhabitants will be thus alienated from England, they will cast themselves into the arms of some foreign power, or, perhaps, erect themselves into an independent and separate state. Let us rather connive at their disorders, for a weak and a disordered people can never attempt to detach themselves from the crown of England." It is true, that Sir Henry Sydney and Sir John Perrot, who perfectly understood the affairs of Ireland, and the disposition of its inhabitants, a generous disposition easily won and attached by kindness, expressed the utmost indignation at such abominable maxims,

“Yet this doctrine found it way,” says the historian, “into the English Parliament.”

Certainly it did, and that was not the first era of its appearance in that parliament. From the time that Ireland can be said to have seriously engaged the attention of the English government, the doctrine of keeping Irishmen quiet, not by voluntary attachment, but by hopeless debility, uniformly pervaded its councils, while the English Parliament, untouched by individual pity, unrestrained by the sense of individual honour, or the feeling of individual shame, as is too often the case with bodies of men, was found ready to execute and even to anticipate the worst purposes of this inhuman policy of depression. This jealousy towards Ireland increased with the increasing commerce of England. It was impressed upon the measures of each successive Minister, not merely by his own prejudices and fears, but by the more intemperate prejudices and fears of the English people. A minister of genius, intrepidity, and virtue might soar above the narrow and barbarous policy of ages. But the fate of Ireland rested not even on the remote and precarious chance of a generous and wise administration. It rested on the passions, the prejudices, the ignorance, the pride, the obstinacy, the avarice, and love of power of an entire people. The boasted pre-eminence of the British constitution, in giving effect to the popular will in the administration of public affairs, to the English nation a cause of triumph, was to the province a source of calamity and humiliation. In the progress of the commercial aggrandizement of England an intimate connexion was formed between the state and the trading interest of the nation. The trading interest gained a complete ascendancy over every other interest. It not only received a peculiar, constant, and



anxious protection, but the most unreasonable desires and apprehensions of the English merchant, manufacturer, and mechanic were attended to, and flattered by the English minister, and the English parliament. The power of the English merchant, manufacturer, and mechanic, multiplied the wrongs, perpetuated the dependence, and aggravated the mortifications of Ireland. In acts of foreign tyranny the English minister was the faithful servant both of the crown and the people, and in acts of foreign tyranny, the English House of Commons faithfully represented its constituents. To increase the commerce of England seemed to be a sufficient motive and justification for any act of injustice or aggression towards other nations, and its own dependencies. Had Ireland been less the favourite of nature, she would have been less the victim of policy; but her natural advantages, her geographical position—her temperate climate—her fruitful soil—her hardy peasantry—her rivers, lakes, and harbours—numerous and commodious—and all the other proofs of her independent structure and vital power, which impressed the ministers of Elizabeth with the well-founded opinion, that possessed of a good government, she must soon acquire intelligence, wealth, and happiness, seem to have fixed her fate and marked her for destruction.

The maxims of these ministers, though not directly avowed, were embraced and followed by their successors, and the effects may be easily traced in characters deep and lasting. Had Ireland been less formidable by nature, England might have been less unjust both to Ireland and to herself. The contracted policy, and dastardly spirit of rule, filled with the constant dread of competition in trade, not only made the province desolate, but marred the fortunes of the empire.

Instead of the wise, and grand, and magnanimous principle of comprehending Ireland within the sphere of England's hopes and fears, interests and aspirations, aggrandizement and glory, the narrow, selfish, mean, and dangerous principle of exclusion was adopted.

IRELAND MUST NOT BE INDEPENDENT, was a resolution which involved an odious train of base motives, and malevolent acts. It was a resolution which excited and kept up in the mind of those who had the power of dispensing good or inflicting ill, a constant feeling of jealousy and apprehension. It seemed to put a negative on the communication of happiness—to limit the art of government to petty, temporary expedients of prevention, and fitful, cruel, remedies of force, and to confine the objects and benefits of conquest to the mere extinction of a rival. And it may be asked, is not that advantage great? Would not the absolute physical extinction of Ireland, by some violent convulsion of nature, be to England a subject of gratulation compared to the existence of Ireland as a free and independent country? Such, indeed, does appear to have been a question ever present to the mind of British statesmen, and to keep Ireland impotent and dependent has been the bound of their ambition in this department of their cares. That nature, in assimilating the powers, had contrasted the interests of England and Ireland, seems to have been an article of belief, which precluded any attempt by English sovereigns or English ministers to unite the countries by sympathy of affection, derived from a participation in common rights, common enjoyments, and common protection. The haughty pride of conquest could not stoop to equality of rights; the contracted spirit of commerce could not conceive, or would not tolerate a community of interests.

The principle of KEEPING IRELAND DOWN was the only

principle which could satisfy the pride and quiet the prejudice of Englishmen—which could reconcile all contradictions, allay all fears, please all fancies, indulge all passions, and silence all complaints. But in this conspiracy of weak, sordid, and malignant motives against her peace, Ireland might learn to value and respect herself—to know that strength which could excite the apprehensions, alarm the jealousy, and provoke the persecution of her oppressors. Ireland, in her humiliation, might learn a lesson of ambition. The nation which is feared ought to be aspiring.

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From the Revolution of 1688, a memorable era in the history of the British constitution, the parliament of Ireland exhibited a spectacle of abject debasement. Humbled to the condition of a subordinate legislature, even the limits of its circumscribed authority were not ascertained by any fixed distribution of powers and privileges, but depended on the undefined and arbitrary will of the superior state. Whenever the English parliament deemed it expedient to interfere, either in its legislative or judicial capacity, its will constituted at once the principle and the justification. The feeble and transient complaints of the Irish parliament were treated with contempt. Yet this parliament, thus insulted and degraded, became the miserable instrument of the tyranny which oppressed it. More dishonoured by its own passions than by the despotism to which it bowed, the period of its greatest servitude was the period of its greatest injustice. At the very period when the Irish parliament complained of the infringement of its own privileges, and the destruction of Irish commerce, it out-



raged the rights of nature, and assailed the duties of social life. In a country beggared and debilitated by the laws of a foreign power against its trade, its domestic legislature enacted laws ruinous to the peace, the morals, and the industry of its people.

This domestic legislature, impotent to protect, but powerful to persecute, and uncontrolled in persecution, was at last by the English parliament declared *expressly* to be what it had long *virtually* been, the mere dependent instrument of foreign domination.

By an English act of parliament, 6 Geo. I. c. 5, passed in the year 1719, entitled “An Act for the better securing the Dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain,” it was declared, “That the kingdom of Ireland hath been, is, and of right ought to be, subordinate unto, and dependent upon, the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united and annexed thereunto; and that the king’s majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes, of sufficient force and validity to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland. And that the House of Lords of Ireland had not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse any judgment, sentence, or decree, given or made in any court within the same kingdom, and that all proceedings before the said House of Lords upon any such judgment, sentence, or decree, were thereby declared to be utterly null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.” The true intent and meaning, force, and effect of that memorable statute, no dulness could misunderstand, no sophistry could explain away. By that statute, the parliament of

England, with imperious solemnity, ratified all its past usurpations, and recorded the high prerogative of strength to tyrannize over weakness. Whatever ideas of self-importance the provincial legislature might, theretofore, have indulged, were by that statute completely dispelled. The dream was ended, the phantom vanished, and the parliament of Ireland awoke to a perfect sense of its insignificance. From thenceforth that parliament could not mistake the nature and extent of its tenure. The same power which had proclaimed its dependence might destroy its existence. When it was declared, "That the British parliament had, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland," it was, in fact, declared, that the Irish parliament existed only by sufferance, as the delegated instrument of those menial offices which the British parliament might consider beneath its dignity, or unworthy of its regard, or of those works of desolation which the British minister might think best suited to the prejudices and passions of the provincial assembly.

By the statute, 6 Geo. I. c. 5, the authority of the British parliament to bind Ireland by its laws, was assumed to be an authority, original, universal, absolute, and without control. And while this statute remained the recorded declaration of British sway, it is plain beyond controversy, that the parliament of Ireland was permitted to legislate in any case from policy merely. As the parliament of England was declared to have a *right* to legislate in every instance, the parliament of Ireland could have but a *license* to legislate in any instance, and could be permitted to exercise that license, only the better to promote the objects of the power which arrogated the right. It is rather a

curious circumstance, not unworthy of remark, that previous to the passing of the 6 Geo. III. c. 5, the Union between England and Scotland had been effected, by which representatives of Scotland were to sit both in the English House of Lords, and the English House of Commons, and from thenceforth were to have a voice in making laws. It is not pretended that Scotland conquered, or assisted England in the conquest of Ireland, and yet by the 6 Geo. I. c. 5, Scotland was to share in the power of making laws for Ireland.

Upon the same principle, if, previous to the 6 Geo. I. c. 5, England had admitted the Island of Jamaica to send representatives to the English parliament, the master of the negro slave, the owner of the bloody lash, by which that slave was tortured, would, as such legalized and constitutional butcher, have a clear and indefeasible right to make laws for the government and discipline of the serfs of Ireland.

While the friend of freedom disdains to advocate the cause of the Irish parliament, which submitted to such ignominious bondage, he must sympathize in the fate of the Irish people, doomed, through all the changes of British policy, to endure the curse of servitude, and the contumely of oppression, and he will seize every opportunity which the history of that policy presents to investigate its motives, reprobate its injustice, and expose its weakness.

The great object of England was commercial ascendancy; most of her dependencies, from situation and productions, seemed to be naturally excluded from competition, but calculated to consume the produce of British industry, and to return what British wants or British luxury might demand, or British enterprize might diffuse, either in its original state, or with the additional value imparted by



ingenuity and art, and which the wants or luxury of other countries might finally use or waste. But Ireland, in every point of view—in vicinity, insular advantages, soil, climate, productions, and people, presented the constant haunting idea of competition. Ireland forced upon the mind the striking picture of a country, the inhabitants of which would easily fall into and form the three great classes of agriculturists, manufacturers, and merchants, from whose united exertions and pursuits, both internally and in relation to other states, must necessarily have flowed wealth, power, and independence, if Ireland were left to the free, unconstrained use and application of her own resources, physical and intellectual. Happy in the facility of supporting a number of laborious hands, in the means of a varied and abundant agriculture, in many productions of nature, the raw materials of art, in a hardy and ingenious people, capable of adding to these materials, or to the productions of other climates, the incalculable value of industry and skill, Ireland, like England, seemed formed by nature to supply the wants, or minister to the comforts of other states. Placed on the western skirt of Europe, with three-fourths of her shores washed by the Atlantic, after the discovery of a new world had opened to European enterprize new objects of adventure, and new sources of aggrandizement, Ireland seemed destined to be an important connecting link in the intercourse between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Independent of the discovery of America, and the new field thereby opened for commercial enterprize, the situation of Ireland seemed peculiarly fitted for maritime pre-eminence, not only cast, as she is, between England and the West, but also possessing greater facilities of communication with the East, and many parts of Europe. Ireland, too, had before her

many glorious examples of what free states, very inferior to her in extent of territory, and other natural advantages, could achieve by commercial daring. The powers of independent existence seemed to be marked in her structure in such bold characters, by nature, that it required the unceasing efforts of an active and malignant policy to defeat the obvious purposes of creation. The fears or the folly of England prevented the bold experiment of excluding all idea of competition, by adopting the principle of common interest, founded on the enjoyment of common rights, and the desperate and barbarous alternative was embraced, of excluding competition by counteracting the tendencies of nature, by causing and continuing want and weakness, ignorance and disunion, and converting the powers of independence into instruments of servitude. Thus, the houseless peasantry and starving manufacturers of Ireland manned the fleets, and recruited the armies which enslaved her.

When England had established her free constitution, by the Revolution of 1688, and by seating the house of Hanover on the throne, when her commerce and her arms had enlarged her resources, and exalted her power above every other European state, her policy towards Ireland could be satisfied with nothing less than the positive and unequivocal expression of unbounded dominion over her. By the statute for better securing the dependency of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain, an explicit and haughty declaration was made of the vile connexion between the master and the slave. The grave commentator on the laws of England was, by statute, authorized to initiate her youth in the pride of power, and the sophistry of ambition, and to store their minds in early life, when most susceptible of impressions for good or ill, with the unhallowed princi-

ples of oppression. By statute, the learned commentator was authorized to select Ireland as an eminent illustration of his doctrine, to enrol her specially in the pompous catalogue of countries subject to the crown of England, and to tell her that, even previous to that statute, she was bound by acts of the English parliament, whenever that parliament thought fit to include her under general words, or particular nomination; and Ireland was instructed not only in the law of her subjection, but in the reason of the law. "It flowed from the very nature and constitution of a dependent state—dependence being very little else but an obligation to conform to the will or law of that superior person or state, upon which the inferior depends." She was also informed of the original and true ground of this superiority, to which she was subject, and to which she was required submissively to bow. "It was what is usually, though somewhat improperly, called the right of conquest—a right allowed by the law of nations, if not by that of nature; but which, in reason and civil policy, can mean nothing more than that, in order to put an end to hostilities, a compact is either expressly or tacitly made between the conqueror and the conquered, that if they will acknowledge the victor for their master, he will treat them for the future as subjects and not as enemies."

When Molyneux denied that Ireland had been conquered by England—when he maintained the right of Ireland to liberty by charters, and to independence by her separate legislature, he only attempted to establish a good cause by means unnecessary and fallacious. He erred through an anxiety to fence his argument from every possible attack. He erred through the vain expectation that precedent might control those whom neither justice could influence, nor pity melt; and that men who wielded the



sword of power, would respect the privileges of weakness, because those privileges were not only matter of right but of record. When Molyneux bowed "with the lowest submission to the great council of England," he only betrayed the involuntary dejection of an honest mind unconscious of its own humiliation. But, when the celebrated commentator on the rights of Englishmen, who breathes a pious prayer for their perpetuity, maintains that force gives right, that Ireland was dependent by right of conquest, and by right of conquest was bound to obey the laws which the conquerors should think fit to prescribe, that the conquerors had a right to declare their own opinion of their own title to plunder and oppress, and when he lays down this doctrine with the solemnity of a professor in an elaborate panegyric on law, and liberty, and constitution, the friend of truth will enter his indignant protest against principles which reason and humanity alike condemn, and will appeal from Blackstone and the law of nations to the dictates of eternal justice, which man too often violates, but never can change.

While an unprovoked invasion which involved Ireland in centuries of darkness and blood was thus coolly and deliberately advanced, and systematically taught by the Vinerian professor to be the rightful origin of British rule, while force, which she could not resist, was made a justification of the servitude to which she was consigned, the condition of Ireland exhibited a dreadful exposition of the avowed law of her dependence. The policy of depression was carried to an extremity which seemed inconsistent with the very selfishness from which it flowed. In the year 1778, the wretchedness of Ireland appeared, for the first time, to interest the British parliament. But it was not the justice or the generosity of that parliament

which the wretchedness of Ireland had moved. It had excited meaner motives for relief. Individual members, in the zeal of party, or, perhaps, in the sincerity of virtue, might feel the force of the truths which they proclaimed, but the mass of that parliament was actuated by the cold maxims of prudence alone, in a wish to relax, in some degree, the commercial bondage under which Ireland pined. For some time, however, after this change in the temper of the English parliament, the people of England, less prudent than the parliament, could not perceive that even self-interest was deeply concerned in the demands of justice. Ireland was not only ruled by the temporizing policy of the English cabinet; she was also subject to the blind, ignorant, bigoted selfishness of the English manufactory, and English counting-house, which could not understand, or would not confess that Ireland might be sunk too low even upon the sordid calculations of commercial monopoly. The English minister yielded to prejudices, which, however marked by folly, or pregnant with mischief, he had not the virtue or the courage to withstand. The conduct which is not founded on the unbending principles of right, but on the pliant motives of expediency, is often reduced to the necessity of making severer sacrifices to fear than need have been made at first to justice. The parliament and people of England, by tardy and reluctant concession, were humbled to recantations which the haughty spirit of imperial rule could never have anticipated, and which it was scarcely possible could have been sincere.

The unfeeling and impolitic exercise of supreme legislation, on the part of England, terminated in the complete and absolute renunciation of the right to exercise it at all. Ireland was at length taught, by necessity, a lesson which she might long before have known from reason, and

which she ought never to forget—she was taught to look to herself for justice, and to liberty for happiness. The effects of the memorable war between England and her colonies in North America will long be felt by the nations of Europe. England attempted to tax those colonies against their will, and England united and raised those colonies into a mighty nation. America triumphed, but the struggle between despotism and liberty was transferred from the new to the old world;—Europe was convulsed by the shock of antagonist principles. The contest is not yet decided, and the happiness or misery of ages may depend on the final issue of the conflict. From the era of the war between England and America, Ireland may be considered as acting, in some degree, by a distinct, separate individual impulse, contrasting her existence with that of England, and forcing herself upon the notice of the world, as a country which might, one day, be worthy to rank among independent nations. The power which had enslaved, impoverished, and insulted her, was reduced to the mortifying confession that she was unable to protect her. Ireland, thus abandoned and cast upon herself, in the exertions of self-preservation, disclosed the elements of greatness, as well as the means of safety. The important discussions to which the American war had given rise, and the glorious struggles of the American people for independence, had agitated, interested, enlightened, and elevated the Irish mind. The keen sense of appropriate suffering had produced a much stronger sensation than mere sympathy for the oppressed, or generous wishes for the success of a just cause. The Irish people and their own griefs—the inflictions of centuries, deep and direful—calling loud for redress or vengeance, compared to which the wrongs of which America complained were as



nothing. Yet, America, when complaints were found to be unavailing, and remonstrance was treated with contempt, had set at defiance the fleets and armies of the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world. The example was such as to make the slave aspiring, and the despot wise. The events which then took place in Ireland, excite mingled sensations of admiration and disappointment, exultation and sorrow.

The extreme distress to which Ireland had been reduced by a policy oppressive and improvident—the unexpected, extraordinary, and formidable change, from feeble lamentations to bold demands, and active retaliation, in a country which had so long languished in poverty, obscurity, and contempt—the awful sanction impressed on the laws of humanity and the rights of nature, by the formidable array of 60,000 volunteers in arms—the embarrassed situation of England, from a war, unjust in its principle, and, to her, disastrous in its events, at length demonstrated to the British minister the necessity of prompt and decisive concessions to Ireland. But it entered not into the imagination of that minister, that those concessions should extend beyond a relaxation of the excessive and absurd restrictions on the trade of Ireland, which had been rashly accumulated without regard even to obvious maxims of a prudential monopoly. The concessions proposed, as a relief for the distress, and a satisfaction of the complaints of Ireland, were entirely commercial. These concessions, though limited in their extent, and, in many respects, illusory in their operation, were important when contrasted with past commercial bondage, and might well justify the proud boast of a FREE TRADE. That there ought to be some relaxation of previous severity, seemed to be universally acknowledged. That such ample concessions were made, arose

from the perplexity of fear and the temporizing spirit of expediency. While England possessed the supreme legislative power, those concessions might be modified, reduced, neutralized, or recalled, as future events and opportunities might render the change practicable or expedient. Perhaps, in the very moment of *liberality*, the British minister anticipated a season of less danger and greater arrogance, in which England might resume whatever portion of the concessions then made should be found formidable to her jealousy, or be felt humiliating to her pride.

But the pride of England was soon to experience much severer mortification. The spirit which had demanded and obtained for Ireland emancipation in trade, disdained to submit longer to the despotism which had reduced her to beggary and despair. The emancipation of the Irish parliament from the shackles of Poyning's law, and of Ireland from the dominion of the English parliament, seemed from experience absolutely necessary to the existence, and, in the delusive visions of enthusiasm, seemed all-sufficient to secure the independence and happiness of Ireland. The 6th Geo. I. c. 5, was repealed by an English act of parliament, the 22nd Geo. III. c. 52, and by a subsequent act of the English parliament—23rd Geo. III. c. 28, that parliament renounced *for ever* the right to bind Ireland by its laws, and declared and enacted “That the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by the king of England, and the parliament of Ireland, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law, or in equity, which might be instituted in Ireland, decided in the king's courts therein, finally and without appeal from thence, should be, and was thereby declared to be, established and ascertained *for ever, and should at no time thereafter be questioned or questionable.*”

The lofty claims thus conceded were opposed, as long as they could be opposed with safety. The desperate counsels, which occasioned the loss of America, had been succeeded by more temper and more prudence, in a new administration; and the *apparent* complacency with which the claim of the English parliament to bind Ireland by its laws was finally relinquished, completed the satisfaction of a generous and confiding people.

But the humiliation of British pride was not the subversion of British power. The theory of despotism was changed; the despotism remained. That the crown of Ireland was an imperial crown, inseparably annexed to or united with the crown of Great Britain, or, in other more intelligible language, that the sovereign of England for the time being was therefore in that right to be sovereign of Ireland also, but that the kingdom of Ireland was to be a distinct kingdom, with her own parliament the sole legislature thereof, subject to a negative power in the crown; and that on this annexation and distinction, the interests and happiness of both countries were thenceforth essentially to depend, by the simple repeal of 1782, and the more explicit renunciation of 1783, constituted the delusive principle of Irish independence.

The power of forming and comprehending a complex abstract idea, cannot influence the investigation or determine the truth or falsehood of any alleged particular existence. The nature of the connexion between England and Ireland, at any given time, must depend on historical evidence, or actual personal experience, and not on the faculty of forming abstract ideas, or defining possible contingencies; and yet an acknowledgment of the compatibility of certain ideas, not conceded by the justice, but extorted from the fears of England, was supposed to anni-



hilate her ambition, her jealousy, the feelings and prejudices of ancient power, the inveterate habits of unrestrained oppression, and the poignant recollections of pride chastised. No, it may be said, this was not supposed, and could not be expected. But, by the acquisition of her own parliament, released from the fetters of Poyning's law, and freed from foreign interference, Ireland obtained security against the lust of power long indulged, and the apprehensions of commercial jealousy—the ruling passion of the British mind. Had Ireland, by her recent victory, indeed obtained an independent parliament, the impossibility of being unjust might have imposed upon England the necessity of being wise. But Ireland, in her *emancipated* parliament, obtained not an *independent* legislature. That parliament had even at first opposed its own elevation. Trained to provincial servitude, it seemed lost to every sentiment of generous ambition. At length, swept before an enthusiasm which it could not feel, but dared not to resist, it participated in the triumph, and then presumed to boast of glories which it was unworthy to reflect.

Rome, in her decline, left Britain to herself—unable longer to enslave or protect her.

In 1777, Britain, weakened and embarrassed by war with America, France, and Spain, was obliged to confess that, in case of foreign invasion, the government had not troops to defend Ireland. There were, in fact, at the time, scarcely 5,000 regular troops in the country. The Volunteers arose. They were composed exclusively of the gentry and middle classes of society, and were commanded by the then Earl of Charlemont and other Irish noblemen of high rank and character. Their numbers increased rapidly, and by some accounts are computed to

have amounted to nearly 100,000. To state that they amounted to 60,000 well-appointed and well-disciplined troops, cannot be considered exaggeration.

To defend Ireland against foreign invasion became unnecessary. To rescue Ireland from the political bondage under which she groaned, soon fixed the thoughts, elevated the hopes, and concentrated the energies of the Volunteers. Of that illustrious band, one stood forth pre-eminent beyond the rest. No calumnious breath can blight the honours that rest on Grattan's grave. His grave is in a foreign land—his grave is in the land of the oppressor, who enslaved his country, and still rivets the chains; and that country will deserve the degradation which she endures, if ever she forgets the man who devoted the best years of his strength to her cause, and wasted the lamp of life in her defence. He strove for her independence with unshaken constancy to the last, with feeble body, but unbroken mind and unabated zeal. He strove in vain. The fortune of the patriot is glorious, even in defeat. Grattan has departed—but he has left to Ireland, for other and better times, an example of the dauntless spirit which makes tyrants tremble, and makes nations free.

The year 1782 is an era in the political existence of Ireland which must be remembered with pride, not because Ireland then ceased to be a province, but because Ireland then displayed the powers which mark her title to be a nation. In the victory of 1782 may be seen the strength of Ireland; in the disasters which followed may be seen her weakness. Endeared by recollections, interesting to the feelings of a gallant, a warm-hearted, and a grateful people, the memory of the Volunteers of Ireland seems consecrated to eternal fame, but the faithful page of

history, which reflects their glory, must also transmit the shadows which obscure it. "It was a sacred truth, and written, as it were, in the tables of fate, that the Irish Protestant never should be free until the Irish Catholic ceased to be a slave." When the Volunteers, at Dunganon, declared that they held the right of private judgment in matters of religion, to be equally sacred in others as in themselves, when they expressed their joy in the relaxation of the penal laws against their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and their opinion that it was a measure fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of Irishmen, they uttered a sentiment more honourable to themselves, and more interesting to their country than any other contained in the important resolutions of that celebrated assembly. Such sentiments, proclaimed in a season of growing energy in the people, when the resistless impulse of an hour might bear away the prejudices of ages, seemed to announce the most auspicious effects. But darkness still rested upon the fortunes of Ireland. The principle of action in the Volunteers was limited by its early objects. In the events of 1779, 1782, and 1783, their first hopes had centered, and their best strength had perished. In those events were involved merely the emancipation of the trade and parliament of Ireland; the trade, from extravagant restrictions—the parliament, from Poyning's law and the direct supremacy of the British legislature. The emancipation of Ireland from British dominion was a distinct and more important object, demanding new and more difficult exertions. Heated by the magnitude of their first efforts, the Volunteers seem not to have timely perceived how very little complete success in those efforts might be connected with the independence and happiness of their country. When



cooler reflection had succeeded to the ardour of victory, the real importance of the acquisition could be more distinctly ascertained. Reason soon discovered that much indeed remained to be done. But the spirit of enthusiasm had died, and unassisted reason was much too feeble for the contest. Whatever hopes may have been formed from the early liberality of the Dungannon meeting, they were soon dissipated. The extent of that liberality appeared to be bounded by a relaxation of positive penalties merely against the Roman Catholic. When, after the obtaining of repeal and renunciation, the Volunteers, seated in national convention, in the capital, announced to an anxious people their memorable plan for the reform of the Irish parliament, by which they would have excluded three-fourths of their countrymen from the rights of citizens, when they thus deliberately recorded their adoption of the same unjust and bigoted policy by which Ireland had been so long divided, weakened, and oppressed, from that moment their strength was gone, and their ruin inevitable. The very parliament which they had raised from obscurity and impotence to legislative power, might now insult them with impunity. In vain did some bold and liberal minds point out the only road to honour and to safety; in vain did late and magnanimous repentance attempt to repair the fatal error. The hour of triumph had passed away, and a period of long and disastrous mortification had commenced.

The ruinous advice to desist from an attempt which might create disunion among the friends of reform of the Protestant sects, produced or increased the mischief which it affected to prevent, or professed to deprecate. Oppressed by their own dissensions on the question of Catholic emancipation, by their reverence for the opinion of men of undoubted integrity, but timid minds, or sectarian antipa-

thies, who were adverse to that measure, by the artifices of the avowed or secret enemies of reform, who dreaded, in the union of Irishmen, the overthrow of a growing system of foreign influence, and domestic corruption—oppressed by the accumulated weight of the frauds and prejudices of ages, the Volunteers of Ireland gradually and finally sunk into the common mass of a deluded and ill-fated people.

The Volunteers were dismissed, with cold thanks for past services, and a supercilious recommendation to convert their swords into sickles, and their muskets into ploughshares—dismissed by that parliament to which they had given life and power, and the means of glory, and which, at no distant period, basely surrendered all, and erased the name of Ireland, as a nation, from the records of time.

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A repeal of the act of the 6th Geo. I. c. 5., and a renunciation of any right or claim in the British parliament of legislating for Ireland, made by the 23rd Geo. III. c. 28, together with a repeal of Poyning's law, gave or restored to Ireland a distinct legislature, the sole acknowledged authority by which laws were afterwards to be made for Ireland, and exhibiting all the *forms* and *appearance* of an independent national legislature. But, while the parliament of Ireland, from the era of these boasted acquisitions, exhibited the form and *appearance* of independent legislation, that parliament remained essentially unaltered. It remained a dependent provincial assembly, neither representing the will, influenced by the feelings, nor identified with the interests of the Irish people. The acquisitions then made, however splendid in attainment, soon appeared to be important, only as they might be considered neces-

sarily antecedent to a material and radical change in the composition of the House of Commons, one of the three estates in which the power of legislation was vested. According to the admirable theory of the British constitution, to which the Irish constitution, by the changes just mentioned, was supposed to be assimilated, the House of Commons ought to consist of a certain number of delegates, freely and frequently chosen by the people, and really and substantially representing the general will, so that no law should be made, or tax imposed, without the virtual consent of the nation. While a variety of opinions might be entertained as to the extent and form of the elective suffrage, and the duration of the delegated trust, best adapted to produce the desired effect; whether the right of suffrage should be universal or limited, and in what degree, and whether the renewal of the House of Commons should be annual, or triennial, or septennial, or at any other given period; there was no man who felt, or professed to feel, a regard for liberty, and an attachment to the British constitution who did not maintain or admit that, by the principles of both, the House of Commons ought faithfully to represent the collective body of the people, and be, at least, so constituted, that, though not chosen by all, it should be identified in interest with all, and should not be under the influence of sordid, personal, selfish motives, to betray the delegated trust. Reason demonstrated that on this faithful representation of the people, by the House of Commons, the distribution and balance of power in the constitution, and the secure and permanent enjoyment of every right which it conferred or guaranteed, must absolutely depend. Experience had confirmed the deductions of reason. The Revolution of 1688, in England, had practically illustrated and enforced the natural and indefeasible right



in the people of forming a government agreeably to its own will; and of deposing governors, and new modelling the constitution. By that revolution, a solemn and important declaration was made of this right in the people, and new and stricter limits were assigned to the powers of the crown. But the representation of the people in the House of Commons was left untouched. That representation was quite inadequate to the acknowledged object of its action in the political system. After the Revolution of 1688, art was substituted for violence, corruption for prerogative; and the constantly increasing influence of the crown, from the period of that revolution, furnished strong and alarming evidence that the necessity of another revolution could only be averted by restoring or establishing that relation between the constituent and the representative, which, by making the House of Commons the faithful guardians of the people's rights, might secure liberty to the nation, and permanence to the throne. The sincere and provident friend of the constitution, devoted to liberty and fond of peace, saw, with deep concern, in the means of corruption and the progress of venality, the principles of that constitution gradually becoming but the vision of theory and the theme of declamation; and in the reform of its practical agency by its principles, saw the only road to safety. The greater the blessings of the liberty enjoyed by Englishmen, the more eminent the station to which their country had been raised by the superiority of its constitution, the greater ought naturally to be the anxiety to preserve sound and entire that part of the constitution from which its superiority evidently flowed; or, if become degenerate and corrupt, to restore it to health and vigour. Every right which that constitution was framed to confer or preserve, must be insecure, unless the people, by their

representatives in parliament, should be the guardians of their own happiness.

The pre-eminence of the British Constitution rested on this foundation—on the government of the community by the general will, without the evils of democracy. The legislative powers of the crown and of the aristocracy could only be considered as wise and salutary checks, designed and fitted to secure the deliberate and real expression of the general will, by means of the Commons house, the proper organ of that will. In support of these principles, if authority be wanting, may be cited the authority of Blackstone—no heated, declamatory advocate of popular rights, but the cold, deliberate vindicator of the rights of conquest. Blackstone says :—

“ The Commons consist of all such men of property in the kingdom, as have not seats in the House of Lords, every one of which has a voice in parliament, either personally, or by his representatives. *In a free state, every man, who is supposed a free agent, ought to be in some measure his own governor ;* and, therefore, a branch at least of the legislative power should reside *in the whole body of the people.* And this power, when the territories of the state are small, and its citizens easily known, should be exercised by the people in their aggregate or collective capacity, as was wisely ordained in the petty republics of Greece, and the first rudiments of the Roman state. But this will be highly inconvenient when the public territory is extended to any considerable degree, and the number of citizens is increased. In so large a state as ours, it is, therefore, very wisely contrived *that the people should do that by their representatives which it is impracticable to perform in person*—representatives chosen by a number of minute and separate districts wherein all the voters are, or easily may be, distinguished.”

But while the theory of British liberty presented this fair and fascinating picture, it could not be denied that the very reverse of the picture was the true representation of the actual state of things. That while Englishmen exulted in Magna Charta, in trial by jury, in their bill of rights, in their habeas corpus act, in the sanctity of the "straw-built shed," which the king dared not violate, the preservation and continuance of all these blessings depended on a House of Commons notoriously corrupt, and under the influence of the crown. A conviction of the excellence of the principles, and the magnitude and danger of the abuses of the constitution, had impressed on the minds of wise and honest men in England, among whom might be counted also some of the highest rank and most splendid talents, a firm persuasion of the necessity of a reform in the representation of the people in the House of Commons there, as the salutary means of preserving liberty, without the shock and hazard of a revolution. And the attainment of this object, in the rapid progress of parliamentary corruption, gained daily new importance, and excited increasing solicitude.

While such was the state of public opinion in England, on the necessity of reform in its legislature, every general topic which could be urged in favour of the measure there, applied with tenfold force to the parliament of Ireland. But it was not general reasoning merely, however strong, derived from the principles of political liberty, and the glaring inadequacy of the existing representation of the people in the House of Commons there to give efficiency to those principles, which demonstrated the necessity of reform in that representation. A variety of appropriate causes belonged to Ireland, which identified reform with national existence—which presented it to



the understandings and the feeling of an oppressed and impoverished people, not as the regeneration, but as the acquisition of a constitution, as the only means of emancipating their country from the bondage, and repairing the desolation and debasement of six hundred years. It required no proof from experience, to demonstrate that, constituted as the Irish parliament was, the late change in its political powers would only render it a more expensive instrument for administering British domination in Ireland, that the mode of ruling the province would be varied; but that, without a radical reform in the representation of the people, it must still remain a province, as before, dependent and degraded. What was the state of that representation? Out of three hundred members, of which the House of Commons consisted, the counties, counties of cities and towns, and the University of Dublin, returned but eighty-four, leaving two hundred and sixteen for boroughs and manors; and of this number of two hundred and sixteen, two hundred were returned by individuals, instead of bodies of electors; from forty to fifty of them were returned by ten persons; and with respect to the boroughs, several of them had no resident elector whatever, some of them but one, and on the whole two-thirds of the *representatives* of the people were returned by less than one hundred persons. Even the county representation—the only portion of this miserable system which, by any effort of the mind, could be conceived to express the popular will—was grossly defective in its principles, and corrupt in its practical agency. While the Irish House of Commons was thus composed, its slender connexion with the people by means of such of its members as could be called *elected*, was renewed but once in every eight years, unless accelerated by the royal prerogative of dissolution; even the election of this very

small portion, which alone bore the semblance of representation, exhibited a disgraceful scene of bribery, intemperance, riot, animosity, and perjury.

The necessity of ruling Ireland through her own parliament, caused by recent events, made a seat in the House of Commons an object of keen and expensive contention to the crown and rival factions among the aristocracy. Every engine of intrigue, influence, and corruption was employed by the hostile parties ; the peace of society was disturbed, the integrity of the elector awed or seduced, while a few rare instances of talent and patriotism returned to the parliament, served but to illustrate more strongly the baseness of the surrounding crowd, unmoved by the force of reason, the obligations of virtue, or the charms of eloquence, by the power of great example, or the dread of public scorn. To denominate a system, of which such a House of Commons constituted an essential part, on which the character and efficiency of the whole mainly depended, a free constitution, securing independence to Ireland, was an insult to the understanding, and a mockery of the wretchedness which had pined for ages under a foreign yoke. To look to such a House of Commons for the fruits of independent legislation ; for protection to infant trade ; for encouragement to industry, arts, science, and morals ; for healing religious animosity by equal laws and impartial justice ; for raising Ireland from a state of poverty and humiliation to prosperity, dignity, and strength ; for guarding her rights and her interests from the force and fraud of foreign despotism, long enjoyed without control, and exercised without mercy ; to look to such a House of Commons for virtue and energy like this, would be idle and absurd. Scarcely had the parliament been emancipated from the supremacy of the British legislature, when the question of reform in

the Irish House of Commons began to engage the attention of the men by whose spirit and perseverance that emancipation had been effected. The necessity of such reform, in order to complete the work of *national emancipation*, forced itself with irresistible conviction upon every reflecting and unprejudiced mind, while the formidable array of a volunteer convention seemed calculated to bear down all opposition to the measure. In that convention, however, the ardour of generous enthusiasm had evaporated. In the demand of exclusive liberty for Protestants, that convention seemed to court the mortification which it suffered. By that fatal error, the support of Grattan, Ireland's best and wisest friend, was lost; and discord, her bane and her disgrace, obtained its usual triumph. History has seldom to record the conquests of reason over prejudice and passion. Her common and melancholy task is to track the footsteps of the warrior in blood and desolation; to exhibit the disastrous effects of false principle and malignant feeling—to connect the degradation of man with the causes of his weakness and corruption, and to detect and expose the profligate conspiracy of a few against the rights and happiness of millions.

When, upon the change effected in 1782, in the political condition of Ireland, a conviction of the necessity of a further change in that condition had been impressed upon the public mind; the very state of things which had produced that early and well-founded conviction began to operate its natural effect in creating a fierce and determined resistance to every attempt at reformation. The English minister had recovered from his perplexity and alarm, and had formed a fixed resolution, to oppose to the uttermost the increasing spirit of national emancipation, which could be satisfied and completed only by a radical reconstruction of



the Irish House of Commons ; and the Irish parliament furnished to the English minister the obvious means of opposing the spirit of national emancipation with success. That parliament, by the change effected in its powers in 1782, had been raised to a rank in legislation, which was found by experience to have bound more firmly together the great majority of its members in a confederacy of private interest against the rights and interests of the public. The force of foreign influence quickly succeeded to the force of foreign legislation, and domestic corruption became thenceforward the ready and effectual instrument of foreign dominion. The parliament of Ireland felt at once the advantage of its position, and, assuming to itself, as real characteristics, all the figurative epithets with which an ardent eloquence had emblazoned its recent exaltation, when called upon to reform itself, arrogated the lofty tone of offended majesty ; dismissed the call with haughty defiance, and the volunteer convention bowed before the idol which political superstition had clothed with omnipotence. The affected importance of national delegation, by which no Roman Catholic was represented, served but to render the humiliation of that convention more complete, from the consciousness that three-fourths of the people uninterested in its success, could not sympathize in its defeat. The Protestant mind, as yet disposed merely to cease from persecution, but neither expanded to benevolence nor enlightened to justice, was startled at the idea of Roman Catholic liberty and equality of rights. The Protestant convention felt its weakness, and retired from a contest to which it was unequal ; and the Volunteers of Ireland experienced the first effects of *independent legislation* in the *constitutional* rebuke, that armed men should not dare to overawe the parliament, by proposing measures

for its adoption at the point of the bayonet. This objection, adopted merely for the purpose of evasion, was studiously removed. The attempt was renewed, freed from the legal objection, and was supported by numerous petitions from all parts of the kingdom. William Pitt, son of the celebrated Lord Chatham, was then minister of England. His political career commenced with brilliant exertions in favour of parliamentary reform there. His lofty eloquence was mistaken for the emanation of an ardent and sincere mind. The cold duplicity of his character had not yet been unfolded. His advancement to power was considered as an era auspicious to liberty, and Ireland rejoiced in the commencement of an administration which effected the Union, and completed her annihilation. The second effort for reform met with the same determined opposition from the Irish parliament as the first. The partial murmurs of a disunited people were heard with indifference, and could be despised with impunity. The renewed attempt was founded on the same narrow basis of exclusive rights. As its principle was the same, so was its fate. It was rejected by the House of Commons, with marked contempt for the wishes even of that portion of the people to whose reiterated demands no objection could be raised on the ground of religious incapacity. In the variety of plans proposed for parliamentary reform, while particular objections were raised by parliament to each plan, it was reform itself, and not the particular plan, which really excited the opposition and caused the rejection. Every possible modification of reform would have been received by the Irish parliament and by the British minister with the same determined hostility. Reform in the House of Commons was, in fact, an attempt to subvert a system of monopoly and corruption in a venal and subservient aristocracy, by which that aris-

tocracy was made the pliant though expensive instrument of British supremacy in Ireland. After the direct legislative supremacy of the British parliament had been formally abdicated and renounced, the dominion of England over Ireland could only be maintained through an Irish parliament, really unconnected in sympathy and interest with the great body of the people. Hence, the opposition of the British minister to reform in the Irish parliament originated in the same principle of ruling Ireland as a subject state, by which she had been for ages desolated and oppressed. And in the intestine divisions of Irishmen, foreign domination still found its ignoble but sure support. This resistance to reform, on the part of the government, was marked by acts of injustice and violence, which exposed the vain imagination that, with the forms, had been also transferred to Ireland the spirit of a free constitution. In attacks on the liberty of the press; in attempts to prevent legal and peaceable meetings of the people, for the purpose of deliberating on the best means of parliamentary reform; in proceedings by the summary and unconstitutional mode of attachment against sheriffs for convening and presiding at such meetings—proceedings subversive of the trial by jury and a flagrant usurpation of power in the court of King's Bench, in matters clearly out of its jurisdiction; in these and other acts of licentious authority, was plainly evinced a contempt for all acknowledged rights and privileges, whenever the violation of them seemed necessary or expedient, in the views of the government, for repressing or overawing the expression of public wishes or public discontent. From the beginning of this conflict, the fixed determination of the government to continue and defend the system of ruling Ireland through the corruption of its own parliament, at every hazard, may be clearly seen, and



ought to be distinctly marked, in order to form a just estimate of the causes of the calamities which followed. In the temper and conduct of the government, soon after the triumph of 1782, and from thenceforward, may be seen numerous instances of those arbitrary principles, that haughty defiance of public opinion, and settled purpose of subduing the rising spirit of the nation, which finally terminated in its destruction. While such was the obstinate resistance opposed to parliamentary reform in Ireland, a striking example was presented of the imperious necessity of the measure, as the only means of guarding recent acquisitions and future hopes against foreign encroachment and domestic treachery. The plan of a new commercial arrangement between England and Ireland, proposed by the British minister in 1785, with all the circumstances attending its progress and final issue, afforded a fine illustration of the nature of those acquisitions, and the foundation of those hopes. In the instance alluded to, if no other proof existed, it was demonstrated, by an experiment addressed to vulgar capacity, that the security of whatever Ireland had gained by repeal and renunciation, and the prospect of any future good, depended altogether on the attainment of such a reform in the representation of the people, as would make the House of Commons really guardians of the rights and interests of an independent nation. Without such a reform, the destiny of Ireland appeared evidently to rest on the mere will of the British cabinet, and on the quantum of corruption which a British minister might at any time find it prudent or necessary to employ for the easy administration of Irish affairs—without such a reform, it was clear that the political and commercial and financial views of British statesmen, that the jealousy, the avarice, and the ignorance of the Bri-

tish merchant, and manufacturer, and mechanic, must continue to be the rule of Irish freedom, and the standard of Irish prosperity. Have the foregoing pages given an exaggerated picture of England's injustice, and Ireland's woes? Attend to the British minister himself. In the commencement of this memorable transaction, he confessed a truth which the wretchedness of ages had long before proclaimed, "that the constant object of the policy exercised by the English government, in regard to Ireland, had been to debar Ireland from the enjoyment and use of her own resources, and to make her completely subservient to the interest and opulence of Britain, without suffering her to share in the bounties of nature, in the industry of her people, or making them contribute to the general interests and strength of the empire—a cruel and abominable restraint, at once harsh and unjust, and as impolitic as it was oppressive, as counteracting the kindness of Providence, and suspending the enterprize of man—that Ireland was shut out from every species of commerce, she was restrained from sending the produce of her own soil to foreign markets, and all correspondence with the colonies of Britain was prohibited to her, so that she could not obtain their commodities but through the medium of Britain—that this was the system which had prevailed, and this was the state of thralldom in which Ireland had been kept ever since the Revolution." Within a very few years, indeed, according to the authority of the same minister, the former system had been entirely reversed, and a liberal and enlightened, and comprehensive policy had succeeded to the jealousy and bigotry of past centuries. Upon this new policy he now professed to act; with his mind irradiated by this recent illumination, he brought forward his new system, "liberal, and beneficial, and permanent." But this

beneficent statesman, this eloquent advocate of Irish commerce and negro emancipation, had been led away by the romantic visions of speculative justice and theoretical humanity, and was soon *compelled* to acknowledge the necessity of adjusting his original plan, by the vulgar measure of British liberality. The original plan, in the form of eleven propositions, had been warmly received, and hastily adopted by the Irish parliament. But, notwithstanding this approbation of the Irish parliament, which seemed at first to have also pervaded the country at large, the proposed arrangement, however specious and alluring, was, in reality, a covered attack on the newly-redeemed rights of Ireland, in trade and constitution. The sagacity of a few had at once detected, and marked the deception. But it became unnecessary to impress, by argument, their conviction on the minds of others. The nation was soon roused from its dream of British generosity, by a direct attack, too plain to be disguised or mistaken. The eleven original propositions were returned to Ireland from the English parliament, enlarged to the number of twenty, so changed and modified, as to excite in a large portion even of the corrupt and unreformed Irish House of Commons sentiments of horror and indignation, and some spirit of resistance. But, notwithstanding this partial demonstration of national feeling, these latter propositions, thus altered, containing a surrender of the lately-acquired *independence* of the Irish parliament in commercial laws and external legislation, together with a grant of perpetual tribute to England, and an abdication of Irish marine, these propositions thus injurious and insulting, thus restrictive of the infant trade, and mortal to the infant liberties of Ireland—these propositions, in less than three years after the lofty assertion by Ireland, and formal acknowledgment by



England of the national independence of Ireland, were supported by a prostitute majority of the Irish House of Commons, the supposed delegated guardians of that independence. But the propositions were abandoned by the British minister. At the commencement of his political career, he did not judge it wise to press a measure so justly odious to the Irish nation, when he found that the spirit which had awed Britain in 1785 was not yet altogether extinct. The corruption, however, of the parliament, which in 1785 could surrender the glories of 1782, might well inspire him with the hope that, at some future and no very distant period, a more fatal attack might be attempted with success upon the separate and new-born existence of Ireland, and, without deserving much credit for sagacity or foresight, he might anticipate in a parliament, thus vile and traitorous within three years after its deliverance from bondage, the consummation of its baseness at the close of the eighteenth century.

Though the measure embodied in the commercial propositions was abandoned by the British minister, it was in its nature and circumstances calculated to awaken serious alarm in the people of Ireland, for the safety of that trade and constitution from which so much national prosperity was fondly expected.

The measure had *professedly* been brought forward by the British minister, from a conviction on his part of the justice and expediency of a more equal and liberal arrangement of the commercial intercourse between England and Ireland. From that *free* trade which, in 1779, had been granted by the policy, or extorted from the fears of England, Ireland had derived few of those benefits, respecting which such sanguine expectations were at first indulged. With all her boasted attainments of commerce and inde-

pendence, her manufacturers were starving. Protecting duties on certain articles of merchandize were loudly called for by the people, and sternly denied by the Irish parliament, not on any principles taught by Adam Smith, but under the more convincing influence of William Pitt. The idea of an Irish parliament protecting Irish trade by enactments hostile to British monopoly, presented an appearance of practical national self-management wholly incompatible with the British policy of imperial regulation. That policy could only be satisfied by compelling the Irish people to look from their own legislature to England for relief from commercial thralldom.

The original plan of the British minister, as contained in his eleven original propositions, was viewed by the most sagacious and best informed with distrust, as illusory in its proffered benefits, and insidious in its compensations. But, admitting it to be as liberal and beneficial as its advocates proclaimed, it soon appeared that Ireland must depend, not on the comprehensive wisdom and justice of the statesman, but on the narrow bigotry of the counting-house. If the minister was, indeed, sincere in his frank confession of past wrongs, and solemn profession of future amendment, he soon repented of his rash integrity. He quickly learned that to sacrifice the interests, invade the rights, and despise the sufferings of Ireland, were settled traditional dogmas of British policy in trade, which he must hold sacred and act upon steadily, if he wished to continue prime minister of England. Accordingly, his ingenuous candour and munificent liberality terminated in an attempt to take advantage of the dejection of an impoverished people, and to cheat them into a surrender of both trade and legislation; and a majority of the Irish House of Commons was found base enough to conspire with foreign

perfidy against the independence of their country. When within three years after repeal and renunciation—within three years after England had abjured all claim to imperial legislation, and had solemnly recognized the absolute and unlimited right of the Irish parliament to legislate exclusively for Ireland, such an attempt could be made by a British minister, and be supported by an Irish House of Commons, all abstract reasoning on the necessity of reform in that body became superfluous. An example pregnant with melancholy instruction, was now addressed to the common sense and common feelings of every Irishman, who could reflect or feel on the rights and interests of his country. Uniformly plundered and oppressed by England, and almost blotted out from the knowledge or memory of other nations, Ireland, in a moment of resplendent glory, had redeemed herself from obscurity and reproach. But her difficulties seemed to multiply with her pretensions. The claim of independence was a claim to danger as well as to happiness. The danger seemed every day to increase, the chances of happiness seemed every day to diminish. The Irish parliament advanced in confidence as it advanced in corruption. Neither emanating from the nation, nor sympathizing in the national distress, it contemned the sentiments, and sacrificed the interests of the people. Not only the great measure of reform in the representation of the people, but, with perfect consistency, every attempt at subordinate reform was resisted by that parliament with haughty defiance, or dismissed with insulting contempt. A place bill, a pension bill, a responsibility bill, were successively rejected by large majorities in the House of Commons; and with circumstances of such marked indifference to the opinion, the grievances, and the complaints of the people, as not only demonstrated the



magnitude of corruption, but evinced the desperate purpose of defending it to the last, under every form, and in all its excesses. The corruption was even audaciously avowed by the servants of the crown in the *representative* assembly of the nation. Peerages were sold by the government, to purchase seats in the Commons; and all inquiry into this monstrous abuse of the royal prerogative was refused. The infamous traffic of boroughs was carried on with shameless publicity. Private jobs for the aggrandizement of particular families or individuals were either originated in the parliament, or received its sanction. A system of profligate expense was supported by a system of profligate taxation, injurious to the industry, the health, and the morals of the people. A mean aristocracy, courted, flattered, paid and despised, calumniating the country which it oppressed, reviling the wretchedness which it plundered, had converted the new legislative powers of the Irish parliament into a source of private revenue. The nation, taxed without its consent, paid the bribes by which it was undone, and England raised a tribute in Ireland by means of an Irish parliament, to perpetuate the old relation of imperial rule, and provincial subjection under the new phraseology introduced at the era of 1782.

In the course of a very few years from that memorable era, the anticipations of reason had been fully confirmed by the evidence of experience. A reform in the national representation, which political sagacity had immediately connected with the important events of that period as indispensable to Irish independence, was a measure soon brought home to the understandings of ordinary men by personal observation of existing circumstances; and a strong conviction of its necessity had easily pervaded the uncorrupted, by far the largest portion, of the community

The foreign power which had roused resistance by an assumption of direct supremacy in legislation, enforced with senseless severity in matters of trade, still continued, through the medium of corruption, an indirect and injurious domination. That domination, exercised with more temper as to commerce, but with the same disregard of the political rights and interests of Ireland that such domination had ever displayed, by what it vouchsafed to grant disclosed more clearly the benefits withheld. Even the security of any commercial advantages conceded to Ireland depended upon interested fluctuating views of commercial policy in England. On her own parliament Ireland could have no reliance; and, if happiness consists not only in the actual possession of good, but also in the expectation of its continuance—if the enjoyment of present bliss cannot be perfect without excluding all distressing apprehension of future interruption—it was impossible that Ireland, with such a parliament, could ever feel the joys of possession, or the pleasures of hope. One page only, in her history of six hundred years, could furnish the pleasures of memory.

While a recent advancement of Ireland in trade was admitted, it was observed to bear no proportion to her capacities, and the amelioration of the wretched state of the lower orders of the people seemed not to be in the least degree promoted by the change. The same squalid poverty, the same debasing ignorance, the same vices and the same crimes—the offspring of that poverty and that ignorance, continued to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of deep and untouched defects in the constitution, or in the administration of the government by which their destiny was controlled. The wretchedness of the lower orders of the people in Ireland depended upon a variety of causes,

constituting in the aggregate that miserable system by which this country had been ruled for centuries of desolation, and which nothing but a radical change in the principles of legislation and finance, and in the entire political economy of the state, could ever effectually remove. Such a change could be expected only from a parliament really national, which, identified in interest with the rest of the community, would consider the comfort and morality of the great mass of the people the chief object of its care, as the chief end of its institution. While the lower orders of the people could be sensible only of their misery, but could neither discern the cause nor comprehend the remedy, it was felt and acknowledged by every enlightened person in the country not interested in perpetuating abuse, and the opinion had deeply impressed all the middle classes of society, that from parliamentary reform alone could be expected any great and permanent good. But while the national feeling in favour of the measure was general and ardent, the minds of those friends of reform who could most influence and best direct public opinion, had been much agitated and divided as to the nature and extent of the reform which ought to be insisted on as necessary and safe. This difference of judgment in the friends of reform among the Protestant sects, arose chiefly on the question—whether the Roman Catholic should be comprehended equally with the Protestant, in the proposed improvement of the representation of the people in the House of Commons. This was a question, above all others, calculated to engage the most violent passions, the most obstinate prejudices, and the most lively apprehensions of the Protestant mind. Protestants, in general, had been for some time advancing towards the idea of emancipating Roman Catholics from



the severe and impolitic penalties and prohibitions of the Popery code, but the idea of granting to the Roman Catholic a full and complete participation with the Protestant, in all civil and political rights, was violently opposed by a number of Protestants, honest and enlightened, and whose attachment to the cause of liberty and their country could not be doubted, but whose reasonings had taken a bias from their prejudices and their fears, too powerful to be changed by argument or experience. The opinion that to admit the Roman Catholics to a community of civil and political rights with Protestants, would endanger the established religion, and the then settlement of property in Ireland, had hitherto prevailed. It was an opinion which the first great advocates for parliamentary reform either actually entertained, or to which they submitted, from a belief that that measure could be more easily carried unencumbered by Roman Catholic claims, and that, under a reformed Protestant government, at no very distant period, all distinctions, grounded on mere religious sectarian differences, might, with safety, be abolished. The experiment of obtaining *exclusive* reform, however, had been made, supported by men of great talent, by some of high rank, and still higher character, and, above all, supported by the authority, the weight, and the pressure of an armed association, formidable in fame, in numbers, and in property. The experiment had been made, and failed; and the decided and high-toned defiance with which the attempt was received, by the House of Commons, seemed to astonish and confound the delegated organs of such various and commanding titles to respect. The experiment of *exclusive* reform was again made under other auspices, and again failed. It was opposed by a combination of circumstances too powerful to be over-

come by the partial efforts of a divided people. While the evil and the remedy agitated all passions, and were canvassed by all understandings, the cause of defeat became every day more apparent, and the necessity of calling forth the energies of all, clearly proved the injustice of exclusion.

In tracing the subjection and the calamities of Ireland, from the first introduction of the English power down to the formal abdication, by England, of her legislative supremacy in 1783, the disunion of Irishmen must appear to every attentive observer to have been the chief cause of their defeats and degradation. This disunion originally invited invasion, and made conquest permanent. At different intervals, the power of the invaders was shaken. But the want of general views and co-operation among the natives terminated in the common subjection of all. When every attempt to expel the invaders from the country was finally relinquished in despair—when a vast portion of the inhabitants had been rooted out by the sword, or by legal proscription, and the space which they had occupied had been filled up by Englishmen—when the descendants of the early colonists had become Irishmen in interests, in feelings, and in sufferings, it might seem reasonable to expect that the connexion by which the two countries were placed under a common sovereign, would become a connexion of reciprocal advantage and equal rights, and that Ireland, in her usefulness and strength, would possess the guarantee of prosperity and independence. Such, indeed, might have been the final issue of things in Ireland, but for the unfortunate circumstances by which the disunion of Irishmen was prolonged in a new and more disastrous form. But the ultimate division of

the Irish people into two great religious denominations enfeebled both, and delivered them up an easy prey to the power which oppressed them, infatuated instruments of their mutual ruin. Religious bigotry blinded alike the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, destroyed or blunted the social and kind affections, engendered cruel and inveterate suspicions, and the personal experience of the existing generation was borne down by the hereditary antipathies of the preceding. At the era of the volunteers, these religious antipathies had become less violent, and in the progressive liberality of that illustrious body might have for ever perished. But the growing sentiment of general liberty was checked by the artifices of the interested, the violence of the intolerant, the apprehensions of the timid, but, above all, by the authority of some men of revered worth, and deserved influence, who, from prejudice or from prudence, were decidedly adverse to the admission of Roman Catholics to an equality of political rights with their Protestant countrymen. Before the error was fully understood and felt in all its effects, the early ardour which might have repaired the mischief had ceased. It became necessary to kindle a fresh spirit, proportioned to the objects to be attained, and the difficulties to be encountered. The magnitude of the abuses to be reformed, the obstinacy with which those abuses were defended, the discomfiture of past exertions, the increasing danger of delay, seemed to demand new and extraordinary efforts.

To emancipate public opinion from destructive prejudices, to cleanse the Protestant character from the stain of persecution, to exalt the Roman Catholic from mental thralldom and political debasement, to turn all parties from the bitter remembrance of past hostility, and from mutual



crimination, to the consideration of a common country, oppressed and impoverished through the miserable delusion of its people, to dissolve the artificial and mischievous connexion between politics and religion, to substitute national enthusiasm for sectarian zeal, to unite all hearts, and combine all talents in the pursuit of parliamentary reform, by interesting the entire people in its attainment, and, by means of a legislature really independent, to secure to Ireland the free exercise of her own powers, and the full enjoyment of her own resources, presented to the benevolent, the generous, the ardent, the bold, and the aspiring spirit, the noblest objects of ambition—not the ambition which destroys, but the ambition which saves not the ambition which exults in the guilty conquests of the sword, but the ambition which glories in the pure and immortal triumphs of the mind.

Those objects were not attained. The eighteenth century closed, and Ireland was found in deeper darkness, sorrow, and humiliation by far, than when, in 1782, for the first time during a period of six hundred years, a bright ray of joy and hope cheered the dreariness of her existence. The parliament which, in 1782, had been lifted to the power of becoming great and beneficent, in 1800 sunk into the lowest depth of self-debasement. In 1800 was passed the Act of Union, declaring and enacting that, “the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland should upon the first day of January which should be in the year 1801, and for ever, be united into one kingdom, by the name of the ‘United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.’” One would think that the ancient poet saw, in prophetic vision, the base and prostitute portion of Irishmen who voted for that union, when, in describing the Tartarian regions, and their inha-

bitants, he places conspicuous amongst them the wretch who sold his country for gold:—

“Vendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem  
Imposuit: fixit leges pretio atque refixit.”

From that union what has followed? Ireland restless, because not free: England feared and hated—the tyrant’s wish—*oderint dum metuant*.

But has Ireland now a right to have that act of union repealed? An undoubted right. It was passed by a body of men delegated merely to make laws for the internal government, and the administration of the internal affairs of Ireland, and the conducting of her external trade and relations with other countries, but without any right or authority whatsoever to destroy, change, or alter the fundamental principles of the constitution, and of its own existence.

The Act of Union was, on the part of the Irish parliament, considered in the abstract, and without any reference whatever to the means by which that parliament was wrought upon and moved, a flagrant and iniquitous breach of trust, rendering any compact with England—a party to the breach of trust, for effectuating that union—absolutely null and void against the Irish people, according to every principle of natural law and political justice. When there is added to this the gross and indisputable corruption by which the Irish parliament was bribed to violate the trust, and pass the Act of Union, where can exist a doubt of the right of the Irish people to have that act repealed?

But how is this right to be enforced—how is this repeal to be effected? Ay, there’s the rub. Is repeal to be effected by force—by physical force—by force of arms? No. The attempt would be vain, and wicked because it would

be vain. Ireland is not able to stand alone. Then repeal must be effected by MORAL FORCE—that mighty principle, which makes princes patriotic, statesmen sentimental, and imperial parliaments just and philanthropic—which softens the hearts of gaolers, opens the doors of prisons, and sets the captive free. “ But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.”

Monster meetings—a hundred thousand full-grown Irish peasants, with bones matured, and well clothed in muscle, accustomed to cold, and hunger, and toil, to whom a good row would be a luxury, and fighting a recreation; these things were no mental abstractions, but plain, intelligible, common-sense, practical, embodied existences, not physical force in actual operation, but clearly intended and clearly understood to be physical force for threat and intimidation. The threat might be idle, and the hope of intimidation vain—despised by the statesman, and laughed at by the soldier, but the meaning and the object of monster meetings, and the speeches made at monster meetings, were not to be mistaken; there was no deception, no chicanery in them; they were employed for intimidation, or they were employed for nothing; they were employed by men, (will those men deny it?) endowed with wisdom to gain a noble object by terror rather than by the sword, but gifted with courage to use the sword, if terror failed. Not cold-blooded cowards, who would whet the weapon they were afraid to wield. Demonstration of great physical force, for the purpose of intimidation, and thereby obtaining changes in the constitution, may not be *vocabula artis*, may not be a tech-



nical description of any offence indictable by law, but to any person but a fool or a lawyer—to common men, with common minds, the meaning of the words, as applicable to monster meetings, is obvious and impressive.

But what is moral force? The moral-force men have not defined it—and, in dealing with complex ideas, unless we define the terms used to express them, we may dispute for ever. Of moral force, then, until a better description be given, let the following be taken. Moral force is a power, by the mere operation of reason, to convince the understandings and satisfy the consciences of those on whom the effect is to be wrought, that there is some particular moral act within their ability to perform, which ought to be performed, and which it is their duty to perform; and also, by the operation of the same divine principle only, making those free moral agents do the very thing required. The intended effect must be produced, and must be moral—the efficient cause must be moral, purely moral, unmixed, unadulterated by any mean or sordid views; reason, heavenly reason, applied with eloquence divine; no threat, no intimidation, no cold iron, no “vile guns,” no “villainous saltpetre dugged out of the bowels of the harmless earth,” nought but the radiant illuminations of moral truth.

In this intellectual process there is a circumstance, however, well worthy of reflection for the philosophical mind, as something out of the common course of mere mental, spiritual operations. It is this, that money, which used in former times to be considered and called the sinews of war, of physical force, not in demonstration or potentially merely, but in actuality, in re, in esse, in sabre cuts, and bayonet thrusts, and gun-shot wounds, became the sinews of moral force also, insomuch that it was quite

apparent that if the Commons should refuse to grant the supplies for carrying on the moral war, there would be an end of it, showing a striking analogy in this respect, at least, between spiritual and material causality.

After this change had been effected, this magic change from monster meetings, and inflammatory speeches, from athletic peasants, broad shoulders, and brawny muscles, high sounding words and chivalrous defiance into moral sentiment and soft-persuasion; when no voice but the still, small voice of conscience was to be heard; when all material instrumentality, pitchforks, and pikes were sublimated into pure spiritual agency; when every clodpole was to philosophize, and become a Socrates or a Paley; when moral force was to be the sure and only pledge of national peace, national wealth, national plenty, national strength, and national independence, swaying all men of all minds, and women too, save only, and always excepted, French princes and Spanish infantas. When this strange, and sudden, and romantic transformation had taken place, then, forthwith, repeal of the Union became not only a lawful, but a harmless cry — no longer striking the hearts of English statesmen with fear and tribulation, but, on the contrary, bringing with it confidence and joy. Forthwith free discussion, free opinion, and free expression of opinion upon repeal of the Union, became the evaporation apparatus of relief from the high and dangerous pressure of the grievances, the calamities, the sufferings, and the complaints of Ireland. This evaporation apparatus was most kindly and opportunely furnished by the moral-force men; the expediency statesmen gladly availed themselves of the happy contrivance, and began immediately to apply it. This new policy, the work of master minds, commenced by the restoration of

justices of the peace, who had been dismissed as avowed repealers, to their former magisterial dignity, with an express or implied license to cry out "Repeal of the Union" as lustily as they could and pleased; and the longer and louder the cry, the greater of course would be the quantum of evaporation and relief from the pressure which threatened the new administrators of Irish affairs with difficulty and danger. Epistles replete with liberal, constitutional doctrine, on the one hand, and with grateful acknowledgment and complimentary diction on the other hand—all quite worthy of the first place in the next edition of the "Complete Letter-Writer," examples of statesman-like compositions being much wanting in former editions—passed on this memorable occasion. The repealers were astonished, relieved, and enlightened, and could not well complain that even-handed justice should extend the same liberality to Orangemen as to them. In truth, the evaporation plan, like great talents, was of universal application. This *novum organum scientiæ* for the government of Ireland, though not marked by the genius of a Bacon, seemed to be considered by the expediency-men of the day as a first-rate contrivance. Our friend Burchell might, perhaps, interpose with his impolite damper, and cry, "Fudge!" But Burchell was not a man of the world. He was a plain, downright country gentleman—a real gentleman—a man of integrity and honour, who never said one thing and meant another; he was not a prime minister—he knew nothing of puff, humbug, or bamboozle—nothing of political effect, or state manœuvre, or temporary expediency—nothing of the secret springs by which great minds are moved; and, therefore, although all this evaporation apparatus of moral force and eloquence bestowed upon it, restored magistrates and touching epistles,



“The larum bells of love” might, to a blunt man like Burchell, appear mere hum. It may fairly be said, Burchell is no authority in such matters. *Communis usus facit jus*—

“Of all trades and arts, in repute, or oppression,  
 Humbugging is held the most ancient profession,  
 ’Twixt nations and parties, and state politicians,  
 Prim shop-keepers, jobbers, smooth lawyers, physicians,  
 Of worth and of wisdom the trial and test  
 Is, mark ye, my friends—who shall humbug the best.”

But, without entering critically into this inquiry, will the present minister say—will any friend or adviser of the minister say—will any man, who has gained place or profit by recent ministerial changes, say—will any man of common sense and common honour say, that it is really intended, or desired, or expected by the minister, that the moral-force action for a Repeal of the Union, with all its vaunted power, will have the slightest effect in obtaining it? Is not the minister decidedly hostile to the measure? What is to make him change? Is the moral force to work the miracle? Within what time? The argument in favour of a Repeal of the Union is as easily made, and as easily understood in an hour as in a thousand years. If not long since fully understood and duly appreciated by the minister, on this subject eternal dulness must be his portion. But, if fully understood and duly appreciated by him, what will he do respecting it? Will he propose a Repeal of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland in the imperial parliament himself, and advise her majesty to recommend the consideration of the measure by parliament, in her next speech from the throne? or will he support the measure, if brought forward and proposed by others? or will he leave it an open question? or will

he oppose and resist the measure, with all the force of his talents, and all the weight of his influence, as a measure unjust, unwise, and ruinous to the prosperity, the happiness, the strength, and the safety of the British empire? If the moral-force repealers are honest and sincere, if their moral-force principle be not, indeed, a mere instrument of faction and finance, fit only for mystagogues to live by, exhibiting their relics and collecting their pence, if they, indeed, possess moral courage—the only courage of which man should boast, for animal courage he has in common with the brute—if their speeches for Repeal be not mere noisy, ostentatious, vapouring, good-for-nothing vauntings, or worse, fraudulent contrivances for self-aggrandizement and popular deception, to be repeated and prolonged, while a single penny can be wrung from unsuspecting confidence, blind credulity, or suffering poverty, to gratify mean avarice or heartless ambition, let a Repeal of the Union be sought and demanded, and nobly fought for, as a people's right, in the imperial parliament, where only moral-force men, upon their own principles, can seek redress. Unless Repeal of the Union, by moral-force men, be a perfect political asymptote, always approaching but never to reach the goal; unless it be planned and intended to be such, deliberately and fraudulently, and as such is licensed by the government, like some of those other deleterious exciseable commodities by which British domination in Ireland has been strengthened, and the Irish people have been impoverished, and besotted, and inflamed; unless such be, indeed, the scandalous conspiracy between moral-force men and the British minister, to beguile, to dupe, and to betray a gallant and confiding race; let that minister be bearded at once with the question—is he a friend, or is he an enemy to a

Repeal of the Union? The question is a plain one; let the answer be direct. Let there be no evasion, no shuffling, no delusion, no trick, no artifice, no contrivance, no juggle no subterfuge, no free-discussion safety valves, no bland *restorative* epistles, no Ulyssean duplicity—

Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κείνος, ὅμως ἄδῃαο πύλησιν,  
Ὅς χ' ἔτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

Let the question be answered honestly and boldly. Let it be put and answered in parliament. In the next parliament let it be clearly and distinctly made known, whether the British minister, the whig minister, the minister professing liberal policy, a minister of that ancient and noble house, in which female heroism has left an illustrious example of generous sentiment and intrepid fortitude, will dare to tell Ireland her fate. Infirmary of purpose in the ruler harasses the people, and brings the government into contempt. But obstinacy is not firmness, and it is a great mind only which can afford to be candid. Ireland cannot remain as she is, politically and morally. This is impossible. She must rise much higher or sink much lower. Famine is a scourge which visits nations rarely, and but for a season. The scourge of misgovernment is more frequent, more general, more lasting, and more fatal to the happiness of man. Famine in Ireland will cease, and the Irish peasant will again have potatoes for his food. But will renewed vegetation in the soil make the Irish landlord respected and beloved? will it make his midnight rest deep and quiet? his morning dream fancy's picture of waking happiness? his daily pursuit of business, health, and pleasure, safe and cheerful?

Famine in Ireland will cease. The green fields of Ireland will still be grateful to the traveller's eye, but will



a view of its people, their state, physical, moral, intellectual, social and political, gladden his heart? Will it elevate his thoughts in admiration, and open his lips in praise? Will he exclaim, with rapture, Happy country! where the hand of man combines with the hand of nature in the production of good—where the British arms have introduced civilization, and order, and peace, and abundance, the sure results of liberty and law depending on the people's power and not the ruler's will. In the next parliament the minister of England must reverse that picture. He must propose some means to avert impending ruin—he must propose some means to give new life and new growth to Ireland.

In the measures which he proposes, let him be just and fearless; let him give to Ireland the energies of hope—let him dread the energies of despair.

THE END.



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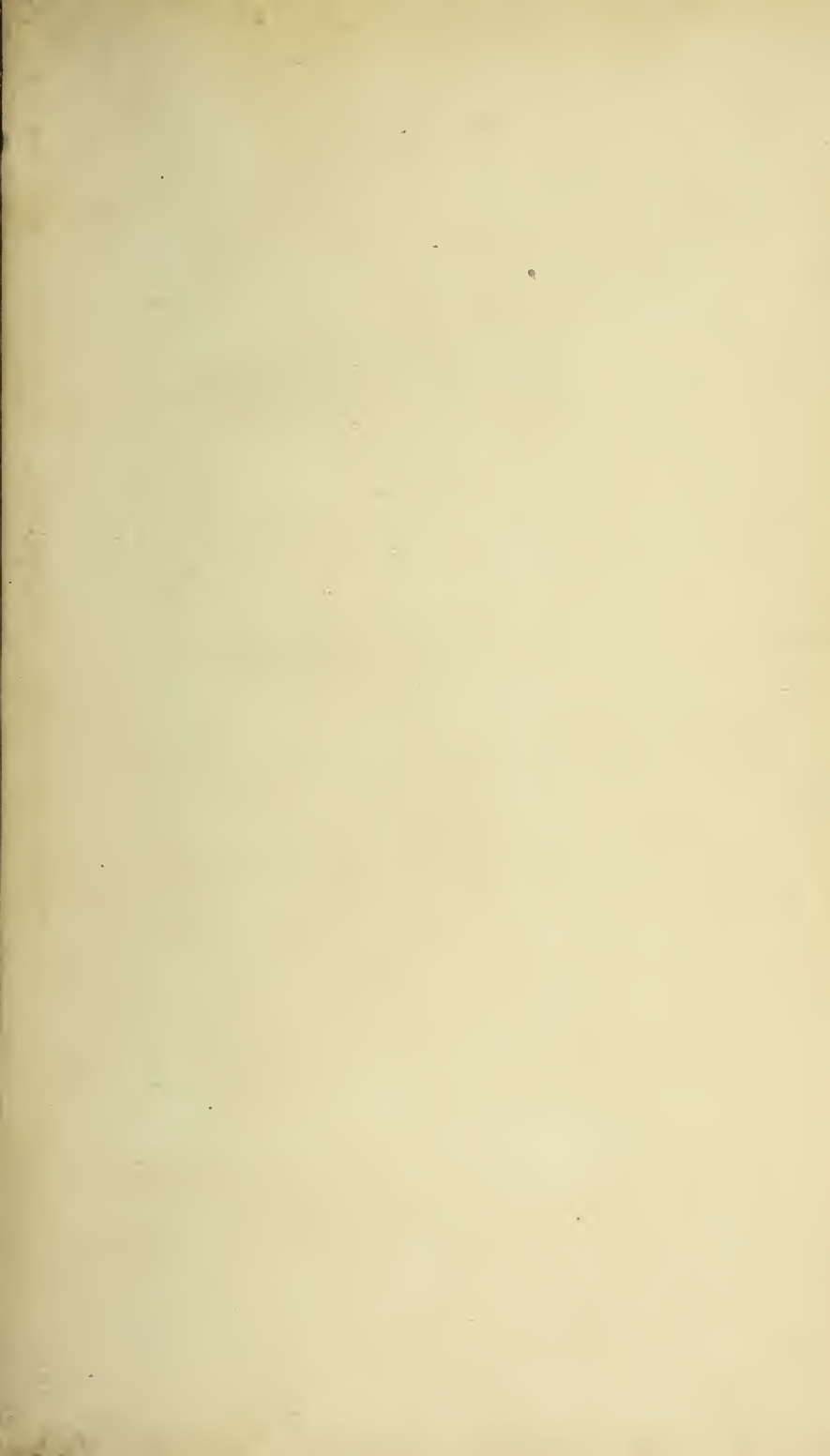












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